

HENRY JOSEPH DARGER—

"THE HISTORY
OF
MY LIFE"

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VOLUME

Two

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of brick buildings - I can't hardly believe that. I believe all telegraph and telephone wires are blown away as I do not see any, and neither the poles. I've seen some strange long stuff wrapped around remaining stumps of trees, like you wind thread on a spool. I saw lots of bed clothing hanging on long splintered boards, and other wreckage, and all sorts of peoples clothing from dry-goods store. During the awful storm I saw a large wooden ~~whole~~ house be lifted up by the wind, rising straight up into the air. It seemed to have what I believe I saw shattered and broken walls. It held together, though, I wonder why? Maybe the wind wouldn't let it fall apart because of its great pressure. I saw something like black specks falling from it. Then I watched that house soar upwards

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like a big balloon. It seemed to hurtle five blocks through the half night like darkness to what I believe a distance up of more than a hundred feet. I saw it disappear into the distance. Yet I heard the great Sacred Heart Convent where all those kids were in was the target at which it was hurled. It struck the fifth story they say. The strong wall of the Convent withstood the blow of the house which became splinters. But soon the storm demolished the Convent, and blew every thing away to nothing. I can't believe that. They are exaggerating."

"It is true. They cannot to this day be found. I put in 'All that part of the building too is missing'."

"Do you wish to see the convent?" I asked.

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"We all here have seen it" she answered. "And I don't want to see it again. Not even two stories are left, and how the front looks, the worst earthquake could do that."

I at their request went to see the man who had lost the house, built out of his years of hard earned savings. He was the children's grandfather and they were deciding to help him begin all over again. He was in the University Hospital with his wife and children who had been seriously injured.

When I questioned him he said, "I believe I have been a perfect fool. People have told me in Chicago what a lovely place this Chesterton was."

They did tell the truth. I never saw so beautiful a place. I came here from Chicago. I believe nearly thirty

years ago. All that time since then I had worked hard at my job which was not a very big paying one, and saved all I could to have a nice house of my own plans built, and also means to care for my wife and little boy and girl. It cost me over twenty thousand dollars for the house, I still had two thousand five hundred to pay on it.

I had no tornado or fire insurance on it because I couldn't afford it. It was just a month ago I moved in with my wife and two children.

I have a broken arm and leg and slightly fractured skull. My wife and children for a time hovered between life and death. They lived after all but will be long hospitalized.

I went upstairs to warn

my wife and children when I saw the awful blizzard of wrecked houses coming towards us, with a howling roar I never thought a tornado could make.

An awful loud snake like hiss came from the shroud, or more like steam coming from a safety valve.

I was half way up the steps when the wind with a sound like a deafening explosion struck my house and I was thrown down stairs into our dining room head over heels. A second later our house was swept away and we got buried in the wreckage of another which was flung all about us, and a lot of debris was piled on top of us. They say it took five hours for the rescue party who tore at the shattered timbers over us in the effort

to rescue us. My wife was conscious and called to the workers to hasten. I was not to speak then. They finally cleared it away and I was moved to here. My arm and leg are broken and I am recovering from a fractured skull. My wife and two children are still not out of danger. I had been employed as a carpenter by the Ill. Central Railroad. It will be months before I'm able to work again. All I have saved is a few tools and other things of little value. And that's an old coat. How can I begin anew. You own your home and now you don't. I sure do admire what I saw you do not too far from where I was held by the wreckage. When that fire following the storm was at its height

you and another man risked your lives while rescuing that elderly badly injured woman within my view. Also I know her well. She was in the house whose wreckage was thrown upon us. She had been bed-ridden five years from a bad injury when she slipped on a bamboo peel on the steps and had almost a fatal fall. When the flames began to reach the residential district on its "has been" she was in her bed in a room on the ground, half left intact by the storm.

I saw slowly but surely the flames crept up until it reached the wreckage of what was left of her home. I don't know if you heard her feeble cries for help, but you I know heard mine. You and the men worked with picks, shovels and finally

you got nearer the poor woman was moaning, and I could hear the caller more distinctly. The final pick was made and I saw you men finally break through the rest of the wreckage to the room and as the house became a flaming torch you lifted the woman out of bed and carry carry her out of danger. Soon I saw her brought here outside the danger zone.

"We had to save her," I said.

We finally left and went to the room where there was to be a debate on the ways of the tornado, and its wild fury.

At three o'clock the room was crowded with sisters, priests and children being eager to witness and hear the debate. The head sister sat at the head, seated behind her were the other good sisters and the teachers and

the higher rank employees all gravely prepared to listen to what was said. A picture of some tornado had been placed on a small table within view of every body.

And now at a signal from the head sister a weather reporter man arose and addressed us. His tone was most pompous and he strutted up and down in an absurd attempt to appear dignified.

"Mother Superior and Fellow Citizens," he began "The picture you see here before you is only an imperfect one of the twister said to have struck La Salle, then Cheston brown and the others and go all the way to Logan Port destroying all rail way communication except that which runs into La Salle. It cut us off of all telegraph and telephone com

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communication and almost wiping out our population and then wiping out our famous convent or else first destroying it and then murderously causing the strange disappearance of all its inmates excepting two.

In either case a terrific calamity occurred breaking all tornado records which deserves a grave investigation."

"Do you ~~mean~~ mean the tornado could be investigated?" asked Angelina Ritchie.

"Don't interrupt little girl" said the reporter. "When I get my thoughts arranged in good order I do not like to have anything upset them or throw them into confusion."

"If your thoughts were any good they wouldn't become confused" remarked one of the employees earnestly "my thoughts are always about how can a tornado be

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investigated?"

"Is this a debate of thoughts on of tornadoes?" demanded the reporter.

"Is a debate on this tornado replied the employee "but your manner is a trial to us all". "Set the Public debater continue" I myself called "and I pray you do not interrupt him"

This picture of course is not one of our tornado, as no picture has been taken of it, resembled the debater but it resembles the one which wiped our good city off the map, leaving 31 houses which fortunately it did not hit. The builders of the Sacred Heart Convent had been admonished that it was being constructed on the path of tornadoes and finally the tornado made a "has been" of it, wiping out all its inmates, or to satisfy itself of causing them to

mysteriously disappear. I can see in my minds eye."

"What's that?" asked another employe.

"I say I can see this tornado made the inmates disappear in my minds eye."

"The mind has no eye" declared one of the sisters "I'm blind."

"Mother Superior" cried the reporter appealing to her, "have I a minds eye or have I not?"

"If you have it's invisible" said the Mother Superior.

"Very true" returned the reporter blowing, "I say I see this tornado in my minds eye, playing hell with this famous convent, and blowing it all away with all its inmates."

"It did not blow it all away but left one story and a half standing" I explained.

"Did you see the convent in ruins?" he demanded.

"I did and how" I said.

and I don't want to see any more. It gives me the creeps."

"All right then your right" returned the reporter. Again I'll see this tornado in my minds eye rushing towards the convent and through Chesterbourn when no one was thinking it would ever happen until we had the most devastation of a tornado in all history of tornadoes. Then the murderous twister torn up this helpless city, and I see her strike the convent with the force of a gigantic explosion and wipe it out."

"Are you still seeing with your minds?" I myself enquired.

"Of course how else could I see it? And I know the thing is true, because since the time of the storm, there is not a soul of the inmates to be found anywhere."

"I suppose so I said. But I told you the tornado left as story and a half of the building besides the razed front. It was not all blown away as you say. I suppose if the tornado had been gone instead of the convent your minds eye would see the convent wiping out the tornado," I suggested.

"Very likely acknowledged the Reporter, "And now Sisters and priests and fellow citizens I assert that so awful a disaster deserves investigation of what caused it to go so much on a bee line without turning off its course.

As in the case of the rail way right of way, and the Northeast course of the Illinois river north of here which may be the fault of the Lake near us. You know we are west east of La Salle.

So in the case of this ferocious tornado before your view what it did, 'who is now on the record as the most savage of all the investigation should be made as early as possible to morrow morning."

There was great applause when the speaker sat down. Then the head sister spoke in a questionable voice:

"All of you what have you to say about this- are you sure the railway line caused the tornado to be line straight through?"

"Why that for us to find out" replied one of the railroad men. "We'll have to take a switch Engine and go along the right of way while investigating. If you can prove the tracks are the cause I'll be willing to confirm it. But a minds eye is no proof because the news reporter has no mind to see with."

"How about the River?"

"Not the Illinois as it runs down too straight from the northeast and I can't see where this narrow branch stream north of us is guilty. It runs from east not west."

"Never mind dear" said the head Sister Carmullia.

Then Father Murphy arose and said:

Respected investigators and dearly beloved Mother Superior, I pray you not to judge the railway or the stream either, and the stream enters the Illinois flowing towards the west so it would be impossible for the twister to follow against its flow. I don't know what to say about the railroad right of way but I do not think the innocent Magnolia river is guilty and it surely it is even unkind to accuse a river flowing towards the west to

attract a twister to go eastward against the river's current. The Eureka Magnolia is one of our safest streams, a lovely water course which we all admire and gentleness and beauty in scenery are her chief virtues.

She has never flooded us no matter how much rain. Look at all the beautiful boat trips we have had on her gaze on her beautiful winding courses. Mark the many picnic boat trips many of us had and no one even while swimming had ever drowned. Would such a gentle stream be guilty of pulling such a tornado onto our city? No a thousand times no."

"To think about cutting it short" said a river bridge engineer "the stream runs westward into that big lake west of us on which north west of it lies

the city of Galena and close to the same southern part or on its extremity is the city Peoria unless I'm mistaken its called Lake Peoria. The Illinois continues southward from the lake. That makes various connections which cause me like you to believe the Magnolia had nothing to do with it, even if its great bridge was wiped out by the air "maelstrom".

Oh cut it short said an employee "you've talked long enough."

"I'm entitled to defend the river," remonstrated the bridge engineer.

"Then say something really sensible," retorted the employee.

"Tell them it would be foolish for the river to survive the twister at our city because it has no regular regular north east course as this railway right of way, and it probably could not do

it any way. Any one would have sense enough to know it would cause a row among its admirers if it did. But don't try to make out the railroad right of way is too innocent to pull a twister on us if it could do it and not be found out. I imagine it would do the job might, good as it runs a northeast parallel with Chesterbrown."

"Perhaps it would to those who suspect that from the way it tore up such long stretches with of rails, ties and the rail bed," remarked the employee. "I may self not being to understand it have no personal in such matters. But I remember that a great poet poet once said.

O Tornado is Hell
When because of it a town fell
Demands to swell
a death list on the knell.

Take this into consideration friends of this meeting and you will really decide that the river magnolia is wrong fully accused and that the railroad right of way is to blame?"

When the Engin Engineer sat down no one applauded him for his arguments had not been convincing and a few believed that he had proved Eureka Magnolia's innocence for a long stretch of the river ran parallel with the railroad road bed. As for the rest the members whispered to each other for a few minutes and then they appointed the head sister as speaker. The sister rose and said:

Rivers cannot always be responsible but we have no proof that tornados do not follow their course. So the tornado may have

followed the both of them on the right of way or how so? could it^{not} have demolished the bridge. I believe the river Eureka Magnolia is equally as guilty as the road bed, and I recommend that both be investigated as the cause of the tornados course"

"Who can investigate?" asked. "The railroad traction gang" said the railroad Engineer.

The judgement of the Mother Superior was received with great applause although now Angelina was sobbing miserably at the fate she remembered of all the inmates of the convent. The Mother Superior was just about to order the rivers investigation the next morning when I arose and addressed her.

Sister Cammellia" I said. "see how easy it is to be taken for granted." The river

could not have been guilty for it does not go on a straight course?

I showed a map of the river and it connected near the middle of the east side of the lake and came round from straight east than northeast. Then I held it aloft that all might see it clearly. The Mother Superior was surprised and exclaimed eagerly.

"Set me see the map Henry"

And all the people cheered and clapped their hands rejoicing that the river was not found guilty and proved to be innocent. As the Sister held the map and looked it over she said.

"Set the river out of this debate for she is no longer so believed the cause and has always been our friend

Where did you find this map?" Henry?

"In my advanced Geography." I answered.

Justice remarked the bridge Engineer with a sigh "is a very dangerous thing to meddle with. If you hadn't happened to have the map Eureka Mongolia would surely have been found guilty"

"But justice prevailed at last." said Sister Cammilla "for here is the map and Eureka is free from guilt"

"I refuse to believe any of this." cried the matron in a sharp voice unless all this is investigated and known. If it is not proven then the river is not innocent no more than the railroad bed and its right of way"

"Hush Marion" warned the Head Sister.

The magnalo is now
known as part of the
Tellmow running from northward
to west.

"Don't be foolish," I advised "or you may be sorry for it."

"The river takes a sort of a parabolic course with the railroad all the way to the wrecked railroad bridge" said the school janitor loudly enough for all to hear.

"So it does" exclaimed the head sister. "This cannot be the true course of the situation." The river and railroad is south of La Salle.

But because of its course both are north of Chester known. It says so on this map."

"Maybe the map is wrong," said the janitor.

The Mother Superior sat looking long at the janitor. Then she said gently:

River engineer for some reason outlawed the river. They used to forbid any boating on it, saying it's dangerous. It is now accused

of breaking the natural law by keeping the tornado on a bee line so it could hit here. It shows on this map the stream from where it appears to join the Tellmow south of La Salle was on a long straight course. The railway line could not only be the one. Many have been warned not to have any faith in that river."

The janitor looked perplexed and while he hesitated how to reply the motion stopped stepped forward and spoke for the river.

"All this fuss is about nothing at all" she said facing the Mother Superior unabashed. "You can't prove the river caused the tornado to be here for us, nor I either, so we have no right to accuse the River or the railroad right of way of the calamity. A tornado chooses its own path. Of course mysteriously it not swerve off

its course search the length of the river if you like, or follow its easterly direction but you won't find the tornado actually took that course. Look at the railroad right of way and you'll find it's not guilty either. The two has not anything to do with it if it. They had there the storm could have missed La Salle. Of course it got only a glancing blow. The river and the rail line didn't do it so I demand that you do not accuse them."

The people of this assembly listened to this defiance in amazement and wondered at the queer School Matron who dared to talk so boldly to the Mother Superior. But this can be expected during a debate. But the Mother Superior sat silent and motionless and it was I who answered

the Matron.

"So the storm didn't follow the railroad right of way eh?" I said. "I've proof it has. I found them who had the strength to pull up so much track rail ties, the railbed and sweep' away all the gravel between the ties? I think and know it has. What destroyed that magnificent bridge?" I didn't, I'm not the tornado, I think the river and railroad right of way caused it to be lured towards Chester Brown and then cameville and Chester chire. Something gave the wrong idea to you. I've got a bigger map of Illinois which I clipped for from a newspaper which I'll show you any and give to you. I also believe that the river runs straight towards La Salle for nearly a hundred miles westward, with a little northeast

to it, and that the bridge from a north bound Ill Central crosses it near Ottawa. I think you do dropped into the idea which is not in my idea, hoping to get rid of the rivers quiet, and that the railroad would also not prove to be guilty.

"I can't understand your ideas and yet you're no stranger here Mrs Nash Conway, and you don't know that nothing could be hidden from me or my followers. We followed both rail line and river as far as the 'has been' bridge and saw all the 'hell' the tornadoes along that railroad right of way. And you don't know that nothing can be hidden from me or my two maps here no from the watchful eyes of the railroad traction gang, or bridge engineers. I don't take a load all of at

this map I clipped from a newspaper. I also a look by turns beginning with Mrs Conway who I'll hand it to first, as she's so argumentive."

From person to person the map was passed slowly from one to another until it returned to me and which until now the nation had unfortunately disbelieved."

The nation had looked at the map and said:

"Oh you have found it very well prove that they are responsible if you can"

The head sister he turned to me.

"Can you explain the cause to me?"

"Yes I replied. At least I believe so. Here the river I believe is two hundred feet across. The ground on both sides of the river slants down in the water. The railroad bed slants twenty feet up wards on both

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sides and also is about two hundred feet across even if it is a two track road, I know the river flows westward but I can't see how it could be the cause of the timber being hindered, I knew it was against the forward progress of the timber but I want to know how that could have saved Cheaterbourn and I'm afraid if I asked any river man a "consent to tell me he would refuse me".

"What caused you to think that?" asked the Mother Superior.

"Why it seemed a foolish kind of question unjust and also unreasonable. Even now I can see no harm in the stretch of the river though I would not think the railroad right of way at all so innocent. And I - I had not actually seen the

river before the storm came, then
until after the twister and I always
thought a river like this one would
be too wide to attract a tornado
to follow against its current and
also any one who would make
a such a silly suggestion against
it would not be likely to
help any one to solve the whole
problem."

The Mother Superior regarded
me musingly her chin resting
upon her hand, but she was
not argumentative. On the con-
trary she smiled a little at her
thoughts and then grew sober
again.

"I suppose a good many tornados
have explanations which seem
foolish to those people who
do not understand them"
she said. "But though they usually
swerve off their course or
zigzag as they call it, tornados
are also able to go on a
bee line course, I've read of

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them following down a wide road for a hundred miles without once turning aside.

Of course if a car came to another road turning off they may turn and follow that if the turn is not too abrupt and long enough. But no tornado is ever formed by the whims of nature without some purpose and that purpose is usually to devastate the whole country side or towns.

There is no way to protect people or guard their welfare against twisters.

As you are a well factor worker here, and in charge of rescue workers, I will explain this situation which you don't believe and which to you seem so foolish.

This city of Chester Brown, or what was a city, is ninety five or ^{more} miles from Chicago.

Sa. Ball is a little up

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to ninety miles. as the map shows Sa. Ball is on the north shore of Mogolia river, journey west with the Ill which flows south ward. That makes Chester Brown five miles northeast of Sa. Ball, and probable twenty miles east on a beeline.

The railroad is on the same beeline with the river but north of us.

Years ago there were many towns and cities in Illinois and other states even south that had been ripped up by tornadoes and one of the kind that sometimes come down from the cloud the Weather department called a 'transient cyclone'. And one of the things they do in making them blind inconceivable fury was to come down in a very long funnel, sometimes with a funny round base ball like object at

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its lowest part. That is called the Tornado transformation, and this kind of tornado is doubtly stronger than ten or twenty other strong ones put together into one.

These kind cause so much destruction of towns or sections of cities that it seems ~~and~~ beyond recovery, often also using their extreme power to even pull objects towards them not in their paths so I decided to have both railway and the rivers course of direction to be completely investigated and to forbid any one to interfere with this and to have the investigation personally conducted by Henry, the Engineer whose train was ditched and the bridge engineers all of whom I can trust to use their arts only to benefit the swimming people and to find

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proof whether Miss Conway is right and also in some way Henry agrees. "Do you?"

"I sure do," I answered. "I'm suspicious myself. Since I traveled that way to observe, I've seen along that right of 'way I never believed a tornado of the strongest kind could ever do."

"Since it is true what you say Henry I will issue a law that your investigation will be conducted with peacefulness and quiet but I learned that some of the railroad traction gang will assist you as they are track layers and know a lot too. They had been practicing on that sort of work a lot to know the job and the course they lay the tracks. They know a whole lot about the rivers too." Therefore I will make another law forbidding any one to ever go boating

on that treacherous river, and I if
I can do it, a law to be passed,
that no more trains will run
on those tracks again ever.

"I laughed.

"What's wrong Henry,

"What you said shows you've
never seen that railroad right
of way. I have, you say you
will have a law passed
no trains will never run
again. I again will say you
have never seen that rail-
road right of way on the
bridge crossing the river. I've
seen far more than I can
explain even to save my
life. I think you need not
think of such a law.

The railroad line and the
bridge is destroyed beyond
all recovery. It will never
exist again. It possibly can't
beyond a doubt what is
left of that bridge is only
a skeleton. If there ever

will be a new bridge it'll only
be alongside and a wood wagon
and foot bridge. The company was
wiped out by the loss of the
bridge. Ha some tornado damn it.

"We will forget that law then"
she said, "since I mentioned
that law, and what you ex-
plained, the railway line is
absolutely out of existence, but
I've have learned that So Ball
is the only place where rail
communication can continue
that's why so many less in-
jured fledged from here
to there for provisions and
shelter. Therefore I cannot think
of any other law forbidding
that but for their personal
safety. I forbid any one
without authority from going
down the road, or near
the bridge for sight seeing.
That storm has almost
wiped out all rail-
road communication with

Chestertown, Zanesville and
Chesterchire in all our northern
Illinois, so you see there
two the river and that rail
road attracted to us the most
disastrous tornado on all record.

It is a miracle our thirty
one houses were not in its
path.

Therefore this law must be
obeyed forbidding any righteers
from our town from moving
these tracks which the tornado
destroyed, and has put an
end to the railroad in this
district so you see this law
is not a foolish one but
wise and just and in any
way it is wrong to disobey
a law. If they go contrary
to the law its not my
fault what happens to them.
"I'll have them arrested and
fined" I said.

I could see that the nation
was right after all and

very much mortified to realize
that the river could hold it on
a bee line and the railroad
too. I have read in papers that
witnesses have proved that if a
roadway was wide enough and
stretched many miles onward
without any curve a tornado
would follow it all the way
without changing its course.

They zigzag across country
and through towns and cities;
only they cannot follow a
very narrow one. I knew also
the Mother Superior was
right and felt greatly mortified
to realize I had acted and
spoken to Mrs Conway so
ridiculously. I raised my head
and looked at the Mother
in the face saying:
"I am sorry I have acted
wrongly and disputed you on
the tornado bee line course.
I did it forgetting I have
in a secondary way followed

both and I thought it could not be found out exactly. But I am guilty of this act and whatever other argument you think I deserve to lose I will suffer willingly. And I'll tell you why. I've seen it in the papers that witnesses many of them can prove that a tornado can follow down its full length a wide road without sweeping off its path. If a tornado can do that it can be like down the railroad right of way and the river too."

The nation smiled more lightly then and nodded graciously.

"You are mistaken Henry" she said. It's the janitor who did, but he's forgiven. You were on my side and proved it by the map - I'm although you have committed the map to me, you are

positive too of my theory and I think you might find plenty more on your investigation to morrow. You janitor is the one who should admit your mistake." "I'm firmly of the opinion the river is not guilty."

"Will you admit you're wrong if the investigation proves otherwise?"

"Yes then, I will."

"What about the railroad?"

"It's my opinion its positively the cause, but not the river."

"Henry what do you say?"

asked Mrs Conway.

"I beg your pardon janitor but I'll bet I'll prove the river more guilty than the railroad right of way."

"I hope you'll be that lucky" said the janitor. "I won't believe it until you do. I can go free on my opinion."

"Very well sir. Da"

The audience were glad to hear

own decree and murmured its approval. The mother superior now asked me to sit down and to tell her all my story which I did, beginning at the time I had seen the twister sweep down the right of way of the railroad line, the siding beside it and of the demolishing of the railroad property on it and ending with the report I received of its destroying Chester town.

The sister listened very attentively and was thoughtful for some moments after I had finished speaking when she said:

"A crooked narrow road is wrong on a course and cannot hold back a tornado but it cannot prevent it from zigzagging either for it zigzags too usually for a tornado not to zigzag

is against the law of nature And if it was not for the river and the railroad right of way, the twister would not even have hit the north side of Sa. Salle. And too had it missed there the disaster to this city and Zanneb and Chester chure could not have occurred.

"I can understand however that you who will love to investigate will not be satisfied if you cannot solve this so strange situation Also I feel it wrong to leave those two be declared innocent untill proven so. when they ought to be guilty. So I propose to allow Henry and his followers make the investigation to morrow which will save them or not and that you river engineers and railroad men assist Henry to find out there

situations he is seeking
What do you think of it
Mrs Conway?"

"That is perhaps the best
thing to do" replied the
matron. "But after Henry
solves the mystery let
the janitor stick to his
opinion or take away on
our own his arguments."

"I will" promised the head
sister then turning to me
she asked: "What the name
of the town near that rail-
road siding which the tornado
hit it destroying the railroad
property?"

"I'm not sure but I think
it was Ottawa"

"Ottawa?"

"Yes"

"Was it hit too?"

"No. It was from there that
I and the rescuers came
from"

So they did exclaimed

the Mother Superior: "I forgot
that" This cannot be the one then
that the tornado hit first it
was So Salle."

"Of course it was, and not
Ottawa it did not take that
course at all" declared the matron
and I must say it was very
strong indeed of it, I not to
accomplish what it did to those
heavy stone slabs on the
flat cars, and hurled not a
few ~~there~~ here and there.
And all the rest of the rail-
road property.

But now as this debate
is about ended I will tell
you what really is the trouble
with the river and rail-
road right of way"

At this everyone in the
assembly room suddenly
became quiet and Sister
Carmello continued in a
calm voice:

"I will confess that I

that I had intended to have some investigation immediately after the storm but so much bad weather following it prevented me from my purpose.

When the storm went away yet raging so close by us, it left our town wiped out.

At once I jumped to the conclusion and told the nation my suspicion was of the direction of easterly stretch of the river lunging the twister onto us that there would be no need to fuss about it as I firmly believed the course of the railroad right of way caused it also. But no one could tell for sure or be reasonable about it.

I instead of keeping still on such a course, I thought the storm would zigzag through the city, but no it went

a bee line through. At some place the twister stuck in the town and I thought they were the cause too. I'll bet most of that section of the city was inside of the tornado in half a second but no one can teach one anything about it to be reasonable.

I instead of moving forward so it could go through on its onward course it still kept itself there for fully three minutes and it made our school house tremble like a coward so full of fear that things fell from the pantries, and pictures from our walls and a big vase standing on a table near the door. The vase has a small neck and spreads out at the top like a bowl. It was not broken. I saw at the first how the twister stuck at that part of the

of our city and I thought the
torнадо would not go forward
any more at all but it
finally wiggled itself through
and went onward again
through the rest of the city
and I suppose it then did
wipe out that magnificent
bridge"

"All were astonished at
this confession and the Matron
also showed her surprise.
And the Matron at once sent
an employe to fetch bring
a picture of that spot he
had taken. When he returned
the head sister looked at
it and discovered the cleared
rounded territory where once
had everything you see in
a city, just as the Matron
said she would,

There was no way to
understand how both rail
road right of way and the
influence of the river could

cause this also, so yet they too
were blamed for this and the
Matron banged her fist on the
table and shouted:

"The river and railroad did this
too"

Then the crowd cheered lustily
and Angeline Ritchie hugged
the big map in her arms
and told us how delighted
she was that the debate ended
with both the river and
the railroad declared guilty.

"But why didn't you tell
us at first?" she asked.

No one at first thought of
that" said the Matron.

Angeline finally gave me
back the map I had so
kindly allowed the head
sister examine, and she
carried her own Geography
to the table to see if
she could find a place on a
map there. And now the
debate being over the good

people of the assembly scattered to their rooms well content with the outcome of the debate, yet any one could be much surprised to find the river and railroad right of way in disgrace but they were considered so in spite of the fact that the investigation had not yet been made to prove anything yet.

For the folks of Chesterbourn felt sure the river and railroad had concluded the course of the twister and that only it was not yet proved, so therefore even the citizens of So Ball preferred not to associate with them. All surviving people were forbidden to wander near them or their territory and were made to stay inside in their towns.

Then the Mother Superior said "It seems that there was something wrong also other wise that cause the tornado to make the bee lines through our town, for it is against the Law of Nature. And if you want to say it that way if it had not unlawfully kept on that course the tornado coming at us could not have occurred."

I can understand however that all the survivors of Chesterbourn will be unhappy unless unless we can prove the course of the river and the railroad right of way guilty.

Also I feel it is wrong to leave out the demolished bridge when it ought to have been able to withstand the storm. It is also guilty. So I propose we allow the investigation to be made which will prove something that we assist Henry to find the cause he is seeking what

do you think Mrs Conway?"

"This or that is the proper or best thing to do" replied the Matron. "But if or after this mystery is solved, we must take all precaution to see what is left left of the railroad be to be removed"

"I will" promised the Head Sister.

"Now tell me please what must you find in your investigations?" continued Mrs Conway to me.

"That cannot be said until the investigation is made" I said. "That is I have to inspect the river and railroad as far as Chester chire where the ruined bridge is and the bridge is the main issue. The railroad from here to Chester chire is a forty mile stretch and I -"

"You can get fresh horses

for every five miles from farmer to pull your carriage or wagon and keeps on going by those means" said Sister Carmilla. "That will not be hard to do for horse and wagon have already been used that way, and the horses will be taken care of on the way"

"Thank you" I cried gratefully. Then I continued the next thing I must find way down the road beside the tracks or go the middle section between the rails"

The Matron shook her head. "That" said she "will be a hard task even on foot because of the debris but if you can travel far enough that way you may discover something"

"I'm willing to travel for years if it will solve this mystery"

I declared earnestly.

Then you'd better begin your

trip at once" advised the nation.
The janitor had been listening
to this conversation with inter-
est. He turned to Sister Camillea
and asked, "May I go with Henry
to help him?"

"Would you like to returned
the head sister."

"Yes I know the railroad line
and river pretty well. I'm
sorry for what has happened
and I'd like to help him
solve it may I go?"

"That's up to Henry to
decide" she said looking
towards me.

"If you wish to" I replied.
"If Henry goes then I must
too" said the engineer.
decidedly "You can understand
I'm the engineer of the
train the tornado demolished
and there may be cause
for me to go."

"You have my permission
to accompany Henry" said

the Head Sister" and while you
are gone I will take care of
Her fireman."

"I'll take of myself announced
the fireman" for I'm going
with my partner and Henry,
I promised Henry to help
him, in this investigation
and I'll stick to my promise."

"Very well" replied Sister Cam-
illea. "But I see no need for
Henry to take the nation or
any one else"

"I prefer to remain here
said Mrs Conway. I would do
for me being an old lady
and if they're going into
dangers, it's best for me to
keep away from them."

"Better take me along"
said Angeline Ritchie.

"No" said her mother, "I'm
sure you'll be safer here"
and Angeline made no ob-
jection to the plan.

After consulting together we

decided that I and my party should leave the very next day to investigate the cause of the tornados straight bee line course, so we separated to make preparations for our journey. The mother Superior gave me a room in the school house for that night and the afternoon I passed with the Ritchie family and receiving advice from the engineer as to where we must go.

The engineer had often drove his train on this road, and so had others for that matter yet neither of them knew what made the tornado keep on such a bee line. Neither did I.

"If such a thing ever occurred before in any part of this country," said the engineer "we'd probably have heard

of it long ago. Yet if one can go down a wide road without turning off its path, no one would need to accuse the river of its bee line here. Perhaps the river and the railroad right of way didn't do such a thing."

"Oh it must have done so" I returned positively "or else the storm would not call for wrecking your train like it did and kill more than two hundred of the passengers."

"That's true" he agreed and "if the river and the railroad was responsible for its bee line we are bound out to find out the cause of it: sure enough."

"Well we are bound to search for it any how," said the farmer "as for finding it we must trust to luck."

"Don't do that," begged the engineer earnestly. "The river

is now called "The Magnolia the unlucky you know" ("Some years later it became known as a part of the Illinois River as its known now")

A two hours journey from Chester town, or what's left of it brought the let us little of investigators to both the river and the devastated railroad running alongside.

Alongside the railroad stood a half uprooted big Elm tree, or what had been a elm tree. Most of the branches were gone or badly broken every which way, and there was no bark on the tree, and it was split in the middle.

A long almost sword or like knife was stuck deep into its trunk.

"Look there" said the engineer.

"My eyes almost popped out of my head for what I saw. I could not

hardly believe it. A great big punk pumpkin headed man exactly resembling Jack pumpkinhead of the Oz stories was stuck among the broken branches tight.

The body of it was made of wood. His wooden framework was covered by a red shirt with white spots in it - blue trousers a yellow vest, a jacket of green and yellow and stouth stout leathers shoes. The neck was a sharpened stick on which the punk pumpkin head was set and the eyes ears nose and mouth were carved on the skin of the pumpkin very like a child's Jack o' Lantern. It appeared exactly like Jack pumpkinhead of the Oz stories but looked much bigger. Then I noticed in a sitting position between the uprooted

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was almost in a sitting position was something like the tin woodman of Oz & very queer image like a scarecrow wrapped around him.

"Where in the world did the twister take these from?" I exclaimed. Stuck among the branches of that Elm was a swarthy, of a size that was never seen for real.

"This is surely some handsome outfit" said the janitor "but not really, not what we came to ~~invest~~ investigate."

The engineer turned at this & examined the images critically and I winked one eye at him as I said: "We have come to the Land of Oz."

"If so where is the Cowardly Lion, the hungry tiger, the Wicked Witch and the Scarecrow?"

my life history. 1/45

demanding the janitor and Glinda
the good?"

"They have been blown away"
said a childish voice weakly
from between some rails. "I'm
Dorothy, I'm not hurt, but
am held here three days?
can't get loose. And I'm hungry
and very thirsty."

At this it's a wonder I did
not jump out of my shoes.
We went desperately to work
to release her and after half
an hour she was free. We
gave her some of our rations
and as she was eating she
told us a "Wizard of Oz" show
was on in a theatre and
that is what the storm did.
She does not know what
became of the girl acting
as Ozma.

"If I come across any more
freakish things this tornado
did, I'll jump into the river"
I said to myself. This would

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has gone crazy.

"What are we going to do now?"
asked the janitor.

"We'll have to take her along
I guess. We can't turn back.
Anything else this tornado
deposited all this right of way?"

During the conversation with
the little girl the engineer
explained their investigation
and asked her advice about
it.

She considered the matter
gravely.

"That is going to be a
difficult task said she,
"and if I were you, I'd just
put the blame on the
river and be done with
it."

"I fear that wouldn't do
replied the engineer. "Both
the river and the rail-
way are along side of
one another and the current
of the river moves to the

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west. That's the main puzzle. Had
it moved eastward it'll not be
so difficult to solve. The tornado
I never thought would move
against the current, and if it
had not the outcome might
not have worked at all."

"How long is this river?"

"I've seen it as far as Cham-
nahon before it turned northeast
past Chicago." I answered "So
falls west of us, is north of
it."

"You're going that far?"

"Why only as far as the "has
been" of the bridge, of course."

I answered.

"I know it's a beautiful bridge"
cried Dorothy. "Cost \$10,000,000 or
more. Do you intend to
cross it?"

"No no, we don't" interrupted
the engineer. "There's no chance
to do so and otherwise."

"I don't just know what you
think" said the girl. "You can't

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I know the cyclone destroyed it. That is if the tornado followed the river all the way to there. I've never seen it however but my instinct tells me it was but I'm sure and the tornado destroyed this railroad. Look at the road bed. But the thing that bothering me is to find I'm right."

I gazed around the wreck strewn landscape and then said:

"This is a flat country so you won't find it to have caused the bee line of the tornado. We can go only as far as the bridge which this railroad used to cross."

"And how far is that?" asked Dorothy.

"About thirty five miles from here" I replied. The bridge is east of here. I've

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known all along that we cannot go any further."

"So have I" said Dorothy. "Unless we swim across."

But I had forgot to mention we stashed the Ozark images into our wagon to take along along with us.)

"But goodness me this torn up railway is full of dangers," declared the famitor. "I've never been near that bridge, but"

"I have" I said. "You call it 'that bridge?' I've seen skeletons before but not like that. I've faced iron girders which were bent into all kinds of shapes like they would pound and whip you. Wait till you've seen that 'has been'."

"It's a wild tornado then if my instinct is right about the bridge" remarked Dorothy and if we get there and see I'm right we are sure to have a feeling of our own.

But I guess we'll have to go if you need to complete this investigation."

So we resumed our travels heading down the railway by the side road where all along fields and a farm looked so wild and secluded by means of the twisty harrow that you could see nobody. It was a two days journey from where we picked up the Oz show outfit to Zaneville for the horses did not want to go fast over the wreck strewn road and they often were stopped by the way side to rest.

The first night we slept on the open fields among the turn up crops and I covered the child with a

blanket taken from the wagon so she would not be chilled by the night air. All during our travel

we saw nothing but torn up rails, ties with them and torn up road bed and all sorts of widely scattered debris. Towards evening of the second day we reached more devastated farms, because of debris on the road walking was difficult for the horses.

Yet some distance before us we saw a group of badly shattered trees with many curious articles stuck among what was left of their branches and the undrained wreckage of Zaneville.

So we trudged bravely on to reach the shattered little city by dark and spend the night in the fields again.

The next morning we went on our way taking the same road but avoiding the ruined town. They found it still more harder to go through the scattered debris which

was full of sharp points and edges. Clambering here and there among the wreckage we kept steadily on, untill we came to a great rift in the scattered rubble.

"Suppose we go on this way" suggested Dorothy "it's much easier now than climbing over all the debris"

"How about that sign?" asked the jammer

"What sign?" she inquired. The engineer pointed to some words painted on a large board nailed to the lower trunk of a broken tree which we had not noticed. The words said:

"Look out for the bridge"

The girl eyed the sign for a moment and then turned to me asking

"What bridge?"

"The demolished one" I said.

"Why that is on to find out is to go on."

This being quite true we went on. As we proceeded we found miles of track ripped up with ties and all. Presently we came to another sign which read:

"Beware the bridge"

"Why as for that" remarked Dorothy "if it is the bridge I'm thinking of there is need to beware of it. What even is wrong with the wrecked bridge? It's much rather not put a foot on it"

So had I agreed the engineer with a nod of his head. But I don't see why we are told to beware the bridge unless it's dangerous to approach."

Never mind we'll find out about it when we get to where it is" replied the little girl.

The roadway now became much broader. Suddenly the jammer uttered a sharp cry

of astonishment.

"Al" said we must be near the bridge."

Just then we all stopped so suddenly that I bumped into a broken protruding upward track rail. "What is it?" asked Dorothy standing on tiptoe to look over my shoulder. But then she saw what it was and cried "oh" in a tone of astonishment.

The railroad line ended at the bank of a stream running into the river and as before I saw what was left of the great steel bridge, parts down in the water. The ten million railroad bridge, the support of the great bridge was gone, and as before as I had mentioned its flooring with the railroad tracks were gone, and most of its steel frame work.

As I believe I've described before what was left left of it, was all twisted in numerous odd shapes. On the trunk of a tree broken in half was a big sign which Dorothy read with much curiosity speaking the words aloud that all of us might know what she read.

"Ten million railroad bridge. The most expensive structure wiped out by Cyclone. Height was thirty five feet high. Fifteen hundred feet long. Sixty five feet wide. Weight unknown. Don't try to cross here. Very dangerous. Age two years. Bridge once beautiful. Tornade fierce ferocious and of immeasurable strength to be able to do this.

All persons approaching too close here do so at their own peril."

I noticed the road bridge was gone too. Even its supports.

The road sure ended here and there was no road bridge of any sort to allow them to cross.

"That queer" mused Dorothy looking at the water reflectively. "Why should the tornado destroy the road bridge? It does not seem to have been in its path."

"Wow" said the engineer gazing earnestly into her face.

"That's the best answer you'll get" declared the janitor with a comical smile. "For no one knows any more than the engineer about the tornado not missing this bridge."

"I'll never try to swim that river" said the fireman.

"Try to control yourself" said the fireman. "No one intends to savage river."

"No decided" Dorothy. "We

couldn't swim it if we tried. It's too big a river and the water moves awfully fast. The current would sweep us among the twisted wreckage of the bridge and we'd be trapped and drowned."

"I'm sure our trip and investigation is finished" said. "We must all go back to St Ann's School and confirm it both the river and railroad right of way is responsible and we'll ask her advice what to do."

The Mother Superior is a wise woman and she may find a way to solve the whole situation."

On the following morning we started on the journey back to Chesterhouse which we reached in due time without any important adventures. The people cheered our appearance and on entering the school word came to us from Sister Camilla

that she would grant them an audience. I told the head sister how successful we had been in our investigation until I came to the item of the wrecked bridge and we could go no further.

"You were quite right" said Sister Camilla who did not seem a bit surprised "Had you told me about the wrecked bridge I would have informed you before you started out that you'd be stopped there."

"I didn't mind the journey at all though Henry released me from the steel rails" said Dorothy. "It was interesting though it was no fun about the bridge."

"As it has turned out after all" remarked the janitor, "we can next get the things of very great expense stuck on the twisted fragments of the bridge belonging to the Ozma show. We got

the Scarecrow Tinwood man and the Pumpkin man from river and the tree. But there is no trace of the little girl who acted as Ozma. The storm struck as the show was on and swept the place away."

"I saw that too" said Dorothy. "It was awful. Even a piece of house is stuck there."

"I will forget the things the bridge has on its wreck and what I could have been sent for. There's Glinda the Hungry Tiger, Cowardly Lion the Wizard of Oz and other things was Ozma the only one with you?"

"No there was Ojo the Sucky, I got Petsy Bobbin and Button Bright, Shaggy man and others. They all disappeared unless they're found and not killed the show is wiped out and cannot be saved or restored."

"That bridge company will make

no more largest bridges
of that kind said the Matron.
"They will never recover from
the trouble loss. I myself have
sent for the President of that
Company, finding his address
and he has come by horse
and wagon from Ottawa, to
this school where he is now
is. I never saw so heartbroken
and dejected man. His wife
came with him. He said
to me very sadly he had
for four other bridges that
were destroyed. And his
books of recipes are missing.
I have also had brought
here the Chief early designer
of that famous Sacred Heart
Convent, and President of
this railroad where its
tracks and the trains have
been wiped out. A very
grief stricken pair I assure
you. I'm not intending to
complain against Him but

why would our Dear God permit all
this chaos?"

"Some Scientists on storms firmly
believe He has no control on
violent storms" said the Emigronee
"Aw banana oo oil. He has power
over everything. He stopped the
storm on the Gallae Gallae sea,
He could stop, may even prevent
tornadoes. Why He permits them
is a mystery. And such a one,
as this? He permits I mention
are in the next room being
treated by the maid."

We were all greatly astonish-
ment ished at this announcement.

"Oh let me see them. Set me
see them at once please" cried
Angelina Ritchie eagerly.

"At a moment's notice the
Mother Superior for I my-
self have something to say.

Nothing that happens here
in Middle Northern Ill escapes
the notice of our wise Matron
Mrs Catherine Convey, she

knew all about the almost magical type of the bridges destruction and how the tornado had brought the awful fate of so beautiful bridge and the razing of the Sacred Heart Convent, and of your interred investigation. She have seen both your description of them is a sort of mistake."

"I mistake impossible. I have good eye right I can tell you all," I said.

"Good eye right" mocked the Matron. Ha, you right failed you there. I've a photograph of both I took myself next time use field glasses. Your description is nothing at all compared with these photographs." she finished with a sob.

"Excuse Sister and the rest of you" I exclaimed for out loud I said words

about the tornado that you wont see in the dictionary or prayer book. Before I write more on the deep debate I'll say you'll think I made all this up or dreamed of this.

Yes I did make this up, upside down. I dreamed it too. I was in bed dreaming, sitting up wide awake eating angels fruit cake.

The cake had steel railway tracks mixed as fruit. If you do doubt any of this get hold back number papers of August 20 and so on of 1906. If they are not obtainable, try the public library or Randolph street.

If not there then I cant help. I'm not writing this for show, and damn it

I wish it was not true. I'll say Damn it again. Tornado Ha I've got a lot of words for them and it'll

A good sized book for me
write them all. The devil
with "Blives" I wish they are
murderous storms, child
killers too. To go on.

"Why Henry how could you
said Sister Camilla. Besides
what you said wont prevent
a stop tornado. Well let it
go at that Mrs Conway
also knew that the river
and railroad could or would
not let the tornado turn off
its course, so she sent for
the poor railroad president
and instructed him what
to tell when interviewed. Some
thing is going to happen
in this school school
presently and that something
will I am sure surprise
you all, and now" continued
the Mother Superior ris-
ing from her chair "you
may follow me into the
next room."

When we entered the room, we
saw three little girls, about the
same height if not age, to
whom Dorothy with a cry of
delight ran and embraced kissed
affectionately.

"I did not expect to see you
more" Dorothy said with a
joyful sob. How did you escape?"

"We saw and heard it coming"
said if I call her that Ozma.
There was some sort of open
cellar near us in the show
house and we went quickly
down just the storm hit. The
opening was covered
with wreckage, but we're
strong kids and we got out
ourselves. Oh what horror we
seen and our show house
house with all those people in
it was swept away."

Dorothy, Dorothy drew her
back and looked around the
room and the sight of the
assembled company must have

quite amazed her & did me. Aside from the three girls, and Angelina, and her sister and brother, including her parents three strange richly men, one with an elderly lady was there sitting on a sofa and looking on the wall with solemn expression.

At a table sat two high rank ~~for~~ cardinals looking quite dejected, but still as if they knew much more than they cared to tell. Last of all a Bishop was there and he sat hunched up in a chair seeming very dejected but keeping his eyes fixed on one of the school room windows and then towards the convent in view from there which he fondly loved, but whom he feared was lost to the Catholic world forever. The Mother Superior to

took a chair which one of the prefects wheeled forward for the Head Sister, and back of her stood two other sisters the janitor the School Superintendent, Angelina Beebe, the four other children, as well as the assistant Head Sisters, and two priests who were administrators of the log school, (had this school ever struck there would have been greater loss in ^{life} than in the convent 2500 hundred children and all the rest)

The head administrator now arose and made a low bow to Sister Camilla and another less deferent bow to the assembled company.

"Sadies and gentlemen" he said "I beg to announce that the Mother Superior has begged me to tell of the outcome of Henry's investigation who went at it in a way that that he ought to be proud of. He has discovered that both

stream, railroad and the common road runs straight slightly northeast along the course of our wiped out city. Not only "Henry" says, are they the cause of the storms straight bee line course, but the long bridge also they are absolutely guilty.

Henry says tornado also follow the full length course of a wide flat road, so this tornado could do it here too.

Usually it is contrary to natural law and therefore by Henry's Edict I hereby forbid any persons no matter who they are to walk or travel the river or tracks from now on. Henry says if they do he'll order their arrest and make to pay a "two hundred dollar fine." "You're right" I exclaimed. "I'll furnish even myself if I do it from now on."

It's not to furnish to the river or a railroad, but its too extremely dangerous to hike or go boating on it. Any one caught doing it even myself will pay a two hundred dollar fine. And that's final. I won't excuse even any one in here either. Mark my words. I don't want any more persons killed. The death rate here already is too high. I'll have signs put up to that effect.

What caused my decision is this. I just came back yesterday afternoon. I was to do the investigation. If everything had been all right I ought to have been able to complete the trip there and back in four or hours. Because of conditions it did take four hours and not two days including five days. The hike was terribly dangerous and its a miracle we made it.

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If any one have seen what I'm telling about my trip they'll be obeying the orders. We have discovered that the tornado has been indulging in the most terrific destruction ever known of twisters and therefore I hereby declare that I'll bet there will probably never be another one like it in the future. It is no longer known as a tornado but a storm of wholesale natural murder.

"There never has been one like this before"

"And maybe never will be" said the nation.

As the person pronounced those words one of the Cardinals straightened up and looked at very solemn sober. He gammon with a cry sprang to his feet, and stood before the window looking out, and then after some some time

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fell back in the chair and watched me carefully.

"The so-called Heart Convent which the tornado reduced to a one and half story trash heap" continued Mrs Conway sadly "was the most beautiful Catholic institution in the world but the tornado made such havoc of it that became a dangerous place for any one to approach too close. So two days ago Henry had it barricaded off so no one can go too near when they come to see it.

And now any persons who do so can without danger get Henry in so modest and well behaved about it that every one will be careful or else - "Pay a fine" I said in a soft voice.

"The barn with the wood - mill frame work wrapped around it has proved itself a good temporary hospital.

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and its owner Simon Segree a good and faithful friend and caretaker of all the injured brought there "the head sister went on "so we'll send him all the assistance possible, so the injured still there will have good care and plenty to eat as long as they will remain."

"Much obliged said Mr Segree "I have plenty of injured there yet"

As for the wind mill from work resumed the head sister "it is so remarkable an appearance, and the tornado did that so cleverly that

Mr Simon intends to preserve it carefully as one of the strange curiosities of the curious freak of the tornado accomplishing this.

He says it may remain around the barn to attract future tourists, they

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can go around it whenever they please, and he may make a fortune on it"

"That's all right" said Mr Segree.

"We have all been interested in Henry the chief Head of the Relief Committee here sister Carrilla continued because of his for his unfortunate neighbor has led him bravely to face all sorts of grave danger in order that he could rescue as many of the injured as an as possible and recover the bodies of the dead.

Many of those he rescued are in Mr Segree's barn.

He has failed in saving some because of the impossibility of paying up some of the wreckage.

Henry has a loyal and generous heart, and has done his best to free the injured from the wreckage through

impossible circumstances he has failed to save the life of the girl he was engaged to, but there are others who lost them all too, and there are other awful powerful manifestations of the twister we never found out yet, and there are more ways than any of us knew for this strange tornado to destroy all in its path and kill and injure ~~many~~ ^{injure} many. Mrs Conway our Matron Matron has told me of one way and so has Henry and you shall learn how great is the knowledge and power of both."

As she said this I advanced to the railroad president, showing him my log maps and at the same time muttering some words that none could hear distinctly. At once he took the map

and looked over it carefully followed things with his finger and gazed at it wonderingly this way and that to note all that was on it and seeing where So Salls was on the map, ran over it more closely, and said:

"Did it hit So Salls first?" "It might not have, but this city was second or third rather." I said, "It was near some farmer at Bishop Hill but east of it where a farmer said it came down. He also has farm property near Chesterton. He was there and from his windmill platform saw it tear through Chelestown. It is only a quarter of a mile east of his farm but stretching north east. The south end of his farm was wiped out. The nest missed."

"There could be no doubt about

it, of the fact, the Sacred Heart convent, the most lovely Catholic private childrens school in the world, in this city of Chester-brown is lost to us forever" said the Bishop who designed the building. I do not know his name and in his sorrow he would not mention it.

"All but a story and a quarter of it has disappeared with all its inmates I heard" he continued sadly, "not one of these survivors, not any one in this whole country knows what became of it all. It was my assistant who discovered it in the news. All the contributions of every Catholic could not restore one third the loss. That building was so strongly made. I did not think it could happen."

The poor Bishop was crying. I had a very funny feeling

and if I was not in his presence I'd again said words you would not like to hear about that damn tornado, I hate them, I fear them exceedingly.

The convent was gone however, only a floor and half junk pile remained. Only one who afterwards got injured in rescuing Mildred Maxwell the lone survivor had seen its horrible destruction and disappearance of all its inmates.

The poor Bishop continued mournfully. "It was considered a great honor to be allowed by the Cardinals, to design that great holy building which arts of design were used to construct the great structure. I am the Catholic Worlds most valued servant for my knowledge of building design, and strength of construction is wonderful and I could accomplish almost

anything that even the Pope wished me to. I designed this school and the St Vincent Church - also the University."

"I know that" I answered.

"Do you know that St Vincent's Church -"

"Please don't mention it" he robed, "of all the best buildings which I accomplished was the convent he continued "the most marvelous structure I ever designed, It cost forty five million dollars."

This wonderful building was placed upon a very strong foundation in this side of Chesterbourn where there was and is such a beautiful view.

The building was built of expensive made stone no brick, fire proof at some parts and the Chapel itself one of the most

magnificent in the world no Church had one like that or as large. So was the altar. How was the altar?" to me.

"Is perfectly intact" I surmised "I answered "I saw it was firmly fastened to the floor to the tiled floor, and the altar itself was at an angle when I saw it. The chapel itself inside is covered with a tangled maze of wreckage that came from other houses who had the keys of the tabernacle of the altar."

"I have them" I answered "the keys to which the head sister carried on a chain was secured around her neck. She only I heard let the priest have them when he opened it to distribute Holy Communion. She the only one too who was not blown away. She was killed though."

"The chapel was larger in size than those of any church, and although it was exceedingly long and wide, it could hold more than two thousand at one mass, on evening Benediction."

"That magnificent altar was so heavy that twenty men could scarcely have lifted it" continued the Bishop "yet you say Henry when you last seen the Chapel it was a shambles, and religious articles except the Sacred Heart statue and the Crucifix have also mysteriously disappeared"

"I'm shocked and grieved to say so" I explained "Who could thought the tornado could do such an awful thing. And who could have thought it could have demolished so strong a building. According to descriptions of witnesses in these houses this tornado had strength and fury that

not be believed at first. Their description was all the same even the farmers, this tornado seemed from another world"

The Bishop was thoughtful for a while considering the consequences of the loss.

He continued declared thus "I was told also the Stations of the Cross are demolished every thing from the Sacristy is gone, and rare wine and Communion chalices have been removed by the tornado. Communion particles and all I am distressed and totally alarmed. I can't think how this most extraordinary disaster could have taken place. It is evident that the tornado was one of very great power, or it could not or never had been able to accomplish this. But how in all the world could a storm be so powerful and savage and fury enough

to do this awful thing and what made the storm have the power to defy even nature and become the most savage tornado the world has ever known."

I thought over the perplexing matter for five minutes at the of which time I was still too puzzled of how to explain it.

"Whatever made the tornado so strong as to do this" the Bishop said to me, "must have been an explosion in the air. Yet in this it is sure to be found out and will then be solved."

"Also I said 'the great bridge crossing the Centerville river east of here is a 'has been' so we cannot find out what the tornado did to it a ten million dollar railroad bridge."

I turned to the Chief engineer

of railroad bridge building. "Also" I said as I stood before him "The road covered bridge is gone so we could not cross the stream to go to Chestershire. So I'm consulting you for assistance to you on your knowledge of what kind of a construction it was for the tornado to do it so easily. Set us look in the situation of its construction."

"Also" returned the Chief bridge engineer sorrowfully "We cannot do that for the records were left in the Chesterbourn post office for safe keeping. They have disappeared with the remains of the post office."

I laughed scornfully. Then I said "Why didn't the twist take 'all of the railroad line while it was at it. Next it'll be the disappearance of the moon."

"Really!" said the bridge engineer

looking solemn this is very surpassing. We can't find out how the storm destroyed so strong a bridge and in destroying the Post office it has taken all of my plans of the bridge with it. I'm totally ruined, wiped out."

He had stood up as he spoke. "Perhaps" said Dorothy "someone has witnessed the destruction of the bridge."

"Oh they could not do that" exclaimed the girl who was to be Ozma in the show.

"And probably took a picture too, so we can see what it did," added the janitor.

"That's nonsense" said Dorothy. "Why every one knew nothing of it or we would have heard, there isn't a person in all this territory who could have been a witness."

"Huh" replied Angeline "you

don't think any one ^{could} try to be a witness and get blown away like you was Dorothy."

"Why don't you?"

"It was a big wide trestle a mile and three quarters across not counting round too. It had force in it that I believe even the angels don't know of" said the little girl actor.

"Our friend is just daffy replied Betsey."

"No" she's right about that" said Dorothy thoughtfully.

"There has been lots of queer cyclones in this country in times past which all of them put together I believe could never come near this one in fury. I've seen some of them myself of course, and I know of the St Louis tornado, and there might be some more to happen somewhere else yet

though I think none can
beat this Everything has all
been destroyed"

"Have you seen the bridge?"
asked the bridge engineer.

"Not exactly a bridge" I re-
plied Only a fragment of
it. Don't your workmen know
where the rest of it went?"

"No except a few pieces
of railing in the river all
of the best parts of the bridge
are gone The bridge won't
even a frame work now."

"Goodness me" exclaimed
Mrs Conway in alarm.
"This is the biggest tornado
disaster I ever heard of.
How do you think the
wind did it Henry?"

"I've no idea" I answered.

"But I've come to the idea
that from my view of it
it was an unusually strong
bridge. The tornado was
so much powerful than I

even thought one could ever be
and I believe there is no one
able to discover the truth by
any means and I couldn't my-
self. What's left of the bridge is
twisted like so many snakes
coiled on other wire."

"This tornado business has us
greatly worried" said the head
master. "It seems almost im-
possible what the tornado did."

"But the bridge is gone" inso-
ted the bridge engineer. "It ruined
beyond restoration. Even all
the money in all the world
would bring again what was
used in the construct-
ion of that bridge."

Everyone of us looked at
each in amazement.

"This thing is getting des-
perate" continued the bridge
engineer. "All that best bridge
in the world is wiped out."
Oh my God" he sobbed.

"Do you suppose any ordinary

tornado tornado different from this one could have done this?"

I asked

"No indeed declared the bridge engineer. I suspect only one like this could have done it and take most of the bridge away with it"

"How dreadful" cried Angelina.

"The idea of such a tornado as this, destroying such a beautiful bridge. Can't no one do anything to restore it again?"

"God only knows" I said.

We were all very much disturbed in mind. Even the little girls were more quiet than usual and seemed to realize that a great calamity had overtaken us all.

This tornado was one of more considerable power than any ever known and all the people in this country, as well as other

nations of the world looked upon it as the worst one the world had ever heard of. The idea of that unusually strongly built convent, and the most magnificent bridge in the world being wiped out by such a storm, and hurled and pulled to pieces, and the convent blown almost all away was too astonishing for us to comprehend.

It seemed impossible beyond doubt. We saw it with our eyes and have photographs of them and also of the devastation of Chesterbourn and the country side and railroad tracks and rail-bed. Yet what other explanation of the mystery could there be.

I don't an ordinary tornado could do all this said the engineer whose train had been destroyed. "I'm sure there was

was something wrong with that tornado. Something went wacky in the cloud it came down from."

"Something caused by too much electrical phenomena" I asked.

"Of course no one could get any idea except the fiery nature of the over head cloud and no one but a cloud of that nature could produce such a disturbance in it which no cloud ever acted before and so to be able to turn crazy the whole outfit and produce such an unusual tornado. It must be something wrong in the air currents and electrical disturbances in the cloud. And it was very extraordinary that such a long thunderstorm so severe should follow close behind the twister."

I've seen many severe thunderstorms, but that one broke the record"

"But what was wrong with the main cloud?" asked the sister.

"If we knew" replied the bridge engineer severely "we wouldn't be sitting around here doing nothing if other tornado did something like that frenzied cloud above it this tornado must be a hundred times more powerful than that big white whirlpool north of Sweden or Norway."

"Well a white whirlpool" said I, "but even that big whirlpool couldn't match the weakest tornado."

There was no denying this argument but if we would have talked the matter over all the rest of the day we

would still be unable to decide how the twister could destroy such strong structures as the convent and the bridge or be heard so far as south as Lincoln or Alton. Or how the tornado could become so strong."

I could see that everyone looked discouraged and very perplexed. The Head Sister and the Matron looked worried and unhappy.

"What harm could happen if another tornado like this would happen?" inquired Angelina Ritchie.

"What happened from La Salle to Chester here and all the way near Sagam Port Indiana returned Mrs Conway. "If there would come another one we'd be sunk. When there had been a tornado power going abroad through our middle northern ill which

was able to wreck or tear up northern La Salle and the train road property on that siding as well as the tracks and road bed but wipe out Chesterbroom and the two other small cities and the convent, the long railroad right of way and the expensive bridge containing the most magnificent engineering in the world, then another cyclone like this one if hitting bigger places, may yet cause more than double the damage.

La Salle fortunately is a city only side ~~scrap~~ swept and so was Ottawa, but Chesterbroom and the others got the tornado head on. Our lot also our cities are all gone and so are many bridges and this long one so we must hope for God's sake there will never come another if there does -"

"God keep those it strikes" said

"Then said the Matron "we must depend upon the Convent builder His marvelous wisdom will surely inform him how to know what the tornado's strength was and if the building could ever be restored."

All of us were eyeing the Bishop finding himself the center of observation he swung his gold headed cane adjusted his big spectacles, sighed and said in a modest tone of voice:

"Respect for truth obliges me to confess that the Matron is mistaken in regard to my superior wisdom. I am not so very wise. Neither have I had any practical experience in conquering the mysterious mysteries of tornadoes."

But let us consider this case. What is a tornado? and what is a hurricane?

A tornado is a renegade winter and a hurricane is an ordinary larger storm which having gained great energy can lash the sea upon the shore.

In this case the tornado has always been fierce enough to turn into a very dangerous whirlpool of the air, an explosion in the air they call it. And it is more dangerous a storm than all of the others.

Yet a tornado is so strong and wild, so savagely fierce, that many scientists claim that if a tornado and a hurricane could meet together in a collision, the tornado would rip through it and leave it in half. Possible, maybe so.

In this case this twister that struck here has been strong enough to see all it did here, and it is the most strongest ever seen.

If it could but it what would this one do to a hurricane swallow it? Yet with all the arts of destruction it has a tornado is still a tornado, and surely only God could conquer a tornado. How, do you say how? Allow me to state that I don't know.

In my judgement we cannot say how strong this twister was until we get to see the Sacred Heart Convent. So let us go to it and take a look at it. After that we may discover an idea of the tornado, "immeasurable fury."

"That may not a bad speech and it sounds good" said the Matron approvingly. "This tornado was not a common one but it was a carry all before before it found, and the cruel strong one and deserves to be investigated. So let's go to the convent as the Bishop says and

how so strong a place could be demolished so."

No one offered an objection to this plan and so it was adopted. So after making preparations we formed a procession and leaving the school building proceeded in the direction of the convent. From what the Bishop had said, that the Sacred Heart Convent was the strongest designed building ever constructed and it could not be destroyed by any storm or even any earthquake even devised.

Also by means of the formation of its powerful roof it would be able to withstand any storm which approached it, with a purpose of devastating it.

So if the tornado could raze this building, it must have been the most powerful one in all records.

This sort of tornado had been very dangerous wherever it went and the convent was direct in its head long path - and nothing could prevent its total destruction.

In two hours we marched steadily towards the convent. Soon we came in sight of it. It was still the same ruins but a fence of strong rope was stretched around its territory and a crowd of sight-seers were near the ropes.

"In a newspaper I have a description of the destruction of my magnificent convent" said the Bishop. He handed it me saying "just read it".

With "Without any one noticing them so two of our Daily Chicago Daily News reporters from a safe spot saw the storm hit the convent. "What we saw" they told us - what looked

like a surflly moving wall of wreckage with a peculiar shroud towards the Convent. Inside unseen within the wreckage clouds was a yelling thunderous hum and howling you could never describe. At the instant moment that mass struck there was a sparkle and flash, as the Convent debris sprayed through the air and then such a roar, grind, clammung and other sounds, that by the concussion we toppled over like ten-pins and my ~~lar~~ assistant clasped both hands to his ears. In my backwards fall I dropped my camera. It was lucky it wasn't damaged. There was then something like an ear splitting explosion a terrific cloud issuing from the upper part of the Convent a terrible tumbling down of the massive front section from

top to bottom and again the sudden shock of finding ourselves flat on our backs from the vibration. The wind seemed to be blowing away all the upper parts and roof of the convent at once. We saw crowds of children go flying fiercely with it.

To us reporters the sudden fierce doubly increase of the storm by the strange concussion made us lose our balance again and we lay face down in the ground.

I was first up, also first down again, for no sooner did we rise and try to walk forward before we were violently flung on our noses.

"One of my companions said 'lets go back after this little tumble.'" I can't stand this.

I can't stand at all, my other companion complained rolling over and looking

appealingly at me. "Neither can I." I confessed trying to wriggle backwards without getting up. But this proved impossible and finding we could not move backwards or forwards we four sat up and looked blankly at the fury of the storm. A long strange tongue of electric flame seemed to shoot across the sky, and with a thunderous confusion of roar and sound the wind rushed on fiercer than ever and hurled itself with immeasurable fury at the convent. Circling over the head of the enraged monster the roof went away like a piece of newspaper.

It seemed like the end of the world. Before we had time to say a word word all the upper parts of the convent with every body in it was gone. The gigantic storm

was just then carrying a large wooden house and it crashed against what was left of the convent, and exploded into shattered fragments. The storm increased again and again.

Still it was at its strongest.

I was so frightened that I could not even yell. My two companions clutched one another in horror and only my third companion remained calm.

With a terrible bellow the great "fear storm" began to hurl itself away howling away towards the northeast. A lot of debris following after it in clouds.

"Then it was no more."

The poor Bishop sat down on a lump of wreckage.

"I'm ready for a talk about this 'Mangan' he said to me."

I coughed and looked at the convent fiercely.

"Do you not tremble to think of what you see of your convent?" I asked.

He did not answer. He looked at me with the face of a lost soul. I cursed the tornado again but under my breath.

"You want to know if all Catholics throughout the country even with contribution of \$10 a person could bring the restoration of the convent? I don't want to make you feel more heart broken. You want the restoration of your convent. I'm the only person who ought to find that out by investigation. So you must be very careful, not to press things until we find out the people can afford it. When I'll carry out your wishes after that?"

"Well what then?" inquired the Bishop.

"Then you will be so grateful to God that you won't care about anything else?" I replied.

"That's a good argument," said the Bishop hopefully. "But suppose you fail?"

"I hope not but that is up to God & himself. But I believe if you do as I tell you there will be no failure unless the Catholic rich are tight. The trouble with you Bishops that you don't think carefully enough. I do. You would go through your plan in a way the people will think you are imposing on them and get defeated and receive nothing. I'm sure I won't. And the reason I won't is because when I spread the news throughout the country, I'll have my all made and a host of contributions besides."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the Bishop.

"I'll explain Bishop. You're going try to raise a big contribution and a mighty large one too. They may not have any idea of it here, but

this tornado which played such hell from So Salle, to Soyan Port Indiana and has destroyed your convent and also the one in So Salle, you designed, must have been just the sort of terror of the skies, that probably no one will care to live here ever. And those who survived this horror may go away forever. "You'd think this terror was under the command of all hell it had such unbelievable savage fury, also it is said by tornado and all weather departments, that there is a wonderful mystery about this twister, which I said before 'What' it did here, that it might be all the survivors will leave when they can, and outsiders will never come here. They'll be afraid so you see it will be no easy thing to gain a big contribution."

"I had two beautiful convents and now they're gone" moaned the Bishop.

"Yes, but not the one in So Salle" I remarked taking a handkerchief from my pocket, and pretending to blow my nose, when it was really I a cry I was holding back. Tornadoes are hell, but no building has no matter how strong can withstand them. The one in So Salle can be restored.

When you lost your two convents, all of Chesterbourn except the thirty one houses, went with it. So the great hope you say is gone from you. Against this "Oliver Twist" as many call it you're two convents and from Chesterbourn to Sogamport had no show at all.

The Bishop looked discouraged. He said my eyes flashed fire.

"Why wouldn't they?" I answered. "It would fill a book to tell you of what I've seen, heard, and read."

"What do you propose to do?" asked the Bishop.

"I suppose to try to solve the mystery of what caused the fury of the tornado." I answered. "There have been many tornadoes which have had unsurpassing power sufficient to totally destroy and disentragnate sections of cities, like St Louis for instance, and even as you call it 'Conquer the whole landscape'."

Get them all one side band them together, and they all put together into one could not equal this one. It took us all by such surprise. It is all very simple to know all this and easy when you know how tornadoes are. Everything was helpless before this twister, and even

with the aid of the others, it could put them all to no shame. No one I believe after all could succeed in solving this."

The Bishop looked puzzled by this explanation, for he realized how unbelievably strong the tinsten was.

"Surely Mr. Dargen you are the greatest man I've ever had meet."

he exclaimed, his eyes sparkling with hope. "You must know a lot about these cyclones, but who could make

arrangements to solve the mystery of this tornado, and what would assist us while in the meantime I would begin to try on the contributions."

"I thought you would agree with me Mr. Bishop I replied. "I'll start to morrow to solve the whole thing?" I may self have this again to write. I do not know

why not Mildred Maxwell the lone survivor of the convent had very rich parents and therefore she had had four most lovely rooms in the convent which were always reserved for her use and were called "Mildreds rooms". These consisted of a beautiful sitting room a dressing room, a dainty bed-chamber, and a big marble bath room.

And in these rooms were every thing that heart could desire. placed there with loving thought fullness by her parents for their little daughters use.

The best dress makers had the little girls measure so they had kept the closets in the her dressing room filled with the most lovely dresses of every description and suitable for every occasion. None everything that was dear to a little girls

heart was supplied in great profusion and nothing so rich and beautiful could ever had been found in all the most biggest department stores in all the United States. Of course Mildred had enjoyed all these luxuries. The best of all she told me was a pretty sky blue gown of the richest silk, trimmed with real pearls. The buckle of her shoes were set with pearls too and more of these priceless gems were on a lovely coronet which she had worn upon her forehead. She good as she was yet loved to dress in position of dignity. Poor Mildred. Where was all this finery now. "Gone with the wind" with all the upper parts of the building. She had this on the fourth floor. She told me so tearfully. She also had a chain a big eary

a chain made of solid gold and encrusted with enough precious stones to stock two dozen jewelry stores in Chicago, and no trace of it was ever found. The Bishop knew perfectly well that to fail in the contribution plan meant death to all the Catholic property in Chester Brown.

He hated all tornados and longed to make a discovery that could bring about their prevention. Therefore he accepted this proposition quite willingly feeling sure in his mind that he would be able to do a lot of good, and finally rebuild the convent not in Chester Brown, but on the north side of Chicago.

The destroyed convent was located just three blocks north east of Mary Jane Park, which had been wiped off the map.

He did not wish his contribution to be hard pressed as then the people would be

alarmed, thinking they were asked too much and would give nothing. He did not want to take the contributions by surprise so he did decide to go slowly. He knew this twister had taken every one by surprise and had torn all the way through Chesterbourn and had broken through the others without warning and destroyed all before the people had time to save themselves.

Tornadoes are hated and feared by every one and are always known as exceeding destroyers because they were so dangerous, strong and powerful and the strongest hurricane could not do in forty eight hours what a tornado could do in a swift as a blow from a man's fist. I said the Bishop to me.

"We would to find out the cause of this tornado being so

irresistibly strong and solve the mystery of the Convent which break was caused by such a powerful wind. Then we are told when the contributions are raised build a new Convent by the same name in Melrose Park Chicago. And we what the Relief Committee to help on Melrose Park North Chicago?"

"North Chicago? Why Melrose Park is on the South west, South west? Well there them!" "Will there be a chance?" asked the Bishop.

"In Melrose plenty, not in Chesterbourn though" I replied.

That must have pleased the Bishop for he got up and danced around several times. Then he seated himself and said,

"Why not at Chesterbourn?"

"It will never recover again. The people who survived are going to move away. Will never live here any more. They

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are scared to death to remain -
And others are scared to come
here."

"We have no quarrel with nature"

"But nature loves to devastate
us and this twister had a splen-
did chance to do so." I urged.
"What way do you expect the
Relief Committee to keep you?"

The Bishop was prepared
for this question for he had
been thinking the matter
on his journey from Chicago
to Sa. Salle. So here on
wagon.

"When we get our Committee
all straightened out" I made
reply. Our leading Committee
official was Cunningham at
Sa. Salle will use his power
to get every person there
to give something as a
contribution after they too
recover from the shock of
the tornado. When you will
no longer worry about

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this aged convent."

"Oh will you do that?" asked
the Bishop eagerly.

"We surely will," I promised.

"I'll talk to my other Bishop
companions," said the Bishop
who called a meeting of the
others and told them of the
offer made by me. They were
delighted with the bargain and
at once agreed to take up the
collection and keep him until
build a new Convent in Chicago,
Melrose Park. So the compact
was made and the Bishop
was delighted with his success
in gaining help from the
Relief Committee.

He now had secured the
assistance of the Relief Committee
but I knew his success suc-
cess made him long for
still more help branches.

I would seem his life de-
pendent upon the new Convent
and I heard him say

1312

may to himself "I'll take no chances. With God's help I'll be certain of success. Since my two designed Convents are destroyed, perhaps I'll be able to build a greater one in Melrose Park Chicago and make up for my loss. Why not? The Relief Committee are a strong society and they are my friends. All people throughout this country could make a big contribution and they also are my friends.

I here are some religious societies still stronger than anything, and I can but induce them to aid me I shall have nothing more to fear."

"I here is one mystery about this convent," I said "and that is how did the first two stories survive when all the upper part was swept away, disintegrated as you call it. The street floor has a big

1318

school room the same length and width of the whole building. It's thick inside with wreckage of all kinds, but not convent debris.

It all blew in from the storming wreckage of outside buildings. Buildings around the convent were either leveled or blown away altogether. Surely the storm had the same force down below also. Yet how did the lower part of the Convent survive?

"What then?" asked the Bishop.
 "We ^{when} we could, we though taking dangerous chances entered this school room by forcing on outside door and we did not find it a pleasant thing to do. Perhaps having the debris and floor covered by tangled wreckage and having to force our way through had not improved the quality of my temper caused by the storm, for I raged and raved

1719

and fumed at the recollection of all that had happened and vowed to take vengeance upon Old Mother Nature if possible.

I went on in this furious way through half the school room, and noticed hanging badly on the wall a large oblong picture of a Collier dog saving a little girl from drowning.

"Why couldn't he save Chester-brown?" I exploded, then while exploring the rest of the school room, I became sick and the rest of the back back and forth through it I was almost as miserable as a lost soul.

It was a dangerous experiment, for what left left of the convent was a dangerous shambles and the remains of the building was as dreaded then as now and no on the then

1720

had come near it even though at that time there no stiff laws app about approaching it as there are now. Yet I hoped to get an unlay of the great school room and to see how much debris came in by the windows, and what kind.

I knew very well that this inside of the building would be almost as dangerous to us, as the raged front section but I thought my self so clever that I believed that I could manage to explore the school room and examine the outside wreckage and not from curiosity. I on scientific study.

And there was no doubt at all that if I could discover the cause of the tornado doing all this lay its tremendous power, united to the strength of its awful pull and its way of flinging so much about no wonder all this was doomed to absolute

1321.

destruction the appearance of this building, and its razed front were an unbearable sight that even birds hesitated to fly over it but circled around it. All living things kept away from the building. And here we at that time were in its school room.

Before I had gone into the school room, there were standing or lying every which way among the wreckage a good many cook stoves, ranges and grills of all sizes and shapes and besides there were several kitchen cabinets and cupboards and a few kitchen tables. They were damaged into bad shapes however. Yet to our surprise the wreckage strewn school room floor were crowded with scattered utensils of all sorts frying pans, sauce pans, kettles, forks, knives, bart-ling and soup spoons.

1322

meat mags, graters, shiflers, colanders, meat saws, flat irons, rolling pins, plungers, and many other things of a like nature. In the middle of the room on top of a desk lay a great cleaver with a keen edge. It rested upon the flat of its back.

There was also a steel file, a grindstone, a ten quart Kettle, a sieve, pepper box, large and small flat irons, cork screws, karnen, chopping knife, a big gridiron, gridiron can opener, potato masher, and a large chafing dish. Through some awful freak of the storm all this had been blown through the windows into the school room, a whole hardware store it seems. All that is there yet.

Leaving this territory we went back to the university as a messenger had brought us news that little Mildred Maxwell the lone survivor.

of the convent wished to see me" so I went and found her sitting up in bed.

"I had recieved your message" I said.

"I'm glad you came," replied the little girl "for I must tell you something important"

She look so anxious as she said this that I asked

"There isn't anything wrong with your mother is there?"

Mildred shook her head.

"No" she she said, but I'm afraid the time has come when I must tell you some very bad news Mr. Darger."

"Oh what is it?" I cried.

"Do you remember remember the man who rescue me how he told of the Convento destruction?" she asked.

"I remember him very well"

I replied.

"He was an off duty worker of the Convent at the time of

the storm" she said sadly. "He told me that some day before Sister Clare had been harbouring thoughts of the tornado coming because the weather all the time before then had been acting queer and you said the morning thundershower of that day was erratic"

"Yes I remember" I said.

"So the strange weather two days before was the order of mother nature to form the storm which destroyed our beautiful city and Convent. She said she felt it coming"

I was much surprised to hear this.

"How did she have the instinct to suspect the tornado was going to come?" I asked.

"She saw it in the crazy type morning thundershowers"

"Of course" I said. "I might have known that. And what did she do about it?"

"I cannot tell" was the reply.

"Pook" cried Angelina Ritchie "We're not afraid of thunderstorms. If we put a few lighted Blessed Candles by a window no lightning will hurt us."

"Why that's true enough" I exclaimed "Benjamin Franklin tested lightning with a string kite and key."

"But you do not understand" I understood all I'm going to tell" continued Mildred Marx well.

"The thunderstorms were strange too loud for ordinary ones, and I know too that it rained too long and too excessively for them. But it is not them" she was talking about.

She believed at the time there were strange phenomena.

Of course we are not afraid of thunderstorms or anything else even though they are powerful. So she believed Mother Nature would send them

on first and then the twister would follow to do its destruction."

We were all startled to hear this and I know besides ~~me~~ mine I could see every face wore a troubled look.

"Why come to think of it, that tornado formed between two erratic thunderstorms" I said.

"I wonder why asked Dorothy." She answered that she believed the tornado forming between the thunderstorms could not move faster than they, that moving between them the same speed got it sort of stuck there, rushing in some of the monster of these storms, so because of that all the known tornadoes put on gathered together could not have been powerful enough to match this twister. I had therefore feeling something like that coming she refused to tell all the rest."

"But why didn't ~~see~~ she?"

"But she was afraid they'd all too frightened and panicky and would have a hard time with them all."

"But they probably would have crowded themselves down in the school room before it came."

exclaimed the man greatly disturbed by this statement.

"They could have saved themselves down there."

"I fear they would not have."

I said seriously, "You know what I told you was thrown into the school room through the southwest and west windows."

Way things look they may have come in with great speed and force as much splinters and utensils were sticking into the north and east walls. If they did survive all would have been dreadfully injured. And I also fear that any that did not get

down there in time, such also as the Sisters, employees, and Priest and lay 'brothers as well as the Convent Cooks, and Chapel attendants would have received the awful fate that did happen to them, the upper part of the Convent and the children. Besides there was no safety any where in the building."

"What could Sister Clare have done?" asked Angelina Ritchie shuddering a little at the prospect of this awful fate that happened to them.

"Nothing could be done" gloomily replied the man who had rescued Mildred. "You can't prevent a tornado from forming, or prevent it from coming or striking. But since Sister Clare refuse to tell any one of her fears, every one, including her perished. She perished in that tumble down wreck wrecks in front of the convent."

1240

I had amazing news of the apparent foolhardiness of Sister Clare had saddened us all and all of us were now anxious to learn more details.

"The man who saved Muldeed is probably the wisest man in this part of the country," he snatched one of the injured patients. "His brains are plentiful and of excellent ~~good~~ quality, and often he has told me things I might never have thought of myself. I must say I rely a good deal upon his brains in this emergency."

"Have you ever heard of Sister Clare's trouble?" asked Angelina Richee.

"I could tell you plenty" was the reply.

"When I was doing janitor duty that morning in St. Ann's school, I was in an excellent manner watching the strangeness of those terrific thunderstorms

1241

thunderstorms as I fully proved to Sister Camilla. The storms were much too severe for even severe ones, the clouds were too dark, yet had a strange Olive Green shade, and every lightning flash an yellow orange color dying away in pink. The rains were cloud bursts, but no breeze.

I had called the Sisters attention to it, and she said: "There's going to be a tornado somewhere sure as you're born"

"True I said, I noticed the freakishness of the thunderstorms, myself and did not feel all right about them myself. The clouds too when darkest were composed of swiftly moving type going in two directions at one time and yet there was no wind or breeze."

It may was my business to attract my companions to their action. Yet since there was not even a breeze?

1242

at the time thought nothing of a tornado, as I had heard this part of Ill. is not a tornado territory."

Poor Sister Clare whispered Mildred with tears in her sweet eyes. "It is dreadful to think of all that lovely convent being destroyed and every one swept away into the unknown. It is the tumbling of the floor of that front room that saved me from going with them and Sister Clare. I wonder if they could have managed to escape, if they could have known what was coming and got down into the school room on time. And they could have taken Sister Clare with them and all work hard to barricade the windows so so much wind couldn't blow in. I'm really very lonely and unhappy about the loss of the convent. It had been such a nice home

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to me."

"Do you think barricading the windows would help" said the man. "I've read an pressure inside during a tornado is worse than on the wind of the twister and would burst the building like a bomb."

I wasn't thinking of that "she said. "You're right."

"You were very happy there, I'm sure" I said. "And all would have been all right if the tornado would have left us alone. But if Chesterton was going to be wiped out, the convent would be destroyed too." ("I have I remember were four Sacred Heart Convents destroyed by twisters. One at So. Joliet, one at Chesterton, one at Ormeau in 1913, at Mundelein. I remember I remember and Melrose Park Chicago. It seems ¹⁹²² ~~tornadoes~~ has a grudge against places by that name."

"Yes" replied the man who had rescued Mildred. "And also that beautiful one in So. Joliet."

1244

"yes and both have been my joy and pride." said the Bishop.

"The magnificent post office have went too" remarked the man, as well as the fire department station, and the splendid Chester Brown eight story Hotel, and all other handsome buildings."

"yes Chester Brown may now become a desert now since the tornado is through with it."

sighed the janitor of St Anns school, "It certainly did look bad for Chester Brown and all of that morning of August 15."

But I did believe it was wrong to worry over anything before it happens. I believed it surely time enough to be apprehensive when some of our Country is despoiled by unusually bad stormy weather so I had decided not to let ourselves be deprived of the few days happy times

1245

remaining to us."

"Ah that was real wisdom" declared Mrs. Mildred's rescuer approvingly.

"After we would have become really unhappy then we shall regret these few days that were to be left to us, so we should have enjoyed them to the utmost"

"Nevertheless" said Mildred's rescuer "Some one should have gone to her and tell her to warn all the others of her suspicions"

"She said we could do nothing of the kind because she was not too sure" announce Mildred,

"And doubtless she was right Henry" answered the Bishop. "Still she would have needed their sympathy, and it was the duty of all the other Sisters to stand by her side before the disaster occurred."

"She told no one but me of her suspicions" explained Mildred. "Maybe that is why I'm alive to day" day."

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"I had expected to live here in ease and comfort for many years when I retire," said the School janitor dolefully "But of course when the tornado destroyed everything but these here buildings I did not think it could destroy the Convent too. Really it seems too bad doesn't it?" I had decided to leave and go somewhere else but Sister Camille's says "don't be a coward. So I'll defy the still worst of tornadoes and stay."

Sister Clara was in her Convent rose garden picking a bouquet when I came to her that before the tornado," said Mildred.

"and she greeted me as smilingly, and sweet as ever. My eyes were full of tears as I greeted the good Sister as I whispered to her "O Sister O Sister Clara."

"I'm so sorry," Sister Clara had seemed surprised.

"I'm sorry for what?" Mildred?

she had asked me. I

"Don't all your trouble about your suspicion of the coming of a bad storm" was my reply. Sister Clara had laughed with genuine amusement.

"Why that has not troubled me not one bit dear Mildred" she replied. Then looking around at our two sad faces she added, "Have you all been worrying about my suspicions?"

"We have," we exclaimed in a chorus.

"Well perhaps it is more serious than I imagined" admitted Sister Clara. But "But as nothing has happened yet, I haven't given the matter much thought. After dinner we will all meet together and talk it over."

During that dinner all of us were strangely silent and uneasy. As soon as dinner was finished the sister led our company to her private office.

1248

When we had seated ourselves, the Matron was first to speak.

"Does even any cloud formations to day think something is coming Sister Clare?"

"My suspicions were completed to day" she had replied. Clouds have looked very funny to day. Nothing but a good rain front, remains to separate the danger from us, and if such a storm comes here it will easily break through the atmosphere and rush upon us."

"What will assist the storm to form?"

"Conflict between cold and warm moist air they say." watched some of the cloud formations to day while in my garden and such cloud formations seemed to act as strange messengers, whom the air currents sent to call these other clouds as if to summon

1249

them to assemble themselves ahead of the coming storm."

"Sets go out and see what they're doing now" said the Matron. So we did and we came upon a shy scene them being enacted which we never expected to see. A wild and startling scene it was which we beheld. Before some large advancing nimbo cloud north of us, moved and rolled an enormously high rolling cloud of a peculiar red purple color surrounded by many smaller clouds above "continued Mildred. Very fierce and powerful it looked, so that even our conventional electrical engines seemed a bit fearful in fighting this cloud. We heard that distance off thunder more frequent than is very unusual for the meanest thunder storm. Now a still more formidable cloud joined behind it, and it thundered more frequently."

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Of course that storm was north of us moving north eastward. The first of the cloud we called the first and foremost, and it puffed proudly shaped itself magnificently as if demanding the right to lead the storm where it wished to go in advance of all the other clouds. The first and foremost appeared to roll higher than clouds usually do.

Suddenly from that cloud distant as it was came a roll of real loud thunder like a undulating explosion. So loud that far away. What real type of thunderstorm that was we did not know.

Over head through the arches of the sky leading toward the west, and stretching northeast to southwest we could see rank upon rank of other strange cloud formations, thousands of clouds of all formations moving in serried lines while

1251

behind them was massed across the northwest another enormous nimbo cloud, somewhat nearer to us but it didn't thunder. "Sister" said Sister Clara "I think we can hear something from that cloud" So we kept still and listened. We heard a strange sound far away like somebody or a child coughing.

"Is that sound coming from that cloud?" demanded our convent janitor. (He was in St. Sullas down town at the time of the tornado and escaped.)

"The sound is like a crowd of kids coughing" I whispered.

"I'll bet that cloud has a cyclone in it" the janitor declared. We all agreed to that knowing the tornado to be the mightiest of all combined storms and can be heard far off."

"A dangerous storm may be here sooner than I expect expect. What do you advise?"

me to do?" the Sister asked.

un."

"Is too late to assemble our people?"

said the Matron despondently "If you will allow me to warn the whole assembly in the building we might put up some means to prepare to meet what ever dangerous storm it'll be and seek safety against it. But our Convent building is unusually strongly built and could put up a good fight against it and hold back its force before it is conquered."

"The factories here are good strong buildings too" the janitor said. And so is our Chester Brown Hotel."

"But that is exaggerating" said the Matron. "I've read this which often came true in tornado disasters. The bigger and stronger the building the worse it'll get it. Better warn every body of your fears

before it is too late. Set mud red do it. You told it to her you know"

"But I do not wish to take chances of telling them of something I'm not too sure of yet." Sister Clare had declared firmly "No one has the right to cause panic or fright among any one unnecessarily, however sure they may be or not, or to alarm them or make them unhappy by fearsome uncertain news. I will not alarm them even to save my self."

"A tornado is not so particular what it does" remarked the janitor. "Elsewhere I've been in three of them but escaped unharmed. They destroy towns and parts of cities and ruin our beautiful country side, and wipe out farm property."

"Because I'm not too sure of my fears of any of my dread

of tornados coming here is no excuse for my alarming every body when I'm not too certain," Sister Clare had replied.

"Self preservation is the first law of nature," quoted Angelina like a maid.

"True," the Sister said readily, "I would like to discover a plan without causing any unnecessary alarm."

That seemed a hopeless task task to us, but realizing that Sister Clare was determined not to tell any one her suspicions, we tried to think of some means that might promise escape if disaster should come.

"Couldn't we refuge them in the school room on the street floor if some dreaded storm would come?" asked the janitor.

"No because it hits as fierce that low down as

up above," replied Sister Clare. "I have thought of something," I had said.

"What is it dear?" the Sister had asked.

"Set us use some means to get them all out of the building and seek refuge down in the basement, if the clouds ever get black enough to cause suspicion. We will put every body down there. Then every body will be safe."

"A clever idea," exclaimed the janitor.

"Tornados are not good respectors of places. I've seen what they do. They'll suck you out," said the Janitor.

Yet that seemed to me an excellent plan," approved the janitor.

"No," said the Sister. "never will that do. Tornados have even taken the foundations out of the ground, like the one at St Louis, and left

1258

so many in its path to a cruel fate. I will dare use the school room if you wish but all windows must be open so all air pressure can rush out if a storm comes, but if ~~on~~ our beloved Convent must be destroyed I will remain and share its fate."

"Quite so right said the Matron, sighing. I will remain with you"

"And so will I" said the head Convent administrator ~~pater~~ priest. And so will I" said the Chief cook, or declared the Chef and his fellow cooks in turn. The kitchen man said he intended to stay by Sister Clare, "for said he I should be of no use to any one if I desert you in time of danger."

"For my part" announced me "if Sister Clare must not desert her Convent, I have no right to run

1259

away either. I'm willing to take chances with the rest of you, so all we can do is try to save the children by means of the School room." I've been in the school room since I came here and so has the rest, I guess we won't be in much danger any way if all the windows are open. When the air pressure can rush out and the room won't explode, I'd rather take my chances with the rest of you"

"Sister Clare had smiled upon us all gratefully

"There is no need to despair just yet" she had said to us. I'll get up early to-morrow morning to see how the weather will be. Sister to that distant thunder. I was told this Convent is the strongest building ever built and when a fierce wind-storm breaks against us

1260

the Convent will hold its own
I'm sure. I'll watch for what
ever weather it will be to
morrow, and perhaps it wont
be so very bad after all."

"Why do they call Tornado with
the longest ball bottom funnels,
a transient tornado?" asked Angelina
Ritchie thoughtfully.

"Don't you know dear?" returned
Sister Clara surprised.

No "Angelina" had said "Of I've
seen long funneled tornado in
photographs and other pictures
ever since I've learned to read but
they don't explain them. So I never
knew why they are called that.
They look terrifying and very
dangerous though."

"The long funneled tornado Sister
had declared gravely, whether its
got a ball shape on the bottom
or not is the most dangerous
tornado of them all. Th the
reason its called a transient."

What does that mean asked.

Angeline Rietchee

1267

"That" the sister had said "I don't exactly know. But what ever is its path gets wiped out"

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to remember what that band did to Chester Brown" suggested the janitor.

"That is true" I said but Sister Clare didn't think for sure a tornado would be coming and every body else were as ignorant as a baby about it."

"Does such a tornado become frequent?" Mildred had asked the sister.

"That is hard to say but it is one nobody forgets" the sister had replied.

"It is said, not to long ago, in May 1896 a tornado devastated a part of St Louis, killed hundreds and made thousands homeless and miserable and unhappy. The number of the injured I do not remember."

There a Sacred Heart Convent was laid low. No one here who'dly ever forgot that disaster, for they remembered how their city had been torn up and were

1262. afraid others would hit them again, therefore every one was on the alert for a long time. It is therefore said they have made look out stations so that if one is sighted people in its path can be warned in time.

After that they grew wise together and their wisdom was good so that again peace and happiness reigned throughout the city. But for fear some other tornado would come and in an instant do extremes havoc again people are always on the "look out" and yet they have never had another since service 1896. Let them have two since I can't remember, one also during a freeze rain in February at two A.M. in the morning.

"We had all listened intently to Sister Clare's story and when she had finished speaking there was a long period of silence while we all thought upon the curious strength of Tornado. Finally

our Matron's face took on a broad smile that stretched her face as far as it would go.

"How thankful I am," she said that I have such an excellent assortment of brains."

"God gave you the best brains ever created," the Sister had declared with an air of pride.

"God did indeed," agreed the Matron. "And they work so splendidly that they have found a way to save us all if a 'Cyclone' approaches."

"I'm glad to hear that Sister Clare had said 'If one comes for us we will never need saving more than we would do them'."

"Do you mean you can save us from those awful tornadoes?"

Mildred asked eagerly.

"I am sure of it my dear, but I must see it coming on time," the Matron had asserted still smiling genially.

"Tell us how," I heard Sister Angeline cry out.

1263 ~~not not now~~

"not now" she had said
"I've got to see it coming on
time first Any how forget your
worries just as completely
as if there never were tornadoes
I'm going to tell my plan
to Sister Clare to night alone
but if you ~~will~~ will all at
breakfast to morrow at day-
break, and one is coming you'll
see how easily we will save
every one, when a twister breaks
loose from the sky and comes
at us."

"I thought to my self 'She
is only a Matron and I'm
not sure that her brains are
as clever as she thinks they
are. If one comes and her plans
fail we're all lost. Yet I
will try to have faith in
her.'"

"Our Convent said Mildred
stood in the center of a delight-
ful and extensive garden where
the most splendid trees shrubs
and statuary and fountains
abounded, One could walk for

hours in this fascinating 1268
park and see some thing interest-
ing at every step. One place was
a private aquarium where strange
and beautiful fish swam at
another spot all the birds of
the air gathered daily to a great
feast the servants of the Convent
provided for them and were so
fearless that they would alight
upon ones shoulders and eat
from ones hand.

There was a great fountain
and other fountains that were
delightfully perfumed, and
fountains of other kinds where
all were welcome to refresh
themselves.

On holidays the people
of Chesterbourn often took their
children to visit 'the wonders
of the Convent Gardens' and
"If Sister Clare was
suspicious of the coming
disaster why did she have
the big banquet prepared?"
I asked.

"She didn't doubt Mildred
answered, "It was prepared"

1265

by Father Sebastian the head Administrator. He because of her suspicions opposed the idea but he had said to her that no tornado could harm our convent as it was too strongly built. It could only blow out the windows. And besides her suspicions were ~~was~~ wrong. There will be no tornado.

"Did she keep her promise that morning to go out and see what the weather would be like?"

"No it was too dark and stormy. Too much thunderstorm. The sister said the thunder was so frequent, overloud, and the cloud was a very dark olive green color. It rained too was some rain. We were afraid the river would overflow and flood us."

Father Sebastian firmly did not believe there would be any terrible tornado. The way he spoke and tried to convince us we felt much relief.

1266

relieved when the morning breakfast bell rang. During our breakfast the thunderstorm grew very bad as if there was much quarreling between angels and devils and one of the thundercrashes almost from vibration broke some of our dining room window, and many of us sprang up at our tables and held onto our chairs.

"Aha" shouted Father Sebastian. "It is a very extraordinary thunderstorm to be sure but don't be so alarmed."

After breakfast Sister Clare marched us in rank array as she always does and at her command we marched to our grand school room and our lessons as is the custom.

As the thunderstorm grew still worse with windy weather and rain so you could not hardly see out were were to nervous and excited to study our lessons and we had tornadoes in our minds. They seemed all terrible things very early.

1267

There were most "dreadful" thunder crashes, the wind shook the window sashes and rattled them and it grew so dark that Sister Clare and the other Sisters looked nervous.

All of us kids are never exactly afraid of thunder storms - at least any way they are like a brilliant noisy show to us.

But we were a little afraid of this one, which was out of the ordinary, with so long a time of fierce wind and blinding rain and most loudest thunder we ever heard.

We almost wished to destroy old Mother Nature for sending such a storm on us. to deny her that powerful being and control the weather ourselves.

The Sisters for their own relief and to quiet our fears now marched us up to the second floor Chapel.

They believe in Sister Clare's head was a notion that there is really the

Rosary. She intended to lead 1268 us, since we picked her to do so, but she would afterwards have the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and other prayers and keep us in the Chapel until the storm should slacken.

After all the most dangerous window rattling thunder did begin to slacken, after the most loudest thunder of all, a still heavier rain set in with big hail stones, but less wind, and some of us were then less nervous, but curious.

"Sister Clare" I heard the priest say disregarding no speaking should be done in the Chapel. "there is something wrong after all. this storm means mischief. It was going too far for a thunder storm."

"I know replied Sister Clare. "But I don't think there could be tornadoes in a thunder storm no matter how severe. You know for several years before it had been so."

1269

terribly hot. When you get the idea of that you must expect such thunder storms.

You must also understand a storm like this is very unusual. If anything bad happens I'll send them back to the school room."

"Good" cried the Administrator "an excellent plan Sister Clara. You do it. While the storm is appearing to let up now, I'll go and see Sister Carrille at St Anns School. We have some Religious matter to discuss. See to the preparation of the Banquet this afternoon."

So you see he was still at St Anns, fortunately when the Convent was destroyed.

"Nothing could save save the Convent" I thought to myself. "It is as good as destroyed already. I'm afraid."

"Now it was the first for some unknown reason began to cough and sneeze

and began to get as thirsty 1270 as a fish. Some one else now was coughing too and she said her throat was parched and dry.

"What is causing this?" the Sister cried, "I'll go and bring some water so all can get a drink."

"Please be quick with the water" I heard one of the other Sisters say, gasping and choking. "What is causing all this coughing?" demanded Sister Clara returning with carts loaded with pails of water.

"I don't know" answered another Sister. "I must be some phenomenon of this storm which is renewing again. We have seen many storms, in my life time, no matter how severe but I never noticed any like this one before. Sooh how dark it is getting again."

"Sets hurry with the water" cried another Sister. "I'd give half the money I have for a drink of water." In the meanwhile the storm

1271

1271 get more fierce and vengeful than ever. We all stayed in the Chapel while by pleasant smells we knew the cooks were preparing everything for the coming banquet we never had a chance to enjoy.

"Nothing can make me forget what I fear" Sister Clare remarked, as we listened to the wild thunder storm and driving wind and rain. "for I cannot get it out of my mind, and I am glad that this is so, for if trouble is arising I'll hustle you all down to the basement"

"You are certainly very wise" I heard another sister agree. "on my part I do not fear as you do. I heard this building can resist tornados"

"For my part I don't believe so," agreed Sister Clare yet do though I do not pretend to know as much as some do I have heard a tornado come level the biggest and

strongest the building. The 1272 bigger and stronger they are the worst they'll get it"

"That usually is true" said another. "But that is all they can claim for them. I have read a tornado funnel has a movement of translation of twenty five to thirty miles per hour but the rotary winds velocity within the funnel are so extremely high that the funnel spins like an electric dynamo motor. That is the reason of the shape of the long downward cloud, no device never has been made by which the velocities in the funnel could be measured in the strongest buildings of brick and stone are often leveled to the ground, and wooden houses torn up like paper.

They say a tornado gains its destructive power from two sources. First the speed of its wheel or vortex motion within the funnel is so

1273

great as to cause a partial vacuum. When it swings over a building the atmospheric pressure is reduced suddenly around a building while the air within expands with explosive effect. Second the walls which are thrust outward are caught by the powerful rotating air currents and are scattered in all directions. That could also happen to this building.

"Why do you say this and increase our anxiety?" asked Sister Clare frowning at that sister.

"I say what I read" answered the sister.

"And after all you are right" declared Sister Clare. "I have been thinking of this too and it seems to me, there are entirely too many things a tornado can do, to work complete destruction to the strongest building. We used to think that to build

1274

the strongest building was was enough protection but that is no longer the case. It happened in St Louis, Little Rock, and other places, and I am told they have totally wrecked steel bridges which are stronger than any building."

"Why sometimes they do and sometimes they do" I asserted.

Also iron frame work between the walls of building fails to protect them. So I believe no building made can resist a tornado in any way."

"I've heard of them ripping away the side of a hill" said the Convent janitor.

"Nothing could nevertheless believe the Convent could be harmed." remarked Sister De Paul, gazing at the heavy rain, "for I cannot think a building so strong could be harmed by a tornado of any kind. And I am glad that may be so for I consider my idea on this excellent."

1275

"You are certainly mistaken" said Sister Mary Catherine. For my part I remember the Sacred Heart Convent in St Louis. It was said to be tornado proof. It was no more after ~~the~~ ^{the} twister and all in it were killed or injured. So for my part I can only think what I believe is right and so I do not pretend to know as much as you do."

"With this continual elemental warfare outside the situation does not look bright but that is all I claim for this" said Sister Clementine modestly. Yet I do not ~~on~~ ^{aspire} aspires to being very wise on this for I've realised that the worst thunder storms only turn out to be ~~nothing~~ ^{nothing} else."

"Thunder storms no matter how severe never worry me" Sister Ann acknowledged. "There are many thoughts of these things in my head but they do not sprout easily. I am glad that it is so, for if I occupy occupied

my days of thinking of such things I should have no time for anything else"

In this cheery mood they passed the breakfast time until the morning storm became a little subdued again, but the sky no lighter. Then Sister Clare rejoined them.

"No tornado has arrived yet" said the janitor after greeting her. "I'll see you later. The Sister at St Ann's school wants my presence and I have to go rain or not"

And he left. It was a good thing he did" said Mildred.

"Father Sebastian planned a banquet for this afternoon" said Sister Clare. "I was away in the kitchen to see to its preparation". Then little Angelina Ritchie came to us late for fear of the storm. Then the Mother and other Sisters came after her. The little girls eyes were heavy because she had a sleepless night and an anxious one besides. Another

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little girl walked by her side but her spirits were very much subdued. Being the mad who was always up by day break was not long in joining the others in the dining room.

The Head doctor and his assistant next arrived, and soon appeared the ^{the} Convent Engineers.

"Here stands our Convent" said Sister Clare, and in several hours more we'll find out whether a tornado comes or not. So as Father Sebastian suggested we'll have the Assumption banquet this after noon."

"Just as the ban banquet was about to begin, it seemed as if all the upper part of our Convent was giving away before an awful roaring sound" said Mildred, and against the convent with a sudden loud crash of powerful clouds of wood fragments followed by all the stuff that came from other houses. Do you know she continued Sister Clare after

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all did not die"

"Yes I know" I answered. "She had ^{been} unconscious so long it was thought so. The day the funeral was being prepared she was discovered sitting up in bed. I asked her about what happened during the tornado but all happened so quick she had no time to notice. She is seriously injured though with two broken legs and dislocated shoulder, and slight skull fracture. But she'll pull through I thank God."

Did she say nothing other wise?"

"She said she felt sure something was going to happen"

"I was and she too saved by that tumbling down floor of that front room" explained Mildred. "It happened when the storm raged more fiercely than ever. The right of the other parts of the Convent going off like clouds off dust astonished and amazed me into a quick retreat."

1280

for the front. Had I not done that, I would have gone with the rest.

"This tornado was a humdinger a beaut," I exclaimed. Except for Sealle, it has made it impossible for any one even to communicate with Chester Brown in any way. That is why all survivors not bedridden were sent to Sealle for care and provisions, and Sealle sent plenty to take care of our injured. For what has happened our city and the two others might as well be invisible to all eyes. We are absolutely separated forever as it seems from all the rest of the world.

"I agree with you" said Mrs Conway.

"Won't it make any difference to Sealle," asked Dorothy.

"No my dear," the Matron answered assuringly. "We are not cut off from her, or we couldn't send the refugees

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there. From that reason it did not affect us at all or our survivors would have starved to death. Yet our wrecking was so complete it might as well be as if we see nothing at all. Those who come to the edge of Chester Brown, or try to cross through the debris even to day will catch no glimpse of Chester Brown as it was before the tornado, or know what direction it now lies. No one will try to get around it to enter elsewhere even to where we are because of the encumbrance of the wreckage and the guards. No one is making any attempt to clear away the storm damage and I was not asked to begin. It actually seems we cannot be seen and therefore cannot be found. In other words it seems there three cities have entirely disappeared from the knowledge of the rest of the world." "That is awful" said Dorothy.

1282

"The tornado sure did a complete job, job. As you said we are as good as invisible. We are actually cut off from the rest of the world, by the destruction of all communications, with us."

"Had any one noticed in a way that this tornado was between two very unusually severe thunderstorms?" I asked.

"Yes," everyone answered in a chorus. "The one that morning and the eighteen hour more severe one following it two hours afterward" added the Matron.

"Well do you suspect also they had something to do with its bee line course besides the stream and the railroad right of way?"

"I believe said the Matron they were at fault with the course of the three storms."

"Yes," declared the engineer. "And I think I can explain the way the Convent was destroyed. The wind had rushed forward

so fiercely that the big and powerful Convent could not resist the attack doubled up and tumbled backward. The great weight of the wreckage knocked over the other sections of the structure and this in turn struck down the third floor, and upset it, so that in an instant, the whole outfit, was tumbling 'heels over head' as you

as you would call it, where they were about to pile into a heap and and in the mix up hitting against each other until a sudden three sudden fold strength of wind sent it all with all its people through the air like clouds of dust."

"You got some fine description"

I exclaimed.

Yes. Finally other parts still withstood the wind very strongly resisting it indeed. The tornado was ready to still redouble its efforts and again crushed down more of the building, and now the wind lost its

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1284

precaution forcing its way through the rest of the upper sections, swinging onward recklessly, so viciously that it took all the rest with it. And now the wild wind was so wild and excitedly insane with fury that nothing could stand in its way. Passing onward it sent the whole roof of the convent sprawling upon the ground and then swept it all away. Then coursing down the street without pausing it proceeded on its way rushing down them without slackening its speed.

It struck the main front part of the convent with great force. Some of it sailed through the air, other parts came tumbling crashing down and landed in broken twisted shambles on top of each other where one part rolled across the street. The wind continued its rush rush rather blindly, and so continued to rage at the great

convent and sending all 1285
upper sections rolling over one another a few times until the building was reduced into one and half story junk pile as you saw it.

Getting much worse the winds made a much stronger bolt forward, casting off all its path and roged against the Chapel walls still standing. As if taken by surprise a dozen big colored Chapel picture windows flew out and the tornado yelling like a pack of wolves with fear, finished all the windows and other portion of the wall as hard as they were broke out and flew through the air as fast as they could go.

Mr or Mrs Tornado still more angry and furious had just time to catch the east wall as it was blowing outward, and the wall first sprawled forward headlong then rolled over two or three times up into the air and

1286 then went away in a cloud of debris and crushed stone dust.

This rage of the storm, or on the part of the storm was surely very hard upon the convent which was raged by the awful twister at the shock of the encounter, but the building did try its best to withstand the attack and clung onto itself with all its might. It was not until a little after a minute that the convent was almost gone and the tornado won the "fight" without striking a further blow.

"Without striking a further blow" said Mrs Conway indignantly "that is not true Mr. engineer." The tornado raged another sixteen seconds yet to 'good purpose' and I claim it conquered the Convent in a minute and sixteen seconds.

"The tornado and its vortex together" I said mildly. "But the next time some tornado makes a charge

please warn some Convent 1282 or time so it can get out of its path. and give it all the credit credit for the attack on something else and not here damn it"

We for the importance of the news went to interview Sister Clare. She was in the same University hospital.

"I can recall much" she said. "It was too sudden at first when the wind at a distance began to howl and hum during the preparation of the banquet? thought it another thunderstorm coming and did not pay any attention to the coming uproar a bit

"Of course we'll have to stay inside." I said to the children and "keep as quiet as possible until the storm is over" so if we go outside we may be drowned,

None of the children wanted to risk that you may be sure so all of us got ready for the banquet listening to the distant shrieking of the

1288

of the coming storm and other strange sounds. I remember that Father Sebastian had cautioned me and the other sisters to take care of the children during the banquet. Now the ~~sound~~ sound of the coming storm was now worse than ever and nearer and it was growing nearly as dark as night.

The convent appeared to be shaking in a dreadful manner, and as there was no wind I thought it was an earthquake. One of the sisters coming into the dining room said she found it was as much as she could do to mount the stairs to the dining room and now as soon as she got in to the dining room the wind struck the convent so fiercely that the very wind coming into the very window nearest her almost tore off her lower gown. I usually feel a joy and great joyous excitement in defying all types of storm

1282

and while I held fast to a table I peered through the window through the gloom when Mildred called as loudly as she could "Sisters Sisters. It is a tornado at us. We're in its path. It's got a shroud to it and a ball of fire."

Then the wind screamed and howled so madly, and as if enraged because the little girl dared to warn of it and resist its power suddenly redoubled its fury. With a scream like a million angry demons the wind was tearing away the upper parts of the convent, lifting them high into the air with the steel frame work still clinging to the debris.

The children in the dining room were in terror and panic beyond control. A strange air pressure in the dining room turned the tables tops down on upside down, and the dining room wall shot out as if from a cannon.

1290

and from above we were deluged with debris. Around and around the log wall whirled this way and that, and in a few seconds more. As the upper part of the building began to swirl away and fierce winds catching the floor of the dining room began to raise it to an uphill & yelled to the children to follow me as the stairs of the convent front led down to the street school room which I believed would at least be safe from the full force of the storm. The noise of all debris hurled against the convent was awful and deafening in their clattering slapping and other sounds.

As I and Mildred who were the only ones reaching the front room, as no one else followed the wind first caught caught the flooring and slid it straight up hill

at almost right angles 1295 and then down hill like into a deep valley as if it were nothing more than a play thing to keep the tempest amused.

Mildred had a good hard slam mung you may be sure but she didn't lose her presence of mind even for a second. If she had we wouldn't be here talking to you now.

She kept tight hold of the edge of that slanting floor flooring, calling to me to do the same. It went down completely with a big crash with us clinging to it, and then we must have been rendered unconscious for when we came to we found ourselves here in bed and seriously injured. When we heard of the horror the twister did to the building, I knew it. I knew something awful was going to happen. They wouldn't believe me. Oh the convent is built too strong for a tornado, - it's here only a jerk pole &

507

1292 Before I crashed down that the wind had demolished an big Chicken house and all the poor hundreds of Chickens, were fluttering away in every direction being blown by the wind until they looked like feather dusters without handlers.

I was lucky for us that we held onto that flooring or otherwise, I fear we might have perished in its downward crash.

I was told she recovered that is me Mildred her senses first here, and I believe many children in her place would have wept and given way to despair but because Mildred had encountered adventures and come safely through them it did not occur to her at this time to be especially afraid.

She is injured and also uncomfortable it is true but she has recalled some of her customary cheerfulness and had told me she decided to patiently await whatever

her fate might me. She is 1293 lucky to have her parents here I think they were in either in New York or Chicago when the storm hit here. The storm made a harsh clatter of sound which echoed on every side until we were nearly deafened by the racket and many put their fingers to their ears to keep the noise out.

It was like the firing of cannon when the east wall of the dining room shot out, it was a humming too loud as the rolling of mighty thunder, or added with sounds like the roar of many thirty feet high breakers against the rugged sea shore only there is no sea or other water anywhere about.

"As I saw the Cyclone coming all sorts of heavy wreckage was flying like leaves before the wind said Mildred "In one moment more nothing more was seen but the Convent going to fragments"

1294

"As this continued" concluded Sister Clare the terror of the children was pitiful & their screams nearly deafened me and Mildred. They crawled under the tables, ran about leaped and tumbled in a wild scramble to get away from the swirling clouds of wreckage. Then before we reached the front section which crashed down with us not any portion of the convent floor walls tables children attendants was to be seen no more any where. The front section some man who rescued us said was would have went too if the frightful battle of the elements had not suddenly passed on. They say I was unconscious five days and finally thought dead. They had funeral preparations for me when Doctor Johnson found me or me sitting up in bed."

I could give some more of my of description of the convents destruction said the man "I saw from my

shelter the shroud first bang 1295-
ing through the streets full speed with a loud humming roar. You can also imagine my terror and astonishment and dismay when such clouds of debris came hurtling through the air rushing impetuously along the streets, and many house sides roofs and whole flooring seemed to sail like light feathers before that awful gale.

At that moment the huge storm gave a frightful humming scream, and deafening howl and made a savage slash at the convent.

From some body I did not see I heard "See what's coming" I looked towards the storm more intently and saw a whole wave of flying wreckage was advancing upon the convent roaring like a thousand cannon at one time.

As the twister swept rushed against the convent, as the wreckage wave wave got in

1296

splendid forward crash and tremendous whack, the tornado engulfed the building and everything around it and the streets into such a swirling cloud of debris you could not see through it.

I could hear the screams of everybody despite the awful din of the storm. In one moment more not any part of the upper convent or all in it up there was to be seen any more.

The roar and crash bang of the falling front of the convent drowned out every other sound. I saw all the seven floors of the front hurled downward, and the little girl and the sister with them.

The lower parts was falling head first, and some how the upper sections fell slower and seemed to hang together. Just before the first and foremost of the shambles reached the ground a great wooden wooden ~~house~~

struck the convent and smash 1297
ed like an eggshell. There was then a thick cloud of dust everywhere as the storm rushed away. Then I got injured trying to ~~rescue~~ rescue Mildred and the Nun.

"How did you get hurt. Were you not careful?"

"Well I was a little reckless. What would you do when you saw here held down by the wreckage?" he enquired.

"I'd look out for what was hanging above me."

"All right I did it. Nothing would not happen if it had not been for that big wooden house along side the convent. I worked as hard as I could. For a short time I had quite a number keeping me. Gosh crash bang bang, came the threatening sound from the wooden house. Its walls had been battered right and left with such force, that though still remaining up and upright they were inclined in a slant

1298 against one section standing up straight. The noise and clatter seemed as dreadful to the rescuers as the threatening shambles, for all who were more fearful turned and backed away at a great distance. Some others who tripped and fell, picked themselves up from the ground, one by one and quickly rejoined their fellows. So for a moment I thought I was being sort of deserted.

And yet I was not so confident, either. Yet I couldn't see how those walls could tumble down on us. They were not the front of the convent, that wreck seemed to hold firm.

"Those front sections are impossible to fall any further," I yelled to them. And all the damage the wind has done to that wooden house is knock a few walls loose. That can't make them look any more dangerous. I'm sure, and in my opinion I must rescue the

1299
child and run at any cost. Besides (this house was not the one flying against the convent).

What harm can those walls do. They're not near enough to catch us if they did give way. Of I knew each section did not seem to hold up very firmly."

"That's the trouble," cried one of the men. "I'm sure they mean mischief by the look of their slanting portions. Even removing a few board can merely succeed in damaging a few sections of the convent front wreckage, and if the wooden house would collapse we'd be at the mercy of the convent front shambles from the shock."

"And why take the chance trying to rescue them in that situation?" shouted another.

"So if it happens I may die with a clear conscience," I retorted gravely. "You remember Christ said it's a great thing if a man lays down his life for his friends. So it's

1700 every man duly to do the best he knows how and, I'm going to do it at any risk."

"Wish I had an ax and a long rope" said a man whose name was Jeb. who by now was nervous himself to come forward.

"If we had know we were needed we might have brought several useful things" responded another. But we dropped into this job rather unexpectedly.

The other men had backed away a distance when they heard more creaking 'moans' from the wooden house, and although we had spoken rather loudly, we could hear the noise among the wreck in the silence surrounding them.

But as soon as the noise ceased, the workers took more courage and came slowly toward where I was working desperately, with crowbars, long iron poles, and even long pikes, stretched out before them like the bowsprits of a fleet of

507
railboats. Where I was at 130 L hard work had especially attracted their notice, because it was biggest and strongest of the wreck that had seen so it became the center of their work to rescue Mildred and the men. I was ready for them and glad for them to assist me and when I saw them coming I turned again to my task. I no sooner had janked some board loose, then 'Crash crash bang' came the sound, and some of the inside were wreck of the house fell in right and left.

The workers retreated again to a still greater distance. "What made them flee away?" I asked.

"The noise of course. Don't you remember how that wooden house was. One of the men cried out "Let's get away from here. We have time just now, and I'd rather face something else than this. I'm afraid of that darn wooden building?"

1302 "No" I returned stoutly. "I won't do to go back. For then we'll never rescue these two. Leave me to work alone and you're cowards. Let's work it out."

"That is what I advise" said another. "The wreck hasn't defeated us yet, and Jim is worth a whole army," meaning me.

But the men were clever enough not to come near the wooden house next time. They advanced in a great number having been joined by many more of their kind, and they climbed straight upon some of the convent front wreckage.

Mr. Wizard raised his long crowbar and prised into the wreckage holding the child and run. Something collapsed in the wooden building and the noise resounded like a big clap of thunder in that silent place and there came a thick cloud of dust.

Some wooden sections fell

flat upon the other debris 1303 where they quivered and trembled in every part while the workers in the rear of us managed to wheel and escape again to a distance.

I ran and picked up the long crowbar. A fleeing man had dropped that lay nearest to me. The man who had fallen was because of the jar and the noise. That had knocked him down more than the fact that he was really hurt.

"Don't go up again," I hinted as I started myself to pry with the crowbar. By this time the others had all retired except the bravest.

For a while they hesitated to renew their work. Then a few of them advanced until more noise came and made them retreat.

"That's fine" said Jeb. "We've got some heap sure enough."

"But only for a time" replied Mr. Wizard shaking his head gloomily. "They're cowards."

1304

These two victims are helpless
we got to free them."

The others seemed to realize
this, for they sent a few of
their band time after time to
attack the wreckage.

In a way more of them was
shocked by the dreadful off
and more more than one, for
the main band kept some
distance away and each time
a new company was sent
into the battle.

When I had pried some
of the flooring loose I had
caused no damage to the rest
of the convent front sections
except to cause some clouds
of dust, and though I was
no nearer to victory than
in the beginning of the
desperate work I became
overconfident nevertheless.

"What shall we do do
now," asked one of the

braver men anxiously.

"Let's work all together" said

Zeb.

"and work hard at the

same time I heard Mr Wizard 1305
say "We must get near him, so
that we can keep him and
each one must take whatever tool
he has and do the best he
can. I'll use my long iron
pole although it isn't much ac-
count in this affair. Do you must
take his pick axe and pull
up when things are stubborn.
I haven't anything for you
Zeb."

"I'll use this long stout
stout sharp end plank" said
Zeb and pulled it loose.
It extended far beyond his
head, so by grasping it
firmly on its broadest end
Zeb found the plank made a
very good pryer. Zeb was strong
for one of his years having
always worked on a farm, so
he was likely to prove
more reliable than the
others.

When more companies of
the workers advanced some one
began yelling as if they had
gone mad in the wooden house

1306 began a swaying motion. Even those in lock gave a real shrill scream and at the same time Mr Wizard swore loudly.

The house did not collapse yet after all, but the threat daunted the workers for a time.

Believing it remained firm as well as the fact that there no more of the awful "bangs" to come from the house the workers advanced in a swarm.

Mr Wizard's long iron pole snapped loose some of the debris in a dozen spots at the first instant he started to work. The rest still

would not pry loose. Zel worked away with his crow bar until he had finally pried away enough to help me reach the two persons, but at the

last the rest of the wreck clustered so thickly about us, that others had no room into which to use their tools. Others performed some wonderful work

and even the less courageous 1302 ones assisted when they boldly leaped boldly up on the wreck and furiously.

But for a while all this bravery and desperate work amounted to nothing at all. The wooden floor they had clung to when it crashed down, held them firmly. I and others wound some long stout rope to it and pulled up but it still held them fast. No weighing them down that we were helpless.

We made then, dozens of us at one time a desperate effort with all our might, and finally pried it way up. Zel bore one of the fragments away.

Then as we pulled Mr Mildred and the man free, a dozen sections of that damn wooden house tumbled to the ground with an awful crash bang and hissing sound.

1308

The majority of the workers fled. Yet seeing my success I pulled more and more to get them free, even if the fragments of the crashing wooden house flew in all directions.

Then the shock of the falling wooden house caused some of the convent wreck to cave in and I was trapped under it. But then the child and the nun were free and working furiously. The men who remained got me free. The three of us were then brought here, I'll be up and around, and then despite having been trapped I'll point out the spot from which we were freed."

We still staying there took to gether to prepare for a ceremony about the Tornado strange conduct for where ever an appeal is made to law or investigation either interest

curiosity or sorrow is almost certain to follow, even in a country like ours. But it must be stated that at any season of the year the weather of that part of Illinois, was so generally well behaved, that there never before had come an unusual storm upon them and it had been years since even the Illinois River had flooded them in the slightest way.

I his tornado being the most dreadful disaster this country ever heard of tremendous excitement prevailed in every part when the news of what it had done became known.

I myself after Jim's story was exceedingly thoughtful. I had no doubt that this twister had been the most deadly and strongest ever known, but I realized that a tornado cannot be depended upon all times to act properly, since its nature is to destroy any thing it in its path and never deviates section of his

1302

507

1310 cities, and yet all tornados
that we have ever heard or
read of is a descendant of this
Chesterbrown blitz, a very fero-
cious tornado indeed. I knew
that if that branch railroad line
was positively found guilty of
the storm's bee line course and
condemned by the Authorities of
So. Ball, its railroad company
would be made very unhappy
and violently protest so altogether
although I grieved of over Chester-
brown sad fate as much as
any of them, I resolved if
possible to save the railroad.

[It never recovered, guilty or not. I was too completely
destroyed, with at that most expensive
bridge.]

The university building the
big barn with the windmill
wrapped around it and relief
camps were still to their
utmost capacity with the
wounded.

To those who were in the
section we came to visit in
were soon greatly interested

in this conversation. Send 1311
ing for the engineer of this railroad
who was still in Chesterbrown,
I said.

"My friend it is your duty to
for your Railroad Company to
defend your railroad right of
way and try to save it but
I fear you will fail because
the twister took such a straight
straight bee line down its
right of way, to my certain
knowledge and my opinion is
that if it had a long curve
before coming to the bridge
this would never have hap-
pened.

Yet its disgrace and being
put an end to would not
bring back Chesterbrown back
to what it was before and
serve sense to make the
railroad company unhappy but
bring it to hotly fight the
Authorities of So. Ball and
others. So I intend to try
to prove that the river
and the two strange thun-
der storms are responsible"

1312 I drew from my inside pocket a map of the river and continued

This map you must hide in some safe place, and if the delegation from So. Ball comes to decide the railroad line is guilty you may then produce this map and claim the river passing straight through was the cause.

All rivers are not exactly alike so no one can dispute your word. This will save the rail-line and then we may all be happy again.

"I do not like to argue with them" replied the railroad engineer, "still my kind heart urges me to save the railroad line from being taken away, and I can usually trust my heart to do the right thing, so I will do as you say friend Dinger."

After some thought he placed the river map inside his pocket book and we prepared for the coming of

the delegation who were to 1313 meet with here in the University. The part was crowded with storm patients of all ages, and they were to hear was going to be interesting and inspiring and spell bound. All were gravely prepared to listen and hear what was said and also disputed.

We were seated, but one of the delegation arose.

He strutted up and down the side of the room, and his attempt to appear dignified was very absurd. He began to the Engineer "you people accuse the straight course of the river, and the tornado to be caught between two thunderstorms to be the result of its bee line through Chester Brown. First devastating it killing every body or first destroying it and wiping out the population. In either case a grave accusation has been made of which there is no sound proof." Do you mean every one

1315 here were killed? I asked.
"That is not so. The population
was wiped out in Chesterchere
and zone vlls."

"Do you mean my argument
must be put into consideration.
I thought every person perished
here too?"

"No"

"Well when I got my thoughts
arranged in good order I was
made to believe all perished"
How many were killed?"

"Over two thousand, 18000 are
hurt more or less"

"Then thank God I'm mistaken
said the delegate. "You turn
John to another delegate."

"When I got my thoughts
arranged on the river being
accused I do not like to
have the railroad claimed
innocent" said John "The
situation throws everything
into confusion. As of the
thunderstorms catching the
tornado between them."

"If you had any good
thoughts about it, I wasn't

yet talking about the two 1316
thunderstorms" I remarked earnestly.
My thoughts are of the course of
the river."

"You claim the river is fully
to blame" demanded the first
speaker.

"Not actually. It may be the
course of the river" I replied
but I put the blame on the
two thunderstorms too. Both lasted
so long that though the
second one put out the fires
they were a severe trial to
us all."

"Set the thunderstorms also
be blamed" called one of the
injured patients and I pray
you Mr Delegate do not
accuse the railroad."

"I'm not here to blame the
river or the railroad said the
Delegate. "The elemental Criminals
of Nature is the two long crazy
acting thunderstorms. We had
them at Sa Ball too even
there the tornado was between
them. The most unheard of
thing ever, according to the lists

1317 of all tornados that I have recently looked through this never happened before. Tornados have formed independently of themselves or in Thunderstorms, and in some cases in the rear. But not in between, especially also when two thunderstorms are so close together. And they mostly form at the rear of the dark cloud, though sometimes in the center.

The tornado which ploughed from So. Gall all the way past Zaneville, Chesterhire and other places did keep on a straight ~~below~~ bee line, a very most extraordinary thing for a twister to do, and seem. very unlawful to Nature, and natural circumstances. The twister if I want to say it that way, ate up Chesterhire and the two other the width of the storm being no bigger than more than a mile and a half. None of the towns were that wide. How it come to miss them.

Thirti one houses was the 1918 tornado. edge was a block to the north and traversed ^{east} north beyond the railroad and the river. Both were in the path of the extreme northern edge. And finally the tornado made the destruction of most magnificent and costly bridge in the world. I can see it in my minds eye that the blame of its bee line course is on the two thunderstorms. Both river and railroad right of way is not fully to blame especially the river.

"What that?" asked another patient. "I say I can see it in my minds eye."

"In your minds eye" declared the patient. It is not so that way. I've heard that the river was on the fringe of the tornado. The bridge crossing the other river was more south and got the tornado head on. Received its blind fury."

1319 "Mr. Darger" cried the delegate appealing to me have I a right statement or haven't I?"

"If you have it is correctible I made investigation a couple of days. To my opinion, the river and the two storms are responsible for its bee line course"

"Very true" returned the Delegate bowing. "I say I see the tornado between the two thunderstorms in my minds eye, following both railroad and river course crashing through Chester town. Then the murderous twister finished the job all the way through and I see her pounce upon the bridge, and almost eat it up"

"Could you see with your minds eye whether the railroad still goes straight on from across the bridge I enquired of the railroad engineer."

"Of course how else could I see it and we know the thing is true because it still goes straight for-

ward for the next hundred 1320 and fifty miles without a turn or curve I've drove my wrecked train on this road and all this time since I started driving there is no turn or curve to be found any where. So I say the storms and right of way of railroad and river I must be guilty. But the two storm most guilty of all"

"I suppose if the river and the railroad right of way had turns instead of a bee line course your minds eye would see the tornado go zigzag" I suggested.

"Very likely, acknowledged the Delegate. "It should also depend on the road bed, this one is only three feet above the ground, and the side way slopes not steeply slanting at all. And now every body here I assert that so awful a tornado was caught between the two great thunder storms and forced to

1321 go along with them and so could not turn off and in the case of the ferocious destruction it did before us, it gave the death penalty to our towns. I like Henry firmly blame the two storms, and not the river or railroad right of way."

There was great applause when the speaker sat down. Then another man of the delegation spoke in a sort of shaky voice:

"Well Mr. Darger what have you to say for that? Are you sure the river, the railroad right of way or the storms are guilty or not guilty?"

"Why that for us to find out" I replied, "If we can prove the fault kept the tornado on that strange freakish bee line, I'll be willing to declare the whole situation."

Whether a mind eye is proof or not I'll declare no matter what any body may say, it was very strange actually & wacky thing

for a tornado to be caught 1922 between two thunderstorms of very long duration and follow their straight course and travel as far as they did. It struck Chester-brown about two hours after the first one, and the second struck two hours afterwards. A very queer thing indeed. The thunderstorms also were very extraordinary, unusually severe, unusually long in duration, too much rain, and much too loud. I'm willing to bet too that something radically was wrong in the air between the thunderstorms to cause the formation of such a twister."

"Never mind Henry" said the Engineer. "You're right."

Then another delegate arose and said "All of you my friends, I pray you not to judge the river or the railroad unfeelingly. I do not think neither kept the tornado on a bee line and surely it is a mistake and unkind to accuse them of being the

1323 cause of the tornado calamity. The railroad is the best train line we have north of us. who we all love to ride trains on and good passenger service are her chief virtues. Look at the magnificent trains - gaze at the magnificent Pullman Coaches. mark the splendid local passenger service, excellent freight service? Would such a magnificent railroad be guilty of forcing a tornado to follow its right of way?

"Oh cut it short" said I you've talked long enough.

"I'm trying to defend the railroad" remonstrated the delegate. "I hate to see it taken away"

"Then say something" I retorted. "I'm not at all blaming the railroad. I'm also defending it, but not the river, or the two crazy thunderstorms. When I found no proof of it it would be very foolish of me to blame

this magnificent railroad 1324 already torn away by the tornado because I have sense enough to know it would raise a row, jolly with the Railroad Company if I did. But don't try to make out or think also that those two strange thunderstorms are too daen innocent to not to try to trap a wild tornado between them and not be found out. I imagine they are the cause of this whole mess and nothing else"

"Not the railroad"

"Aint you understand? I retorted.

"I said the two thunderstorms catching to the tornado between them caused all this hell in

Chesterbourn and other places. They forced forced the tornado to go along with them and possibly caused its irresistible fury? That is why it couldn't turn off its course"

"Perhaps it would really be the cause, to those who observed the freak thunderstorm." remarked the Surgeon

1835 - myself having always been driving my train on this road have no personal experience on the matter of the road causing the tornado. believe But I do remember that our great poet once said.

"To ride a train is pleasure,
"The coaches the rails do not sever."

When on the dinner you demand a treat of most savory meat "Take this into consideration my friends and you will readily agree, decide that the railroad had no attraction to pull the tornado along its right of way and it is wrongfully accused and be set at from all blame"

When he sat down he was as fully applauded as the others for his arguments were all very convincing and ~~few~~ believed that he had proved the innocence of the railroad and also never. As for many

of the patients they who. 1836 pered to each other for a few minutes and then another delegate slowly rose and said:

"There are many thunderstorms of freakish natures, so they rage with what ever fury they can. Those of the kind called 'Squall lines' are the worse and often too very dangerous.

The worst tornado too have actually formed in them.

Tornadoes also form by themselves. Yet we too believe the two thunderstorms known as "Cloudbursts" is guilty of the path the tornado took, and I recommend that they trapped the twister and held it on its course. They are the nature on criminal, not the river or bridge"

The judgement of this debate was received with great good applause. I was about to say something when the Surgeon once more arose and addressed us,

"Friends said he "see how easy

1732 for others to be mistaken.
The railroad right of way could
not have attracted the luster
for here is proof of it.

He took a newspaper of the
map & gave him, and pro-
duced the map which he held
aloft that as many as possible
could see it clearly then it
was passed from one to another.
It was a map diagram of the
tornado caught between the two
thunder storms, and they forced
it to follow their course.

Even Angeline and Mildred were
delighted and Mildred exclaimed
"Set me see the map."

It was handed to her and
all the others cheered and
clapped their hands rejoicing
that the railroad had es-
caped further destruction and
been proved to be inno-
cent. As Mildred held
the map to look at it
she said "The storms are
guilty. Where did you get
this Mr. Dargers?"

It was brought to me from 1738
So balls" & answered.

"Justice" remarked the Engineer
with a sigh is a dangerous thing
to meddle with. If we didn't
have the map the railroad
would be taken away."

"But justice prevailed at last"
said Mildred, "for this map
proves it and the rail-
road is free from being taken
away."

"I refuse to believe it all."
cried a Delegate in a sharp
voice, "unless that map can
prove the river too is in-
nocent. If that can't prove
so then the railroad is not
innocent either."

Hush Mr. Johnson were
warned Mr. Wizard.

"Don't be foolish" addressed
the engineer "or you may
be sorry for it."

"The river was only near
its edge, the edge of the
tornado" said the Delegate
loudly enough for all to
hear.

1339 So it was "I exclaimed
'I'm, or no one is just now
accusing the river after all.'
'Of course not said the engineers
The thunder storms are respon-
sible altogether and I must say
they refused to let the tornado
go anywhere, but where they
headed for. If you like I
will tell you what my idea
is."

At this we all became very
quiet and the engineer con-
tinued:

I will confess that many have
observed a very strange cloud
formation, the evening before,
but so far none in the
west. I made a mid night
run towards So Ball
and then a cloud westward
and south west was a blaze
with very unusual bright
lightning and I heard
thunder unusually loud for
that distance. As the
rain came into So Ball
the atmosphere became

heavy and oppressive. In a 1340
minute or two the storm burst
upon us in all its fury. I never
saw such bright lightning or
heard such thunder in my whole
life. It was a terrible cloud burst.
Off and on the fierce storm
lasted until half past in
the afternoon. On my out
bound run for Ottawa it
grew suddenly dark so that
I had to turn on the engine
head light.

Though I suspected more thun-
der storm came, this sudden
darkening of the sky made
me feel a little scary.

As I was going out of Chester-
town at a good speed I
noticed a strange noise in
the air which grew in volume
as a loud humming sound.
Something I knew not what
seemed to slow down my
train even though I put
on full speed. As I then
heard the most peculiar
and fearful noise ever

1341 I looked back and saw something like a broad shroud following the rear of the train. Then my train was torn from the tracks, and afterwards the train still is as then. I saw it. All in the train were killed or injured. It took three days to rescue the injured from the battered coaches. I could have at once secured shelter in either So Salle or the surviving part of Chester Brown, but didn't just then want to leave my engine. It was not in the twist's path, but the forward cars being dragged backwards by the damaged cars, derailed my engine, though it is still upright.

A little less than two hours - came another and much longer thunderstorm that from then on continued all night and till four in the afternoon of the 16 or next day. I therefore intend to believe

that the tornado was between the two thunderstorms. Finally when the second and much worse thunderstorm began to slacken I jumped out of my cab, and went to take a look at the river.

After all despite all that rain the river was still the same as before the storms. I thanked God there was no danger of flood. But still that tornado? -

All were astonished at this description

"Yes" I said I saw it myself there was no danger of a flood. But I can't understand how the tornado tore up that long strong bridge like that. I can't describe its appearance. You can't imagine what horrid things a tornado can do. Hitting one they could rip a hurricane apart. As a matter of fact the bridge is a rather a ugly ugly looking affair and before the tornado it was the loveliest and

1343 prettiest bridge in all the world."

Hearing these words I turned to the Engineer.

"How about the Sacred Heart Convent?" I asked as he had seen it.

I simply can't describe it" answered the engineer with a shudder. "What's left left looks like a trash heap. Oh, no one who has not yet seen it can imagine what a horrid wreck it is."

"Why is it nearly all blown away?" asked a woman patient. "No" I answered "you are wrong about that yet one story and a quarter is left of it. But just now it's very dangerous for any one to get too near."

"Why is that?" asked Dorothy gazing fearfully at the picture of she has from a 20 Ball man paper.

Because the slightest move-
ment of any one would cause

it all to probably collapse. 7144
was the reply "that shows the 1344
most powerful and important
buildings cannot stand before
a tornado. The bigger and taller
they are the more easy prey
to the twister."

"Where is the Convent?" asked Mr Wigand.

"It is northeast of Mary Jane park two blocks away," said a delegate. "If it had had good luck, and the trees had not been swept away the Park probably could have shielded the Convent somewhat. At least it could have stayed the main force."

"Was the park wiped out?" en-
quired Dorothy drawing back.

Very much and all the people
in it, except a few hundred
under an under pass killed."

said one of the patients.
"And all those people
except in the underpass?"

"To be sure. All could have
been saved, but they stood
too long in the open gawking

2345 at its approach. There was plenty of room for them in the "underpass" answered the patient in a regretful tone. "How old was the convent?" enquired Dorothy who stared at the picture as if very fascinated.

"I do not exactly remember its age" I grieve to say but this University is practically its own age."

"If I remember a rightly sad mildred's rescuer it is sixty six year old the day before the storm. Some have carelessly lost track of its age and stepped several hundreds. Yet it was still in its prime."

"I should it would be" agreed Dorothy. Then after a moment's pause she asked "are there chances of it being restored, or do they intend to take it away altogether?"

"As for that we would like to see it replaced

else where" said the Bishop 1386 but unfortunately it will take a long time to raise the funds so that we can not reconstruct for years. We intend to choose Melrose Park for the new Convent" I'd like to reconstruct here but its impossible"

There was a regretful accent in the Bishop's voice and at the words all in the room sighed dismally.

Dorothy felt relieved Presently she asked

"Didn't any thing of the people in the convent ever be found?"

"No every thing is gone, vanished as you would say into space. Countless persons searched for three days and nights. The searchers usually knew what they were about, but it was of no use. For no trace of the children could be found. No one could escape and yet you wouldn't understand that"

1942 "No indeed" said the little girl, "I would never wish to be in a tornado again. I'd like to be in Lincoln Ill or even Chicago, I don't wish to be in such an awful storm, again never."

"Permit me to say" I returned that you are rather using rash presumption for what you say Angeline. not knowing there's no place any where safe from Tornadoes. We consider the tornadoes very apt to occur any where, to strike at random, for history on tornadoes tells us so and it knows. An they are of an excellent family of total destroyers and have a violent pedigree that they challenge even old Mother Nature to equal, as they extend back as far as June 6 1893, or further back as 1840 to the time when a great twister killed 312 in Adams County Mississippi - who outvalued any other before

that time, when humans had never been prepared for them. But can any of them match the pedigree of this one little girl?"

"Well said Dorothy, I was in the St Louis Tornado of 1896 and was not even hurt, and I guess that, being just as terrible as being in this one too and survive. If it is not then I'll have to stand it that, all"

"Feel 'differ" murmured a patient who was taking his medicine

Angeline gave the map back to the engineer who handed to me saying to her "its Henry's map"

I studied the map carefully, and diligently. The map showed in long shady formation the two strange thunderstorms. Their distance apart, and the tornado between them. This strange situation I never saw or heard of before. I had in my coat pocket a number of ^{pictures} of tornadoes that had occurred in a number of

1348 places were independent of thunderstorms and the funnels stretched from the rear of the black clouds.

Even now to this day I still get them. As I was still looking at the map and the delegates were sitting down resting one of the injured who was sitting up said to me:

"I wasn't injured during the storm I got hurt with some of the others pulling the dead out from the wreckage of that wooden house that was flung against the Sacred Heart Convent"

"I heard of it and good, you were brave but why such close-drawn sucklelessness for dead bodies?"

"I hoped to rescue some injured" I thought would be there. Then the dead left there because of this awful hot weather would soon smell us out and cause cause disease, a child was the first to die in the initial fury of the sudden murderous onslaught of the house smashing against the west

507
wall of the convent When I 1350 and my helpers had got there the house lay in large heaped fragments like torn up thin cardboard. The nearest corner of the building had been blown away and there was a gaping hole where the wall had been.

From inside I could hear the terrible sobbing of a woman or man the sounds rising above the maelstrom of still falling debris from the sky that seemed to come from every where, as the war of the elements passed off into the distance.

"Louis Louis its Frank Berniken" I called out "Are you hurt Louis?"

There was no reply and I clambered over the mound of wreckage that spewed onto the convent yard, I found Louis Berniken in what was a bedroom, now a shambles. But his family was wiped out. Momentarily forgetting the danger of convent wreckage I saw what made me sick with horror, one quick glance

1751 was all that I needed. Louis Bernuikens was wife lay on the pile of wreckage half her face torn away, evidently by house fragments - the couples children, a boy and girl had been thrown through a shattered wall by the force of the awful crash. The bodies of the children were a ghastly mass, mangled mass of ripped flesh and broken bone.

But also Louis had been badly injured. Blood ran from a long gash in his arm, I did the best I could to stop the bleeding tearing strip strips of cloth from Louis' shirt and mine. He was taken by two of my men to a hospital tent.

Yet the full impact of the grim horror of this smashed wooden house came as we worked, pulling out and carrying the shredded corpses from the smashed wooden house. The tiny blood so soaked bodies of five children were found in the st house strewn wreck.

Jagged fragments from the 1752 smashed house had gouged large chunks and strips of flesh from them slashing open their bodies. One was even disembowled by a huge piece of metal. Equally terrible was the death suffered by Bernuikens' wife and another girl. I have seen the yawning wound in her face with the blood clotted in huge blobs around it and it seemed to shriek out the indictment of the savagery of the tornadoes murderous fury.

The other woman's body was a heinous mass of raw and peeling flesh stripped from her bones by the power of the smashing house that had snuffed out her life. The young woman's mouth was still open, frozen in the last scream with which she must have protested the death that claimed her. There were other dead too. Fragments of the building had riddled the torso of one of friends Bern Logan. His wife and child were mangled the chest of his

1353 little girl and belly belly too
torn clear away and her head
almost off. To see all this horror,
the tornado must have flung
that wooden house with terrific force
against the wall of the convent. The
fact that that wooden house
had held together while in the
air at all is a mystery to
me. But when it hit the
convent it disintegrated like a
paper bag with a big firecracker
in it.

"How did you and your helpers
get hurt?" I asked.

As I pulled the last one out
a part of the overhanging
wreck clamped on me. I was
shoved down into some of
the debris beneath me as though
a thirty foot giants hand
had landed on my head. I
couldnt even raise my
my chin from my chest.

And I also was thrown
at the same time backwards
with a force that for a
moment numbed my arms
and legs so that I was

unable to exert pressure enough 1354
to force myself loose. It was you
and some others who pulled us
free otherwise we would have
been dead ducks. Louis Bernthen
hovered between life and death
for a long time. He is in here with
me. He is still not out of danger
and from his bed looks at
me with seemingly hollow and
lifeless eyes. "What shall I do
now Aaronburg" he begged of me
piteously for an answer.

I have only looked at him
and shook my head. There is
nothing I can say. Even the
most murderous butchering crim-
inal never has done to persons
what this savage tornado has
done.

"How many bodies were taken
from that wreck?" I asked.

"We took fourteen before that
section crashed down on us.
I cant see how any except Louis
survived. Recovery for any of
the rest under those conditions
was well nigh im-
possible. And if any of them

1355 had managed to survive they could not have continued to live long on that wreckage"

"I'm one of his helpers" said a man sitting up with a bandage around his head. I and two others for five hours tore at the shattered timbers of that darn splintered house in a vain desperate effort to rescue a badly injured woman.

She was conscious and called to us workers to hasten.

One of our helpers became demented as he listened and tore at the timbers with his hands until he had to be carried away. The woman died of suffocation just before the final piece of wreckage was removed.

We succeed in getting another little girl who also had been imprisoned for more than five hours. It was necessary to chop a large hole in the side of the house before she was taken out. By her

injuries she looked like a 1356 doll thrown about by an angry child. She lives but will be a life long cripple. I came across another person a woman. Despite being in some of the worse of the wreck, she appeared unhurt, but unconscious. I touched and examined her, but she was dead. Then we found a mother and a little baby.

They looked as if a butcher had used a meat cleaver on them. I got sick"

"I had another rescuer."

"I'm that awful wreck a man, his wife and their two children met an awfully violent death together. When I and two others were digging about the fragments of that wooden house, we found the four bodies wedged so tightly into each other, we couldn't pull them ~~at~~ loose without ripping them apart. While the mangled body of their father was so tightly wedged amid the wreckage that it was impossible to pull

1357 him free without tearing his body like a tiger would. We had chop and cut the wreckage apart to free him. It took six hours. A young woman was found also but though still living and conscious, she was fatally injured. At 7 m this wreck her two teen age daughters were found dead. Great pieces of window glass was sticking through their bodies, and one piece of glass had almost cut the head of one of them. I don't know how it happened in the house but the father was found dead with nearly all of his clothing torn from his body. His wife died in the barr. used as a hospital. Of their father we discovered a last summer straw hat cocked so tightly on the back of his head that two of us couldn't pull it off. We wonder but think it had been hanging in a closet three stories above.

Still from the depths of the wreckage came a mourning

and it sounded as if it came 1358 from a woman. Some of our keepers worked with with picks shovels and axes for four hours and as the tunnel approached nearer the centre of the splintered house, the calls became more distinct and more mournful. We fancied we heard pleading words and plaintive sounds.

I made the final push thrust and two others reached into the open and brought forth a large and beautiful Collie. H. She was not injured. It was a very valuable dog. After the dog had been rescued it would not leave my side. Again and again the dog leaped upon me pawing me fondly. The law of the Hospital doctors allow me to keep it beside my bed. I believe the dog is valued at more than three hundred and fifty dollars.

A fourth rescuer told his story:

1360 "my attempt to get four mangled children of the wreck met with disaster. There was an overhanging aperture above where they were hemmed in by the wreckage. As I was trying to free them I discovered the wreckage held them so fast it was impossible to get them loose.

Three men came to my aid. We worked hard like beavers. We almost had one body free when the overhanging canopy collapsed and buried us under it. We were rescued by others. I heard following that accident no further attempts to remove the other bodies were made until the arrival of Government life savers.

Yet they too found the bodies wedged so terribly tight in the shattered debris of that wooden house that they were further mutilated by the men who tried in vain for hours to disentangle them. When finally freed by the next morn-

1361 morning they were absolutely unrecognizable as the result of the smashing up of the house. Forty seven bodies it is reported were taken from the wreck.

"Does any one know ^{where} from the house came from?" I asked.

"It didn't come from So.alle" declared one of the Delegates. "There was no such a house there."

"I believe it was too big to be a farm house" I suggested.

"And there was no such a house in Chester town" said one of the patients.

"I saw it passing high up over head at the time my train was struck" declared the Engineer. "but I did not see where it was heading for. I saw in some windows the faces of frightened persons. And that sure was their death ride."

"I saw what was left of it" I said. "It must have been flying swifter than the speed of a cannon ball against the convent to disintegrate like that."

1362 "It sure was" said someone.

"Didn't any of you men, trying to free the bodies, see any sort of sign on any of its wrecked side wall?" I asked.

"No" said one. "I was curious and looked saw nothing."

"It sure must have come from somewhere. I didn't grow from the ground" I said.

"Tell me I asked the Engineer "did you say you saw it pass overhead when the turster was demolishing your train?"

"I can sure answer such a good question" asserted the engineer.

"So you can" declared a delegate. They say the house struck the Convent some distant off.

So if you are sure where you first sighted it, you must tell us how from what direction how it came to be passing overhead and where it went."

"Who suspects where it came from asked the engineer curiously.

"I would like to know"

"No one" answered the delegate.

"It's flying through the air 1363. does. The fact that the way the tornado was carrying it along with it, the turster surely picked it up somewhere without any one seeing it or knowing it. When next it flew out of your sight, it then struck the Convent."

"There was some time before I knew of it" exclaimed the engineer. "But it must be stated that there are no two towns any where, west, or southwest of So Salle, or any farms where it came from. And too there are no plantations in this part of the Country either."

The fact is this house is forty five foot long one, thirty wide, and three story high as I estimated it being carried along so easily shows there had never been a tornado so strong. Shortly the big house was out of sight. What the tornado did to the ~~house~~ house that there is not a single doubt

1364 amongst any one that the house was ~~hurled~~ hurled against the convent at a speed of ~~three~~ three miles a minute and it has never been before that a tornado that did that, or wrapped the windmill around John Simon Segreen barn. I'll bet there was the most tremendous excitement prevailing in the country when the news of this became known."

One of the rescuers was I know was curious and I was very exceedingly thoughtful. I had no doubt, the tornado had taken it up from some place, but I realized that a tornado cannot be depended to act properly, since its nature is to totally destroy towns, and even parts of cities, in its fury and yet all these type of twisters were tame compared to this Chester town tornado a most ferocious storm indeed, yet I knew that if this stranger's story of all cannot be solved, all newspaper editors

would be made very disturbed and unhappy, so although I wondered over the mystery as any of them I resolved to have it solved if possible. Sending for the janitor who was at the other end to of this vast patient ward interviewing a injured person I said:

My friend it is your duty to discover this and solve the mystery because you know all this part of the country.

But I fear you will fail because southwest or west of St. Louis, it is reported no other towns or places were struck, or farms either to my certain knowledge, and my opinion is that the twister must have scooped that house up from plantation unknown to us. yet the disgrace of this disaster would not bring back the towns, but only to make people apprehensive. You have with you a big map of Illinois then you must

1367 examine so you can produce some town that might have been its path unknown to us and then we can claim that it is probably probably the one the house came from.

All towns on map look exactly alike so no one can dispute your word. I'll then will solve the mystery and then we will know the truth fully."

"I do not think the map will help much" replied the janitor still your idea urges me to examine it to solve this mystery, and I can usually trust my mind to do the very right thing. So I will do as you say Henry"

After some thought he took a large map from a circular folder he had in his inside coat pocket and proceeded to look it over.

"In the meanwhile one of the delegates said:

"The tornado is accused of the mystery of first taking

up that house from some unknown source and carrying it along with it, or else first swirling it away then with murderous fury dash it against the Sacred Heart Convent killing all the forty seven inmates. In either case a grave disaster has occurred, which deserved to be looked into"

"Do you mean all but but two persons and the dog were were killed?" asked Dorothy.

"That's what the rescuers claim" said the delegate. Yet when I get my idea into thoughts and in good or, I do not know why its occupants did not try to jump from that house. That's the question that throws my thoughts into such confusion"

"If your thoughts were any good, you would realize they then would get caught by the fierce winds of the twister and be torn to pieces"

remarked a patient earnestly "my thoughts are always that there is just as much danger

1369 without as within."

"Is that so. I demanded the delegate
"Is this a fact that only two
survived and a dog? Not in
this case. With a house actually
smashing against the convent,
with twice the speed of a
cannon ball."

"It is true at that" replied one
of the injured rescuers. "But
they had no time to jump
from the house it was going
too fast. So that incident
is a trial to us all."

"That is so!" answered the
the delegate "The tornado scooped
up the house from some
unknown region, and from
some town no one knows.
And finally she slams
it against the convent? I
can see her in my mind's
eye."

"We are not debating what
she did with the house
but where it took it from."
I said. "That's the
my story."

"But Mr. Darger cried the

delegate "Could my mind's 1372
eye discover where the house 1370
came from?"

"Not likely" I said. "Too much
unknown."

"Very true" returned the delegate
"I say I see the twister on my
mind's eye, snatching up the
house from the unknown
source and carry it over Chester
brown. Then the murderous
twister snatched it along, and
flew."

"Are you still thinking of that with
your mind's eye?" I enquired.
"Of course how else could I
see it?"

"I'm telling you for Heavens
sake of seeing with your mind's
eye where the tornado took
it from, not what it did
with it. It's where the house
came from. That's the issue
we're trying to decide?" Suppose
if the house had done
different instead of it, your
mind's eye could see the
convent hitting the wooden

the ¹³⁵¹ "wooden house" I suggested.
"Very likely," acknowledged the
delegate. "And now I assert that
the tornado swept the house
from some unknown town,
and that no awful disaster
of it hitting the convent des-
erves plenty of attention and
in the case of the ferocious
tornado I before our minds, the
results are still well known?
therefore pray you not to judge
only what it done, but where
it took the house from.
I do not think it took it
from any plantation as there
are none in this state. All
near by towns and far off ones
report they never had such
of house of that description.
"Do you think the tornado out
of the wrecked houses would
create that structure it cre-
ated?"

"Why that for you to find
out" said one of the patients.
"If you can prove a tornado
created a house, I'll be willing
to agree to anything and

I'll admit that a tremendous ¹³⁵²
murder, but a mind's eye is no
proof because you have no
mind's eye to prove such an
impossible thing. All a tornado
can create is death, destruction
and untold misery."

"Our city of Chester Brown was
a place we all admired. And now
it's wiped off the map. Could
such a tornado be guilty of
sweeping a house away from
some real unknown place. No
a thousand times no. Maybe
the place that lost the
house too is wiped out. That
is why it can't be traced."
"Oh cut it short" said the
delegate "you've talked long
enough."

"I'm not defending the tornado"
remonstrated the patient.

"Then say something sensible"
retorted the Delegate. "Tell us
it would be foolish for me
to say something I know
nothing about because I have
sense enough to know it would

1352 raise a row if I did. But don't try to make out I'm too sure to know where the house came from for I can't do it and not be found out. I imagine it would be a great mystery if solved, I could take this into consideration, and you will readily decide that no town confirms of a missing house of that description.

Therefore no one has an idea where the house came from so we are dumbfounded. I believe the tornado took the house from some unknown territory and recommend that it is an unusual mystery the house could not have grown from the ground like a plant for that is really impossible.

"I refuse to admit it true" said the joint janitor in a sharp voice "unless the delegate can prove his statement. If he can't then the tornado was not out put for anything."

1354 "How do you know know" asked the delegate.

"This map disclose that before So Salle was struck there was no town or place west or southwest of her in the tornado path" said the janitor loudly.

"So that is true" exclaimed one of the rescuers. "It cannot be true the tornado hit any where before So Salle."

"Of course not, there were not in its path at all" declared the janitor "and I must say there are no country plantations or ranches either. But now that this seems to still remain a mystery I will tell you that I firmly believe that house must have come from some remote section of So Salle. I will confess that it must be so because So Salle was struck first before Chester Brown. If it can be fully proved the house did not

1355

come from Sa Salle this mystery will never be solved. Where else could it come from? I had send friends there to investigate secretly, and they're here now. They surely should know. At once I had jumped to the conclusion told others

not to make a fuss for the mystery would now be solved in half a second. What do you say fellows?"

"We are sorry Hank" said one. "It is proven the house did not come from Sa Salle... so I suppose it'll will be an unsolved mystery."

At this every one of us suddenly became quiet though I cried:

"What?" All were astonished at this confession, and I asked the janitor to let me look at his map. When he handed it to me I looked it over and discovered he was right just as he said she was. There

1356

was no way to prove anything else, and the house did not absolutely come from southwest Chester brown either."

"Well said the engineer. You are a famous investigator are you not?"

"I am" I replied.

"Then you can do a few wizzes and discover if it did or not come from Sa Salle."

"I could if I happened to be a real Wizard" I returned sadly. "But I'm not. So I am not able to discover the fact though I've been twice in Sa Salle. There's no trace of it having been there."

"Nonsense" cried several of the rescuers together.

"You can ask the janitor, I said in an injured tone.

"It's true enough," returned the janitor earnestly. "Our friend Henry and I was there, and he is merely ~~been~~ telling the truth, and we were not taking the information of

1357 the people either others have proved it to me. The wreckage of the storm cause is mostly brick and the demolished wooden houses were not large. He can do several wonderful things if I know how. But he can't truthfully that monstrous house came from So. Salls, when it never was there."

"I thank you my friend for doing me justice" I gratefully responded, to be accused of being a real wizard at investigating things when I'm not is a slander I will not tamely submit to. How am I going to find out where it came from when all town and farm northwest of So. Salls reports no tornado came near them. They seen and heard it of course. The farmer who had seen it come down from the cloud lived near Chester Brown. He said later on it come down southwest of So. Salls. But was very

close to the city - It struck 1358 So Salls five minutes after it descended. The next town was absolutely missed, but the tornado wiped out everything on the railroad siding north of it where I witnessed the wholesale havoc. What I witnessed turned out to prove it was a tornado of incomprehensible force that ever happened and you will realize them, this if you had been there and seen those great slabs of heavy stones scattered over the ground."

The "It tut" be careful how you criticize us" said one of the delegates. "As a matter of fact I'm sure the knowledge of the buildings recent whereabouts can be found out through its owner. And I'm sure, you could be told."

"Why that impossible" a rescuer exclaimed. "No" answered the delegate. You are wrong about that. The owner might be in New York Boston or Chicago."

1359 "No one in Chicago owns a building like that in So Salle I said. That does not allow us to call to that idea, unless we have proof. That big house was not so strongly built, or it should not have burst to pieces like that. I don't worry one in it amounted to any survival except the little girl and the girl, but the janitor said if the owner heard of this he would come to investigate his loss. Some one told me despite my idea of the house, it was very powerfully built and importantly formed. It shaped like one on a plantation, but no building of a plantation has a high slanting roof."

Where is the nearest town south west of So Salle" the delegate asked.

"Near Bishop Hill" said a rescuer. "Too far for a tornado to carry a house that big over Chesterton if we ~~have~~

have good luck we will 1360 find out I believe that Bishop Hill is seventy miles direct southwest of So Salle, and completely out of the tornado's path."

"Oh is it that far?" enquired Dorothy looking at my map. "Very" said the Delegate. "And - and - do you think its on this railroad line?"

"To be sure. But we can't get there now. The railway all the way from So Salle to Zane - well is all ripped up; we will have to be content with a new railroad" answered the delegate in a regretful tone.

"How old is the railroad?" enquired Mildred, who too stared at the map as if fascinated.

"Quite young I guess to say, and all other railroad intersections are the same."

"If I remember rightly it is 36 years old the day before the storm."

"But that is not young," cried

1361 Dorothy in amazement

"no?" drawled the delegate. "It seems to me very babyish."

"I wonder did the house fall on the railroad right of way?" asked Angelene.

"It could have going with the tornado, but we've carelessly lost track of the tornado course, and skipped the direction of the house, course over Chester town. We should not be fuzzy about where it came from but the authorities in So Salle wants to know."

"I should think they would" agreed the engineer. Then after a moments pause he asked: "Are any one positively sure it didn't come from So Salle? I mean it could be so, or do you live there there is no trace of its foundation?"

"As for that, we authorities of So Salle would love to find that out, yes, but either fortunately or unfortunately there were not many

wooden houses in the storm. 1362 path, mostly brick. The wooden houses were not of any large that were there. Henry observed that himself so there can be no proof that that big house came from So Salle. If you choose the look the map over again we will see that Bishop Hill is too far south of the tornado track, and too far from where it originated. There are other towns between there and here but they were west of its formation. So they remained quite safe, so the house didn't come from any of them."

"There was a regretful ascent in his voice and at the words some others sighed dismally."

Dorothy seemed worried. Presently she asked: "Why did the house come so far?"

"Oh no one knows where it first started from. We are trying to trace its owner who might have been gone for several weeks before

1363 the storm in some distant city.

And if we are not tied because we know not his name some one may find a trace. Owners usually know what they're about, but probably he got no news of the disaster, for if he did he'd been sure to come to investigate his loss unless he too cannot find any trace of his property, and you probably won't think he won't do that."

"No indeed unless he has evidence," said the engineer. We can't understand how such an awful ~~twist~~ twister can take off a house with it and leave no trace where it came from, yet we don't wish to be tricked by such an awful storm."

"Permit me to say," returned the delegate that you are rather right, knowing that none of us can find trace even of its owner. We consider also the way its smacked up, should he come he would not recognize what's left of his house either. We

also consider ourselves hoodwinked by the twister, for all symptoms tells us so, and now we all know. And we are of an excellent idea, that unless it comes from So Ball he'll never receive news of this as we discovered its not in any of So Ball's news or any where else. Can we find means to match that my story?"

"Well," said I, "I was born in Chicago on April 12 to 1892 in a ramshackle house, not because of my parents being short of funds, because it was their only shelter during the coming of a storm on their way to a doctor, and I guess that being just as respectable and haughty as a crazy tornado carrying a house away from some unknown territory. If it isn't I'll have to stand it that all."

A man just now who had been partially sleeping rose up in his bed.
"I'm one of those who was who was

1364 removing the dead from that wooden house" he said. That canopy also fell on me. I've got very bad news for all of you. Before pulling the bodies out I had taken time to examine the most mangled ones carefully. I've got the papers with me to prove it. I removed them from his inside coat pocket for his identification. The man is the owner of that crushed wreck and his wife and children are the most mangled of all. His wife is the woman whose left half of a face has been torn away and the bodies of his three children having gouged chunks from their tiny bodies. Only hope of the mystery is to find his relatives. But they too yet have not been traced. Yet every effort is still being made to locate them, by newspapers and the like" and from a drawer near his patients table he produced a large package and a fat pocket

book. "This is it here" he con- 1365
tinued. He also had lists of rent paid him, bills to pay and a law dry ticket a Rosary a prayer book and a Miraculous Medal, and a Sacred Heart badge. His name is John Tomas Scanlon. His childrens names are Edna Mildred, Jane and Catherine Scanlon. His wife's name is Mildred Scanlon.
"That, were there even if any of his, or her relations are not located" I exclaimed. "I expected any thing but that"
"I cursed softly to myself.
"When I pulled them out" he went on "I felt awfully sick with abject horror. When I removed his wife I saw half or more of her face, and even nose and part of her fore head torn away by some house fragment, or may be window glass. The eldest girl I pulled out naked but all her insides were gone. Chills went up and down my spine at the sight. The little girl somewhat younger was also disemboweled. The

1366 youngest girl had by the look
of things hurled out of her bed
by the force of the smashing
house. His child's body on back
sides and front was a ghastly
mangled mass of horribly ripped
flesh and broken bones, and some-
thing so tightly wrapped around
her neck none of us could
remove it. It still around her
neck. Her tongue is sticking far
out, but I think she was
killed by the ripping of her
body, and not of strangulation.

The man's legs and arms were
smashed some of his bowels
were protruding from a long
opening in his belly and
his head was badly crushed.
I found his coat still on
though. Here his papers of
identification. I don't want
to see such a sight again.
"I'll kill my self first"
and as he handed me the
papers he gave a convulsive
shiver.

As I took them I thought to
myself, "What a cruel killer

a tornado is, especially this 1362
one we had"

"Where are the bodies?" I demanded.
"On account of the hoard condition
of their bodies they were hastily
buried" said the man. He remembers
of the relief did it. They're so
frightfully mangled its impossible
to identify make any identifica-
tion of them. The little girl
was buried with that thing
around her neck. How it got
around it I do not know. One of
our workers went insane at the
sight, and fought some of us until
we finally overcame him and
him sent away under restraint."

"Then it was also I and two
others who saved the little girl.
But when we pulled her free
my insides turned over when we
saw her right arm dangling
loosely at her side. The broken
hand dragged the debris as
we freed her leaving an
ugly red trail behind it.
I saw her hand on what had
been left of it. The ripped and

1368 ragged finger hung loosely
from the white knuckle bones.
The splintered wrist bone had
punctured the flesh in a dozen places.
We also had pulled her out naked.
I then saw her stomach or belly
for the first time. Something
maybe a window glass fragment
had cut deep. Two long wide
gashes from her chest to her
groin were thickly blood
clotted. But when we pulled
her loose blood again ran down
her front. We had the equip-
ment with us. We stopped it
by quickly and tightly sew-
ing up the wounds. We were
good at knowing how to close
such gaping wounds. She was
as quickly as possible brought
to the barn hospital. Her
life was saved, she got a
blood transfusion, but they
had to amputate a part of
her arm, and left leg. She
will when she recovers, always
walk on a peg leg and
use an artificial arm."

"Beautiful things a tornado will do" I said sarcastically and bitterly.
Mother Mother Nature is a dogress
to both heaven and earth. Did
the child regain her senses?"

"Yes, but it's no use to question
her. All she remembers
is riding the horse, the
crash and finding her self in
bed with her body covered
thick with bandages, and minus
an arm and part of her leg.
Yet she is not suffering as
much pain as we expected
thank God, and is a very brave
little girl. The and the dog are
the only survivors."

After we saved her one of
my helpers said "It occurs to
me that we ought to get out of
here before some of the
wreck falls on us. Or we'll
be trapped"

"What's the hurry" called one of
the others. "We may find more
bodies, I'm sure"

"You may be right" I replied.
We stayed. If we went then
that canopy wouldn't have fallen

1370 on us. When we were first at work there had come a rain of small white stones, and debris of all kinds, from the sky, and injured some of us. We stopped to wait until it slackened. Then while at work again there came another rain of stones and debris, and soon after it canned goods and other items fell. It hampered our work for a time.

"What that tornado did to that house showed it had the mightiest force in the world," I said. "To fling a house at three miles a minute against that concrete wall is almost unbelievable."

"And to carry a house so large so far," said the engineer. "And forty seven persons in it!"

"How then?" I said. Let us talk this matter over and decide what to do when I turn these papers over to the authorities in La Salle. I'll bring them myself. There can be no doubt that

the dead owner of that house 1376 must have relatives who yet I believe have no set news of what has happened yet the man has been so dreadfully mangled that he might not be identified, and so the authorities with all the powers at their command may not be able to do anything as all this may prove some what difficult to trace these fore. We should plan our actions well before we venture to locate his relatives."

"I don't see why you need go to La Salle," said the janitor. "I'll send these by the relief committee here," I answered. "We've got to find his relatives to solve this mystery. But how is it possible?"

Each one looked at some other one for an answer, and all shook their heads in a grave and dismal manner. "Then," said the janitor, we must depend upon the relief committee to have them traced.

1372

They alone can have them traced and also have their dead relations decently buried."

I had then done this, and after all I had gone personally to La Salle to deliver the papers. That was two days after the storm. After the fifty fifth day had passed I

was summoned to La Salle and got the news that his only single relation a brother, could not be located. They tried New York, Chicago and Boston, Baltimore and San Francisco and Los Angeles, but found no trace of him.

They believed he too was either dead or gone to some unknown place. They said if he was anywhere show how was it possible he would not have read of the tornado disaster in the city papers and come. He might be around maybe among those looking for their missing relations.

When I came back to Chester town, I had let this look into from Relief committee there for they had

the lists of all the names of those coming from distant cities, looking for lost loved ones. But no success here either. I stated this to my friends. Again they were grave and thoughtful.

Then I said in a modest tone of voice

"Respect for truth obliges me to confess that how do we know that his grandfather had not been with him in the house and got killed too. Yet I am not very sure on this subject. Neither have I any practical experience in conquering strange mysteries."

But let us consider this case. He cannot be traced anywhere.

What is possible he might be in England, France, or Germany as far as I'm sure.

Even if he got the news there it would take him a long time to come. In this case the mystery will never be solved, from where the house came from. What

1373

1507

1374 is this mystery, and how did the tornado accomplish it? The tornado has actually scooped up the big house from some unknown spot, and carried it for a long distance to finally shatter it against the convent building - killing everybody but that little girl, and dog.

"Yet with all the ants at our command, there surely should be a way in which to solve this mystery. How do you say how? Allow me to state that I don't know. In my judgment we cannot decide how best to act until we find out by having the dead men investigated who were killed. They too had identification papers on them which yet have not been turned in. So let us go to it, and have them examined. By that we may discover who his grand father. By the way!" I suddenly added. "Wasn't there any old man in the wreck?"

1375
"There were four of them" exclaimed one of the injured rescuers. "I turned their papers over to Chester Brown Peelfe Committee"
"I'm afraid that won't help us" said a patient. "Why don't you give it up and forget about it? How can you solve a mystery when you have no means to solve it?"

"It's not actually I who wants it solved" I said. "It's the authorities in So Ball. Suppose we would let it go, what then?"

"No no that won't do at all. We must solve it if possible. The Committee that has the identification papers of the dead men may help us."

"That is excellent advice" said the Engineer approvingly.

What can we do if any one of them is not the man? Inquired the janitor.

"Do not expect a prompt answer to that question," I replied, "for we must first plan our line of conduct."

1376 All Chesterbourn of all that sur-
vived. known of course that we are
trying to solve this for they have
seen our investigation of the wreck
and noticed all we have done up
to this present moment. There-
fore we cannot expect to take
this mystery by surprise. I'm
quite sure the mystery will
be solved. The janitor has already
gone to the Committee to find
out the names of those four
men. But none of you has
yet suggested what to do if
he fails."

"That's a hard question to answer"
the engineer said in a hesit-
ating voice

"Hank is a good solver of mys-
teries" said Muldred, Perhaps he
could solve it"

Hank turned his head to look
reproachfully at the young
girl.

"Who can solve a mystery
like that?" he asked,

"God could" said Dorothy
Moody.

But he aint doing it"

said the Engineer calmly "and 1322
I'm not going to ask him?"

"God didnt stop the tornado" sug-
gested one of the rescuers.

"and the tornado aint going to
come back and help us solve
the mystery" declared one of
the injured workers.

"That may not be a wise say-
ing but it sounds good said
the engineer approvingly "The
house mystery is not a very
common one but it deserves
to be solved. We must not
give up on it till it is solved.

So lets wait till the janitor
returns with the information
and find out what the result
is"

No one objected to this plan
and so it was adopted.

We waited over an hour and
then the janitor returned.

"Well well" said the janitor
when we all sat in silence
for a moment staring
about us. We found out
something unusual but nothing

1278 like good news I assure you.
I know you were waiting for the
news, and probably waiting im-
patiently for me to return.
The news is not welcome, and
cannot be used to our advant-
age but as you must insist I
hope you will bare it as much
as possible. It won't take me
long to transact my business
with you, you will ask me about
one of those four dead men and
my reply will be, his grand-
father, his only relation is among
the 'dead'.

"Sir said the delegate still
with us "are you positive?"

"The Relief Committee has proven
it it now will do us no good
to try to find out the
mystery for now no one can
tell where the great wooden
house came from, and we can't
guess in a thousand years,
neither will we be able
to tell where that little
injured girl came from she
told me she was a runaway
opham, and fled into the

1328 1507
house when she saw the
storm coming. But bear this
in mind, I mean to be sure
that she knows something about
about this mystery. Yet we
have to be careful when we
inter view her, by finding out
if she is in condition to be
questioned."

"That may give us a chance and
then maybe not" I declared.
"And bear this in mind, we
intend to question her in time,
but it could be possible she
was so excited at sight of
the coming tornado that she
might not have noticed the
where abouts of the house when
she ran in thinking she
might be safe."

"Very well but it could
be so. but it would not hurt
to go ahead and question her,
that is if the doctor would
permit" said the janitor.
"I'd really like to see the
outcome. If that don't clear
this mystery mystery we

1380 might as well surrender?"

"Now though I myself had spoken so boldly, I had at that moment no idea whether that little girl could help us conquer the mystery or not. I had this morning consulted my maps of every territory surrounding La Salle and Chesterbourn but could see no place where the house came from. I knew that maps alone could not avail in everything.

The railroad right of way I knew came all the way from Black Island, or also Inoline or even Black Hawk, but that would not solve the mystery of where the house came from.

But something ought to be done right away, and if it could be possible, I decided to interview this little girl.

If she could not give any information then all is lost in trying to solve the mystery. I did not know what it was was other wise. I decided to inter-

view her right this early afternoon if the doctor per-
mitted me to do so. And come to think of it, the child could not be out of sorts and may be able to tell us more than we think. Because the house travels far before it came to Chesterbourn, I'm sure she would not try to deceive us. If she cannot tell us anything the puzzle is still a puzzle so let some of us go on to the hospital and question her herself. Since it she who ran into the house thinking she'd be safe she is the one who might tell us where the house was before the twister struck and carried it away."

They considered my advice good, so I, the father, the two girls Angelina and Dorothy started in the direction of the University. We presently arrived, and entered the domain of the University. We knew it was our duty to attend to this

1382 duty on errand on which we had come and seek the information which the Government at So. Halle wished to know. Nurses and even patients and even doctors greeted us. Many of the patients of the ward we entered, were sleeping and we were little aroused by the stillness and loneliness of the place.

And in a far corner of the big room near an open window in a bed lay the girl, her left arm, padded in bandages and her body thickly wrapped around with them. I was surprised to see they were not stained red. She was slightly raised up and despite her condition reading a children's story book. The doctor had given us permission to interview her.

She appeared to be about thirteen years of age and a very good looking girl.

By her pillow was a Rosary and a prayer book. "Well well said the little

girl when we had stood 1383
in silence for a moment staring about us. This visit is an unexpected pleasure I assure you I knew you were coming and I know why you ^{are} ~~were~~ here. You are welcome and as you have insisted on coming, I hope you will make the afternoon call as long as possible. I badly need company. It won't take long to transact your business with me. You will ask me where the house came from and my reply will be that it stood on a farm but near the river between So. Halle and Chester Brown. But also my reply will be that you may find its foundation — if you can."

"Little girl," I answered "you are really a great help to us." I am ~~were~~ ^{was} near Buffalo rock? "Not exactly," said the girl.

My name is Mary Jane Gertrude. Before the tornado came I had run away from an orphan home.

1384 They were mean to me be-
cause I'm a Catholic. I saw
the house as the storm came and
quickly went in as because of
its size I thought it would re-
sist it.

"I suppose you imagined, be-
cause of the look of the house
that you would have been safe
there?"

"Yes" said the little girl slow-
ly changing her position in the
bed but with a slight groan.

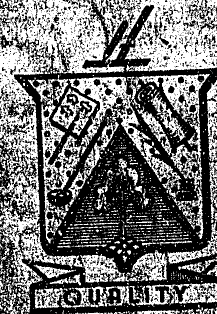
"That is exactly what I imagined.
It will do you no good to ima-

gine what happened to us in
the house until I tell you
and you can't guess in a
thousand years. And I believe
if the house had not been
flying against the convent we
might have been all right."

"Who did the dog belong
to?"

"It was a stray shepherd dog.
It followed me in. But
bear this in mind. I mean
to say it was a fine crazy

PENWORTHY.



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15

side, yet I don't want another like it again. When the tornado hit the house, it first rose upward high, and then a queer thing happened, the floor on which we were standing suddenly began to tip. Instead of being flat and level it became a slant and the slant grew steeper and steeper until none of us in the house could manage to stand upon it.

Presently we all slid down to the wall which was now under us and then it became evident that the whole vast upper story room was slowly turning upside down. At the same time it was rocking back and forth like a ship in a storm. The wind yelled madly around us.

First we all slid down to the wall back of us but as the room continued to turn over, we next slid down

1386

the wall and found ourselves at the bottom of the great ceiling lumping against the big chandeliers which like everything else was now upside down. The turning movement now stopped and the room became stationary. But the house rocked roared upward and swayed like a ship in a hurricane. The yelling of the wind was hard on my ears. Well I declare I thought to myself, we must peg one for the tornado for it has trapped us very cleverly.

And it was rather crowded down there because that top floor was sort of rounding and we had all slid into the middle of it. We kept as quiet as possible though we were all terribly frightened. I believe the slowness of the turning movement was caused by the size and the great weight of the house. We all stayed huddled together listening to the deafening striking shrieking of the

of the wind and the 1387
creaking of the walls and trying to keep from bumping into each other when the house tipped sideways and often plunging upwards or downwards or sideways in a really dreadful manner. The wind screeched and howled so madly that you would not be able to hear a fog horn.

Then the wind suddenly redoubled its fury. With a scream which I cannot describe, it lifted the house high in the air and the next moment the house began to revolve again, but far much swifter than before and we this time swiftly and violently slid to the side wall, slamming each other very roughly and down the wall to the floor tumbling into a heap, and although no one was hurt it was a bad mix up for we were all tumbling head over heels to the floor where we piled in a heap struggling and shouting in

1388 and in the mix up occed
anly hitting one another un-
til every one of us were bru-
ised and sore. One of the men
scrambled out of the heap, but
the house gave a sudden violent
lurch and the chandelier gave way
landing full upon us confused
heap of people injuring some
badly. Some rose up but
another lurch sent them spraw-
ling upon the floor. By accid-
ent I got a kick on my chest.
Two others rolled over one another
a few times and lay still.
They were killed,

By the lurch of the house
two women bumped into
each other with great force.
One woman sailed through the
air, over the other woman's
head and landed on the floor.
She tried to pick herself
up half dazed, but the violent
movement of the house
wouldn't let her,

I did succeed in getting to my
feet amidst the great shock
which of the terrible wind,

but the house shook so 1389
hard that I lost my footing and
sat down suddenly upon the floor.
I could feel it that the house was
whirling and still rising slowly through
the air. It was darker yet and the
wind howled still more horribly
around us though just now I found
we were riding quite easily.

After another terrific whirl
around, and one other time when
the house tipped badly and
threatened this time another but
more sudden upside down move-
ment I got scared and screamed,
but other wise, I felt as if
I were being rocked gently
like a baby in a cradle.
I wondered if ~~we~~ were to be
dashed dashed to pieces when
when the house would be dropped
but so far nothing terrible
had not yet happened.
I crawled under a low bed
on the west side of the
bed and lay down under it,
and the stray dog lay down
under it too but beside
me,
The house all of a sudden

1390

again but tilted so suddenly on its side that some of the men was while standing was caught unawares and toppled head-long onto the floor. But they managed to catch hold of the bedstead and so steadied themselves. At the same time a dozen others tumbled again in a heap, yelling with fear. Others leaned against the walls as hard as they could press, grasp grasping anything they could hold onto.

One fat woman sprawled head long upon the floor then rolled over two or three times and dared not get up.

At the same time a fat man had scaled over the heads of the others, and bumped against the wall. He bumped so hard that his head was driven far into his hat so that it covered one eye and a part of his nose. Perhaps this saved his head from being cracked against the wall but it was hard

on the hat. When he reached 1391 he braced himself up and struggled to pull the battered hat from his head but the lurch of the house threw him down.

The floor again began to suddenly tip, but in a different direction than it had before. It grew steeper most much faster than it had before and no one could prevent themselves from this time very speeding sliding and sprawling to the wall which this time was very suddenly under them. It was evident the whole vast room had much more quickly turned upside down.

They all very swiftly slid down to the wall back of them but as the room more swiftly continued to turn over they found themselves very suddenly at the bottom of the great ceiling bumping roughly against each other or the big chandeliers which again like every thing else was now upside down.

1392

The turning movement this time did not stop, the room did not become stationary but renewed its revolving motion still more swiftly with a violent jerk. They were this time thrown to the side wall and down the wall to the wall to the floor. Then for a moment it rose from its end, as if it was going to be flung end over end, but the house then suddenly was flung to its proper position again and we all lay upon the floor of it, but I and the dog still under the bed, to which I held to as tight as possible.

Yet the continued violent rocking to and fro showed we were going fast through the air.

The building then again tilted violently over on its side to our further terror, but this time there was no turning movement. It stayed that way for some time swinging a little then suddenly

the house springing to its proper position again. All this time I had remained safely under that bed, fortunately none of the others yet ~~not~~ were not hurt a bit but bruised and scratched. All those in the building did not live there at the time. They had been there also scared into the place by the coming cyclone. I believe if I hadn't been under that bed I wouldn't be talking to you now.

We or I heard then a crash loud enough to send a thrill of fear through me, and quicker than thought down on its side toppled the flying house once more.

There was a rebound, then another and another, then a position of that side of the house split open, a part of the ceiling went to pieces and collapsed.

To increase the horror of the sight, by seeming to make death certain the house now seemed unable to right itself again. Some of the wreckage fell on them. We were all mad with fear.

(1395) at the wall which remained
side down, was an opening broken
by the wind. The sudden tilt-

ing of the house caused the dog
to slide to that opening, so that
he fell out. She dared to as she
said. I first thought we had
lost him.

But I soon saw one of his ears
sticking up through the hole
and I believe it was the strong
pressure of the air that was
keeping him up so he could
not fall. I dared to 'creep'
to the hole caught him by
the hair and dragged him
back into the room, and
back under the bed where
this time I held onto him.

About half an hour after
the crash came, where I
was knocked unconscious
and found my self and
the dog here with his
rescuer.

I meant it when I said:-
"I'm heartily sorry to hear
what happened to your right
hand. Your rescuer to me."

"Nothing serious happened 1396
happened to my right hand"
she answered. "The doctor said
it was ^{some one else's} ~~some one~~ ^{hand} and ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~clung~~ ^{clung} ~~onto~~ ^{onto} mine. It
showed it to me. It belonged
to a little boy. The doctor has it yet.
He'll show it to you if you ask
him."

"I don't want to see it. Show me
yours."

She did and it was whole and
entire.

"My left leg was broken and my
front badly gashed" she said. "The
doctor said broken wooden planks did
it not glass. The nurse & gave
me injections so I don't have
much pain. My leg hurts
the worse."

"Were they all refugees seeking
safety in the house?" I asked.
"No. The farmer his farm
family and his grand father
were there I heard in from
here that only I and the dog
were the survivors of that
fearful house. They were
slaughtered by beasts in that
shambles. They say it was a

1397 right the like of which no one has ever seen else where. Have you seen what's left of it no danger?"

"Yes but after every dead person had been removed, I crushed an egg-shell with my fist, it would not look like that."

"Where was it standing?"

"Near the river on a farm I believe three miles ^{East} north of La Salle."

"Do you know who owned it?" I continued.

"No, I saw it there. I thought it could resist the storm. That is why I fled in. The dog followed me."

"What was the name of the orphan-home you ran away from?" I then asked.

"The Gleason. It was in La Salle." she answered. "When I'm well will they take me back there again?"

"I don't think they can. It don't exist."

"It don't? Did the tornado kill them all there?" she cried.

"Seventy five were killed the rest hospitalized." I answered.

1398 Since she said that I remembered the Gleason Home. It was a quarter of a mile south west of La Salle a three quarter block long building four stories high. It had a magnificent play ground, and north of it a three story black long yellow brick school house. The ground floor was a vast room for shows. It had a protestant chapel on the top floor.

Big oak and other trees beautified the surrounding grounds. I had seen it some time before the storm.

The attendants were good but believed in too much discipline and too much strictness.

And very zealous on religious matters. They were mean to Catholic children sent there. They wouldn't let them practice their religion, and persecuted them.

All others got along all right. Catholic children were made to attend protestant services or else - "That's why this little girl ran away."

From what I've read the tornado struck these two buildings like an explosion. Though they

1999 were strongly built brick and stone buildings, the tornado scattered them all over the country side. It was said there were eighteen hundred children there.

Seventy-nine were killed and all the rest injured, many dangerously.

All the trees were gone, the playground equipments children enjoyed themselves on, and the ground of the recreation territory badly plowed and torn up. Hardly nothing was left. I don't after all whether this as the saying goes this little girl had leaped from the frying pan into the fire. Yet what would have happened to her had she still been in the home when the twister took it away? The children were in the school building when this swirling "hell skroud" struck, and they did not have the slightest chance.

"Are you sure you were under a bed on the west side of the house?" I heard one of the rescuers asked.

"Yes she answered, 'It was a big bed, long and wide, and high. It could hold four persons.'"

"I believe you then" he said. 1900
"But the bed is not among the wreck. And what you said about the size of the bed, it couldn't be stolen."

"Your man could not lift it" she said. "To move it it would have to be taken apart. And it looked like it would be a job."
"I know, I strongly felt that the bed was not stolen. Oh yes," on next reflection "it was stolen. But the twister. What next did that crazy twister do besides making a big bed disappear?"

Then I asked the man who had seen the house hit the west convent wall—

"How fast was it flung?"

"I don't know for sure how fast it was flung," he answered.

"A base ball by a most expert base ball pitcher could not have been thrown that fast. The house went to pieces like an exploding bomb-shell. It's really a miracle that Mary, Gertrude and the dog survived. It was upside down when it hit."

1401

"Mary" do you believe all could have survived if it had not hit the convent?" I asked. "yes and no" she answered. "I would be depend on how the house was let down. If too suddenly it could have been dashed to pieces also. If let down gently then after all we could thank the tornado for the ride, though it was a very rough one."

"They say they took forty seven horribly mangled bodies from the wreck," I said.

"No" said one the rescuers, "57 she'd made the fifty eight, not including her twelve were children. They thought themselves safe in there from the storm and took refuge from the storm."

Refuge. Balloony! But I can't understand how such a big house could be carried away like that. That shows the tornado was abnormally strong."

"Have you the names of the family and Father and grand-parent asked Mildred."

"No" I answered, "I had turned them over to the Committee" I he

Committee members said that 1402 they did have other relations the papers would be of no use, as they are mangled beyond any identification."

"But something ought to be done"

said one of the rescuers.

"Well what can they do, it was my desire for a good purpose to place in their care those papers, which one of you found in the house owner's side coat pocket. I told them they must be carefully guarded, to prevent them from being lost, for they are valuable in some way."

Vandals have the cunning of foxes if they get in here and cannot be trusted."

"Very good" said the rescuers, nodding approval. "But who were the owners of the smashed house, whose papers you brought there and why did you place the papers there instead of guarding them yourself?" They did not seem that important to me, since their owner is mangled beyond identification."

"The papers" I returned in answer never as the Committee said are somewhat important. They are

1403 really very important papers which came into our possession, consisting of Birth Certificates, Baptismal records and records of Horses besides. Also they told of the value of the horses, and by good fortune it tells of the extent of the farm they own, and we are able to tell the value of that.

However they had a herd of cows, a large bunch of hogs, and a number of horses. But this storm which was such a terrible one, and by its course, wiped out everything they had, the Committee said on investigating.

Therefore as we have no other means to identify them, I had brought the papers there for safe keeping, their clothes too.

"Mr Darger" spoke up the janitor addressing me with great earnestness "I cannot believe they have any other relations. It is all a mistake."

"It maybe so," I said. But I consider it a clever attempt to try and find them, it is a duty too. However that is none of our business. The fact

remains that the law it - 1404 self wishes us to put those papers into the care of the Committee at Sa Galle so that they'll be safe from vandals. And why should I not do that in this little matter when we all know what the awful result would be if vandals got hold of them.

The Committee is now a powerful concern, and a great organization while the papers are safe in their possession. In my heart I sympathize with your argument, but as a matter of Government policy, we members of the Relief Committee must stand together and get the right things done. Or we are no Relief General Committee."

The good janitor said: "I'm surprised to find you so candid and so well informed, and he still tried to argue, that with the owners being cut up beyond recognition the papers would be of no value now and that it would be wiser for me, to forget the matter."

I only shook my head and

1405

smiled saying:
 "The fact that the papers are in the possession of the Committee, Mr. Johnson is evidence, that they are no longer in mine, and therefore I have nothing further more to do with them. They are in full charge of the Committee."
 "By the way," I added turning to one of the rescuers, "have those papers any connection with any Banks?"
 "Why do you ask?" said the one who found who found the papers.

"Because that might serve someone who they are too" was my reply.
 "The Committee became very powerful you know, but the Banks are more powerful than they, therefore if these people happened to have a bank account I would help a whole lot. Sorry I did not take time to look."

"I assure you Mr. Dyer that I found no bank books in his possession, the rescuer hastened to say truthfully. And the other rescuers being questioned admitted that this was true."

"How about his mangled child - as you mentioned I asked."

"Oh their bodies looked like they almost went through a meat-chop."

"Oh that it mangled that bad 1406 do you say. That certainly sounds like they're beyond identification and it also sounds like the papers are almost worthless, especially for them." I said doubtfully.

"But I assure you the papers were only on the man, and can't concern them" said the rescuer. As for the wife found in such a frightful condition, she can't be recognized at all you must know, as more than three quarters of her face was torn away and her right eye gouged out.

"She had once been a neighbor of mine, before she married him, you must know, but as the dead farmer had lived that distance away on his farm, I have never yet met him."

But I have heard of him and from all reports he was a devoted Catholic a jolly rogue and perfectly charitable. It's a blow to us that such a terrible thing happened to him, his wife, and children. However, in spite of your statements and representations, I believe the

1408. Committee cant do a thing by keeping those papers - even in their safe keeping what can make them work. The dead are beyond identification and to make anything out of them is folly"

"The Committee will do as it pleases about that" I said sternly. "Let's be content that they agreed to keep them safe."

"Would I know that in one way you had been appointed one of the Chief heads of the Committee and know what you've come for" said another rescuer. "You wanted to get the information about the location of the house from Mrs Gertrude but you couldn't imagine the house is a most splintered wreckage unless you've seen it."

"The house I've seen, and I have no intention of going to see that bloody house again" I said firmly. "I'm surprised you men had the devilish bravery to liberate those bloody bodies from that Carnal hell"

The rescue workers stared hard at me I suppose wondering at my audacity. Then one of them turned to look at Mrs Gertrude

Gertrude who despite what had happened to her was trying to sit up in bed, but with a very great effort.

"I suppose you believe being under the bed saved you and the dog by my side here"

"With the help of God you've guessed it the first time" replied

Mary Gertrude.

"How much bravery and fortitude you have" exclaimed the man.

"I was just thinking how fit brave and good you were in quickly saving me and the dog" I heard her answer. Really George we will always be the best of friends, for we are so much alike in everything even disposition and intelligence. As you proposed you can adopt me as your own if you wish. I have no objection"

"Bravo" cried all the rest clapping their hands.

George stared hard at them not knowing whether to accept their brave speech as a compliment or not.

"I have been" said I to them all clapping for silence four times in

1410 on around the territory of the
convent, with a partly party of
my body guard. I nearest I approached,
or dared to approach is or was 150
feet. I've also seen the fragments of
that wooden house as many times.
I had come there thinking to find
some clue to the violent smash-
up, with the convent & west
wall not batting an eye lid, and there-
fore I wanted to be convinced that
the power of that "skrood" was
too mighty for the most strongest
building ever made to oppose
or withstand.

I am told by some eyewitnesses
that the tornado was a wizard to
take away all the upper part of the
convent with all in or in less
than thirty seconds and depend
upon almost magic to aid us to solve
that most tremendous of all
mysteries, but you must know
that more than a dozen tornadoes
put together as one cannot
equal this one in its most
monstrous strength and wild
force, that the tornado was
not an ordinary one, and
went like crazy through the

convent territory, so if we 1411
are to obliged to fight the
mystery about all disappearing, with
all the inmates the chances are
it will be of no avail for the real
chances are or were that this awful
tornado was a hundred times more
more powerful than any ever had
been or ever can be.

For the last eight days a very
desperate diligent search has been
made for all those so myster-
iously missing.

The search is still on madly
but no trace of them is being
found; What in the world did
the tornado do with them?

I think this over carefully my
friends and try to realize that
our whole town was in its
irresistible power, for what it has
done in a minute. I do not
believe any other tornado could
have carried a big wooden house
that size, or fling it with such
force against the wall of a
house like this one did, and
I know that only two persons
only saw it happen. There-
fore as I do not wish to try to

1412 even dare try to go near the
convent territory again I ask you
to say what do you think of
the matter?"

"Forgive me if I do not agree with you
Mr. Danger" said the Engineer. "However
difficult and dangerous my task may
be I cannot give up my quest
until every effort to solve that
hows my story of being carried
has failed and left me
completely discouraged"

"Very well" I said evidently some
what displeased. "But I warn you
without me with you my guards
won't let you go within two
hundred feet of both structures
especially the razed Convent for
if I am overtaken you it would
be your fault not theirs. I've
got a sort of loss of time to day
so I cannot guide you there
to day, or to morrow either,
but I will take you there
to morrow"

"I hear seems a fair and court-
eous way" said the Engineer. "But
you made a mistake about
my state ment. I also don't
want to go near there, and never

1413 who shall again I've seen
enough. It sends shivers up
and down my spine. I'd be afraid
of an angel commanded even me
to do so. It looks like a tumbled
down building of Hadies."

"You're not so much afraid of
the place you know" said the janitor
"neither is any one foolish enough to
venture near its territory having de-
clared your purpose to oppose such
a venture and other purposes. But
we bear the place no ill will,
as what happened is the fault
of damn old Mother Nature."

"To approach the Convent ruin places
any one in dire peril" I said. "The
horror of this situation occurs to me
in full force I had resolve not
to submit to anything without a
struggle and as this "Stemwinder"
had such marvelous strength it
wondered what no other turban had
accomplished, I had seen
among the wreck of the wooden
house some sort of an iron post,
three feet thick, and thirty feet
long and being of solid iron
and so heavy I believe 30
men could not have lifted it.

1414 It was stuck through the wooden wall of what was left of of the west side. The wind must have swung it and dashed it with mighty force through that wooden wall. It seemed to have fastened to it a chain fence five inch round, a hundred feet long. Do you know where it came from Mary Gertrude?

"I don't know, or remember what it was used for but it came from the playground of the Gleason orphanage"

"I see that now" I said "I wonder what it was surely used for. It's sure not harm proof so to speak, and I believe who ever put it there was merely wasting their time what ever they were trying to fix it on"

"You may be right and I hope I am not so impolite to argue with anybody" returned a rescue worker.

But you will pardon me if I am not yet satisfied about the identification papers. However I beg you to believe that I bear no ill will against them. In danger, but it is my duty to say what good are they when their owners are too badly mangled to be

identified. And he has no 1415. band account or had have a band on his person. I'm very tender hearted as a matter of fact and we all like you immensely, but who can convince us that those papers are of any good now and now tell us aren't you getting tired of claiming that?"

"Eh- heh" I said "I believe I now see that it is true But is not his wife still more torn up?"

Why do you? inquired the rescue worker uneasy at the question because he remembered what an awful sight that woman was.

"Because" I said the Committee said He had her identification and those of the children too. The children had been worst mangled, more than all the others of that house has been. It's a miracle that one little girl, and the dog were able to escape alive from that smashed building. And besides their house side was far greater and more dangerous than any I ever heard of. Maybe no one would have survived if it didn't not hit the convent, because it could be so that the bomb could have dashed it to pieces on

1416 the ground, and it might be just
an "lad." "I knew they were much alarmed
at this statement, and at hearing
this for although they knew that some
tourists had let houses down gently
this one might not have and
perhaps gambles alone would not
enable the house to escape from
such a danger. Also its weight
and size could prevent the tornado
from letting it down gently. But
they would I believe not let
me see the fear on that subject
about whether the house could
have been safe or not, so one of
them said in a careless way.

"You're mighty poor on your guess
work on that matter and I'll give
you my gold piece if the house
could have not escaped any danger
of that sort, as it had been very
strong built indeed."

"It went to pieces like a bomb-
shell when it hit the Convent
Wall" I answered. "Call that strong?"
"Your whole ten dollar gold piece
is not worth one of the twenty
dollar bills I got in my pocket
and yet I don't want to take it."

But there is another myth - 1417
very attached to that. Set us have
the idea then of what has become
of that big bed, for if it didn't
really disappear I will admit that
this tornado has accomplished a
feat of which none other has
ever done."

"I don't know," said "Tarts and Tadpoles" cried
one of the patients. That will be
a mystery of things disappear-
ing. Why didn't the world dis-
appear with the tornado while it
was at it?"

"I presume" said I "it would
take a tornado bigger than this
world to take it away with it.
In all the wild crazed rampages
of old Mother Nature none of us
are able to protect our lives,
persons or the strongest property,
and I firmly believe even
Satan and all his legions even
the angels in Heaven put to-
gether, have no power without
God's help either of supernatural
or otherwise to form or with-
stand any of these crazy "Oliver
Twists."

"I cannot agree to this" said

1418 one of the injured patients -
"I am determined, that your statement is irrational, though I'll admit I can't say at that how that could be accomplished. As for the Devil and his angels, I do believe they can form them, but without God's permission. He is a terrible foe to deal with he added with a shudder.

"Don't you believe my statement?" I inquired.

"I don't want that," said the patient, "but who can insist the good, good, angels can't withstand or stop a winter even without help from any one in Heaven. That would be contrary to their nature. They can get angry if the evil spirits do the least thing, which with the help of Mother Nature and can make them stop it, or prevent them. I can't imagine anything else but that a tornado is a freak of Nature alone, an explosion in the air, and that God Himself on the good and bad angels have nothing to do with it. But they don't prevent them either. As for this tornado that hit us it seemed to be chock

full of supernatural fury 1419
that nothing natural could ever overcome for it formed between two unnaturally violent thunderstorms which seemed the most violent thunderstorms this country ever experienced. Woe to this part of Illinois - it had never happened before. Why didn't those thunderstorms and the tornado stay away?"

I and the others listened to this with much surprise for at once the idea came at least to me to decide on the matter or not. Even Mary Gertrude picked up her ears when she heard the two kinds of angels mentioned and she seemed more alert and more thoughtful than usual.

Then the others said "Oh Mary Gertrude! We are glad to see you had escaped and are alive. We'll say a Rosary for you this evening."

Mary Gertrude was astonished at this. "I don't think I would be here if I hadn't been under that bed," she replied.

"No indeed," I myself replied. "But I know all about it, and just in time Heaven came to your help, and I'm right

1420 caused you to seek safety under the bed." Then I turned to the rescue and continued, "The Old Mother Nature should be ashamed of herself to treat this part of Illinois so badly by sending that twister across us."

"Old Mother Nature couldn't do any worse," whined another patient.

"No but it tried to and that's just as bad, if not worse" I answered "And how does it happen, that a tornado which had never been seen in this part of Ill. was able to pass through this part of the State?"

"That's because it's not immune as some had said," replied another. I again looked over the map of the tornado between the two thunderstorms. I gazed fixedly at the map.

I then said with a pitying sigh,

"I see that the twister cloud was close to both of those of the other storms. I indeed I believe the two thunderstorms themselves held the twister on that straight course and nothing else. The river and the tracks were not responsible."

No one made no reply. There was profound silence.

"This is a great discovery" I said.

addressing them all I 1421 believe these two thunderstorms, catching it between them transformed it into the most savage one ever known, and this tornado because of its condition ran wild with uncontrollable fury and did all this we see and killed and injured so many of us.

I heard so much talk about them and know that after a diligent search has been made of this map, and the right of way of the two rivers, the thunderstorms are fully to blame. And I am well assured that in the dangerous strength of the tornado, I have discovered that the two thunderstorms kept it on the lee line?"

"Dear one," said the Engineer "why has not any one, including the men, thought of this?"

"What would be the use?" asked the janitor in a low voice and refusing to look up.

"Yes that's the trouble" I said. "It was one of the most powerful twisters on all record, and all its horror has now been accomplished and mainly the blasted & cursed."

1422

Sacred Heart Convent, even I
with all my skill cannot estimate
its overpowering strength."

"Then" I burning though mildred exclaim-
ed looking at my map "And it interests
me Did you know Mr Dager, that of
all tornados ever known, this one
that wiped out Chesterchire - 3 and all and
our city was the only one formed
between two mean thunderstorms?"

"Yes," I replied coming to her side.
"I know that of the lists of all tornados
listed, but what made this tornado
do that? I do not know. No one I
know has ever seen or heard of such
a thing before. This tornado was be-
tween the storm with the west of
its crazy acting cloud, facing the
east of the Western thunderstorm
and the western edge of the big
cloud facing the east of the
first thunder storm. There is a
mystery of this peculiar attitude
of the twister of which I know
very little - little little."

"I guess no one else knows much
about it either, unless its the angels
themselves," remarked the Engineer.
"But the map shows it and there's
likely to be as much mystery."

my story here is what hap-
ped to the convent and all its inmates
"I" that all the map shows?" asked

Many Gertrude -
"Every bit," said Mildred, and I and
others looked at the map and were
surprised and perplexed.

"Tell me Mr Dager said Angelina, "How
could the tornado do this?"

"I cannot tell that," I confessed.
"Until now I never heard of such a
thing, nor have I ever heard of a
tornado mentioned of doing anything
like that before. In all other parts
of this country there have been
twisters unknown to me. However
if you so desire, I can learn by
studying this map something that
caused the tornado to do this."

"I wish you would" answered Dor-
othy reasonably. "You see Mr Dager
that these two thunderstorms with
the tornado forming between
them are a strange mystery, and
we cannot allow that mystery to
go unsolved if we can possibly
help it."

"Very well Dorothy!" I said. "I will
try to get some information, it will
guide you all - Please excuse me."

1424 for a time while I retire to my room to look over some other maps." May I go with you? Dorothy eagerly asked me. No. Angelina was my reply. It would spoil my study of them to have any one present."

So I took myself in my own room in the university, and I know all the others waited patiently for me to come out there again. I was in my room for half an hour then I appeared, and by the reflection of myself in a large looking glass near by I knew I was looking grave and thoughtful. "My friends," I said, "the two thunderstorms, with the tornado between them, traveled beyond Logan Port, Indiana. For that reason, because it formed between them, I can learn little about them, except after hitting Chemoa, it still kept on a straight course."

"Why I didn't know Logan Port could be in its course," exclaimed the Engineer. "The map does not show that it was in its path."

"That is because the tornado, it turned off its course in Indiana," I explained. "It didn't zigzag just turned off in a very long

curve. It went on ^{its} then course 1425 there, and it did to the houses there, how you would up weak card-boxes. And in Logan Port it killed hundreds.

"How could it have traveled that far?" inquired Mildred.

"The map does not tell me that," I confessed. "On the freakiness of the tornado's action prevented any one outside of its course knowing what it was doing."

"The tornado experts must know if they're going to do anything about it," suggested the janitor.

"Perhaps so," I replied, "but I can get little information concerning them either. Tornadoes are a mystery to the most learned experts. I have learned that of tornadoes known not one until this formed between two thunderstorms." "What caused it to form between them, and why did it get so much force?" was her next question.

"I cannot tell anyone that," I said.

"But see here," cried Dorothy. "It would seem contrary to the

1728
426

law of Nature for a tornado
to do this strange action, so
if the twister stayed so long
between the thunder storms &
was breaking the law of Nat-
ure."

I smiled upon her.
"Tornadoes or other storms do not
know the laws of old Mother
Nature, and cannot be expected
to obey them. If we know
nothing of the freakish nature
of tornadoes it is likely the
most experts know nothing
either."

"But some one ought to know
Mr. Dager, and we ought to know.
Who is going to tell the Tornado
experts, or notify them, and
how are we going to make the
strange freak of this one being
known?"

"That I returned," is what I
am now considering. Had we
not learned of the strange sit-
uation of this twister through my
maps we would never have
wondered about it or its wild
fury. If we had never paid
attention to what it did be-

1827, 1947
1507
tween those thunderstorms we
may never have heard of it again.
But yet that ~~we~~ wouldnt be
right, I am no more an expert
than they are, but I've studied
on lots of them, what they did,
how many they killed or injured
in each place, the financial loss
which includes Kansas, Missouri,
Ill., Indiana, Texas, and
the main Central States, as well
as Kentucky and Tennessee, and being
the Chief weather investigator of this
one it is my duty to make all
reports what ever they be known
to the proper authorities, to settle the
mysteries, and keep them from
being unsolved.

So while the experts and others
may not know one or that I am
investigating this "unlawful shroud"
or "Oliver Twist" I know it was
formed between two thunderstorms
and is the most unusual freak of
all, so I would not be doing
my duty if I kept away
from this mystery and allowed
it to go unsolved."

"That's a fact Mr. Dager" commented
Mildred. "We've got to go to solving

1428 the tornado break and make
out the cause of it forming between
the two thunder storms and make up
the situation also. But how are we
going to do it?

"That is what is puzzling me" I said.
"It may also be dangerous for you to
go into those mysterious conditions, where
mysteries like that after may after
all not be solved"

"I'm not afraid to try anything"
I said with a smile.

"It's not a question of being afraid"
argued Mary Gertrude. "Of course we know
you a Chief Official of the Relief Committee
and can't be frustrated, or confused
and we know you've a lot of wisdom
to help you. But Mr. Danger in
spite of all they tell me you've been
in trouble before, during investigations
and it is not right for you to
put yourself in danger."

"Perhaps I shall be in no danger at
all" I returned with a little laughter.

"You mustn't imagine danger. Many
for one should imagine nice things
and we do not know that
such a tornado may occur again.
Perhaps this will be the last
one for many years."

"I was right there never been one

one yet heard of since that 1829
time and this is 1968. If it
does happen then when?"

"Mary is right Mr. Danger"
asserted the janitor. "It's true we
know nothing of these crazy tornado
breaks except what they do to town
farms and cities and have enough
power to put the wildest hurricane
to shame. Such storms as the
scientific saying goes do not like
to submit to the interference of Old
Mother Nature and they are more
likely to grow wilder as is
their due."

"If you had an army of Hurricanes
with you" added Dorothy "a tornado
is strong enough to tear its way
through them all, but there isn't
such a thing as that happening
as a hurricane and tornado never
meets to gather."

"God could make them do it" said
Angeline.

"Yes, but I'm dreadful afraid
He might do it some day and never
let us know or know when.
And one hurricane or even if it
lasted 48 hours at its worst
couldn't do as much as a tornado

1430 a first, as quick as a wallop from
"What then my friends would you
suggest?" inquired.
I advise you to rent some of the
scientific tornado experts to investigate
this and let them inform us, that
is against the Law of Nature for a
tornado to form between two great
storms, and that you command them
to find in what locality
the tornado came down to earth
and became so wild." proposed
the Delegate member. "Let them
find out and tell us what they
learned."

I shook my head to indicate his
advice was not to my satisfaction.
"If they refuse what then?" I asked.
"I should be obliged to carry out my
own ideas and designs and that would
be an unpleasant and difficult thing
to do. And I am sure it would be
better for me to do it my way
without using magic incantations and
plead with them to aid me. Then
if they prove obstinate I could
resort to other means to win
their help. I know all about
tornadoes having studied a whole
lot about them. Between those two

thunderstorms 'Mrs Shroud' was 1431
such fast all night and
made to go the way they went I hear.
no powerful storm made that can out-
wit this one. I'm the great invec-
tigator as any person can tell you but
even I have no power without scientific
help to solve why the dreadful
'Shroud' formed between the two
great storms.

"It's a tickless thing anyway how you
look at it" sighed Mildred. "I'm sorry
now that we noticed that on the
maps."

"But can't you realize my dear
that I must do my duty now
that I am aware of this mystery?"

I asked. "I'm fully determined
to solve this mystery at once if it
is possible. The only question to
decide whether it is better to go
where the twister first touched
the ground west of So Ball, and
have some body to accompany me."

"If you go I want to go too"
declared the janitor. "What ever
happens is going to be fun-
and excitement - and I wouldn't
miss it for all the world."
Neither Mildred or Dorothy paid
any attention to this statement.

1492 nor I, for we were gravely
considering the serious aspect of
this proposed venture, short as it
might be.
There are plenty of friends who would
like to go with me, I said, but none
of them could afford me any protection
in case I were in danger. I said, I am
I believe I'm a great investigator of
this most powerful tornado that ever
happened, although both I and Jaritor
have more varied arts of investigation
at our command. However I have one
art that no other in all the world
can equal the art of following
investigation through to the end,

For that reason I believe I can
accomplish more good on this work
with only three persons with me
than with a large number of
persons in my train.

"I believe that also agreed the Eng-
ineers. You should be able to take
care of yourself you know, but
not might not be able to
protect others so well. I do not
look for difficulties however.

I shall first speak to the farmer
who saw the twister come down,
and he may give me necessary
information in a just manner."

1493
Arent you going to take me 1493
and Dorothy? pleaded Angelina. You'll
need some companions. No Danger"
I smiled upon them why you two should
not see no reason why you two should
not accompany me and the Jaritor was
my reply. "You two girls got good
wisdom and you may help us suc-
ceed. But in order to find out where
it fell we must go and see that
farmer at once. He still in his
home with relations and family.
We will see him early to-
morrow morning."

Yet I was not quite not satisfied
with this plan, but could not think
of any better way to meet the
problem. I knew that with all
my knowledge and caution, and
strong disposition was accustomed
to abide by any decision I made,
and not be way under any con-
ditions be turned from my pur-
pose. Moreover I could see no
danger to my self because of
the wreck strewn country side,
though the debris would seem
like being woven tightly to-
gether. But Dorothy & Angelina
Dickie were not strong as men like
me, they were little girls who

1935 themselves have been taken
alive and injured from tornado
wrecks. They may encounter
dangers that to me would be
as nothing, but to them would be
serious. The very fact that these two
little girls, had been on the path
of the twister but yet something
like a miracle prevented them from
being killed, or even injured could
not be explained. But Dorothy's
rescue was peculiar, being freed from
between two track rails torn up and
held her fast. The wind flung
her between them, but yet without
injury. Some how she had been properly
protected by some unseen power.
These facts I was considering.

We went the very next morn-
ing to the farmer's dwelling and
inquired for him.

"Are you still here John?" I asked
I thought you moved away."

"Yes I'm still here" he said, rub-
bing his hands slowly together.
"I'm not running away from
any tornado. As soon as my farm
is restored I'm moving back
on the head of the whole
farm."

"I suppose you don't remember 1936?"
me any more?" I asked.
"Yes you're in danger. We were once
by the debris of Sacred Heart con-
vent. I still know who you are.
You have a friend with you and
two little girls. Come in and meet my
wife and children."

After the greeting he said I know
what you are here for and that it
is claimed the tornado took form be-
tween two storms. I'm afraid I know
nothing of the thunderstorms and
I know nothing of the twister
being caught between."

"Why maps show that it did happen
called Dorothy. It was between two
thunderstorms any how whether you
know it or not."

"Oh indeed" answered the farmer
doubtfully. "I suppose you will claim
next that this freak storm
situation ruled out all storms."

"Of course" returned Dorothy
"There's no doubt of it."

The farmer turned to Angeline.
"Do you too dare make such a
claim?"

By this I had made up my
mind as to the character of this
"this doubting Thomas" where

1436

disbelief led him to the idea that Dorothy was exaggerating. "We did not come here to argue with you on that matter" I said quietly.

"What and which the storms were is well established by the news, not us, and therefore my reports comes from the newspaper maps into which possession of mine they are.

There are quite a few big cities like Chicago, New York, Cleveland, and others, and many different newspaper companies in this broad land each of which through their reporters printed and mapped the same. But all these render the news, and maps to what their reporters acknowledge they seen and heard, and acknowledge the tornado was between the two thunderstorms and was forced to follow them"

"If all news papers and other concerns declare that then that does not after all surprise me in least" replied the farmer this time not so doubtfully this time. I know there two storms were extraordinarily supreme. Are you sure that's all in the papers?"

Yes "

"Crazy tornado, never heard 1438 of such a thing before. Yet I do not fear them."

"This one was a supreme honor"

"Yes I know. No tornado ever was greater than this"

"Set us not speak of any more of this now please" I answered. I came for to ask you a favor."

"I know what it is. I'll do it as you had helped me when in dire trouble because of the twister"

"I do not like any more trips"

I said. "In Chester Brown and the others where thousands of lives were wiped out, and in So. Ball where nearly five hundred were killed, there is no estimation of the property loss at all, can't be, because the tornado wiped out everything beyond recovery and therefore there can be no figuring. So when

I learned this there is possibility of you seeing the funnel come down to the ground. I came here to inquire and adjust the whole situation"

"You are welcome to come" declared the farmer. "It may be business to give this information"

1438 and therefore I will, you say
the storm pushed the tornado
onward between them? At first as
such a thing never happened before
I thought it was all nonsense for
I've never heard of that before nor
did I see it, yet I believe it all now.

What I do believe is that something
was wrong up in the sky to do this.

But understand this "he added
rising from his chair to confront
us" I never even heard of it,
or saw any tornado do what this
one did. It was supreme in force
and I fear a hundred tornadoes
put into one could do what this
one did. You say you wish to
know where it came down. It saw
it come down but a great distance
southwest of So. Ball. The Gleason
Orphanage was first hit I heard.
Every one trembles at that news."

Dorothy was very horrified at
this statement. When she was thought-
ful for a moment then she said:

"I shall trust you Mr. Johnson
for we believe that the tornado
came down southwest of So. Ball.

"If you know the dreadful conse-
quences the tornado inflicted upon the
orphan home, you would not

wonder we were fearful of the 1439
results none of us are actually
fraudulent people, we do not care to be
so cowardly enough to run away from
trouble, even from any kind of storm.

But most of us are so cowed and
fearful of tornadoes that if we have
them we'd run for the cyclone cellar."

And Angelina trembled as she said
this as if afraid even yet of the com-
ing of another tornado like the one we
already had."

"How far southwest of So. Ball. did
the tornado come down?" asked Angelina.

"I didn't estimate the distance as
it got too dark" said the farmer.

"That's pretty bad" said Dorothy
shaking her head, gravely, "I realize
we have a lot to do here but
danger in this tornado region of
Illinois. First place we've got to
learn where the tornado struck its
nose on the ground and see the
remains of the Gleason Orphanage
too. My idea is that the

some supervisors were not fit
to be over any children because they
were cruel and hateful. That might
have been God's way of punish-
ing them. But why the children?

1440

My life to enter

So we'll have to know all this and teach all people, that they must look out for tornadoes, and must avoid them by having Cyclone Cellars, and above all watch the clouds when they look strange and unusually black. Then when they've done that we can believe they'll be safe. Here in So. Dakota and our other three states there were no 'Cyclone Cellars'.

"I smiled at my little friends earnest council but the farmer said in an anxious tone:

"I'm surprised that you suggest these plans while all this ruin caused by the twister makes you almost prisoners in Chester Brown and in the after effects of the tornadoes power. That those things should be done, there is no doubt, but just now a dreadful result is the cause of the tornado and frightful things have happened to nearly everybody. Many other people have so much concern that they think they can overcome any mystery a tornado causes, but it is said all tornadoes are very powerful, although far from being as great as that produced by the twister that

My life to enter,

1441

hit here". "I can't understand how it could do all this" remarked Dorothy "and especially the strong Sacred Heart Building, for that building was said to have been built so strong that it could resist all tornadoes."

"Do you know the reason?" asked the farmer. "I don't suppose there's any reason" left the tornado was stronger than thought to be," replied Angelina.

"Tell us the reason," said Dorothy earnestly.

"Well my friends a long time ago when I was seven years, the Bishop from both New York and Chicago came here and the request of the Catholic Authorities of Chester Brown to start the building of the Convent. They could because of the unusually large contribution they had taken up from all Catholics throughout this country.

They visited our then magnificent city and studied the location for the Sacred Building and every thing was pleasant on the very plan.

The building was completed in seven

1442

years and eight months. I was fourteen years and eight months old then. I'm now fifty six. Children from every city in the country were sent there. Though there were sixty ed nuns as teachers there, two priests were heads an main and assistant administrators.

There were three dozen employees, added by boiler room, fireman and Engineer. Then there was the Sacristan.

Twenty five children had their home there, room and board. At that time the institution also was supervised by three head Sisters. Sister Mary St Clare being the Mother Superior.

I heard they thought the children many interesting things, art too. how to make merchandise, or merchandise rather and those who wished to be tailors or seamstresses and many other things that added to their happiness and content.

The children had their room and board there and their rooms a million we could envy. I never saw so large and beautiful a Chapel. No Church had one like that. By the time of the storm the building was I believe 70 years and eight months old. Between the walls to make

the building strong, thick iron plates of steel were placed between also the wooden slaths and the like. The roof was made of double layer of sheet iron, fastened to the wooden layer and strong iron beams.

At the early stage of the building Sister Mary Rose was Superior, then came Sister Darnear, Sister Camella Dorothy, and then Sister Mary St Clare.

Sister Clare was the Mother Superior then as now, before the storm, but she knew no full knowledge of caring for so many and on demand got two others as head sisters to handle the extra numbers.

All the children were treated kindly by the Sisters and all the employees. They even had built the wonderful Dome of thick colored pectured glass as addition to the roof and an vast dining room floor of colored marble, and fancy designed long table cloths for the long tables and many other things.

The Mother Superior was very grateful for these favors, but as I heard it seems for two days and on the day of the storm she was suspicious that some

disaster of some kind was going
1844 to happen and tried to discover
what it would be. In this she
was more clever than any one suspected.

She was apprehensive of that all night
unusually record breaking thunderstorm
that continued until four in the after-
noon of that August 15.

"In honor of the Feast of the Assumption
she prepared a big banquet for the
children and every body else in the
convent and while they were preparing
for the feast, the tornado was tearing
through the city and as strong as the
building was transformed it into the
junk pile you have already seen.

I doubt that any trace of all
the rest of the structure and all its
statues will ever be found. Some
tornado to do that indeed. Adding to
the horror was that wooden house
hitting it. And I've got to tell you, my
Cousin George Johnson owned that big
house. He was killed with every-
body else except a little girl and a
stray dog. I heard all about it.

My wife, family and father and
others witnessed this horrible
scene. Mr. Johnson continued
and so did many other others.

The news was carried to So. Falls 1746
who at first would not believe it.
dispute then. Sacred convent also was
destroyed and a street car tossed upon
its roof. The news paper concern
sent reporters to investigate and found
it true. As So. Falls did not have
all its communications destroyed the
whole world soon knew of the awful
disaster.

No one could believe a tornado could
be so powerful, or to be heard as
far South as Lincoln and Alton Ill.
The news was carried even as far
as San Francisco and all big
cities, even New Orleans, who
then transferred the news to Eastern cities.
Lester Chase and a little girl
were the only survivors from the
convent and they are still living
in the university turned hospital.

The result of the tornado
treasury was to make the United States
ill and the United States mis-
erable and unhappy. Not only was
this a tornado a cruel one but all
times it came a thing of the past
like the newspaper house of it.
strange lies line cover so it
will know every where. That
why now every body fears tornado
so greatly.

His story filled our hearts
with sorrow and my heart with
regret.
I now understand the magnitude
of the tornado through the
destruction of the Glen.

1847

"yes" Mr Johnson answered, now that
- you know the story it is easy to
understand. The tornado I heard
dropped down two blocks miles
south west of La Salle, and after
tearing a eight block wide
path through left La Salle
behind and exploded itself at
the orphan home, and by wiping
it out deprived this state of one
of the best orphanages.
Then it headed for the next
town, but missed it, and wiped out
all railroad property on a siding.
Also La Salle from there it had
another reason for wanting to
head for Ottowa Downs west of
my farm. I don't know why but it missed
there and wiping out
my farm, smashed into this
place of Chesterdown, also wiping
this out. Of course this destruc-
tion of Chesterdown and the others
were more complete than any
any tornado ever did anywhere
before. This of course frightened
the nation, for her safety lies
in watching out for this sort
of thing in the future and I think

my life History. 1448
our cities alive and free from
them if possible"
"I suppose we need to fight these
tornadoes with all our might" observed
Angelina.

"And with all ^{our} ~~her~~ power" added
Dorothy thoughtfully.
"I do not see how any one can
fight a tornado" said the farmer.
"I don't believe even St Michael
can prevent one from hitting."
"No one can do that."

"Why not?"
"I dare not tell you why because
he might accept my challenge
on that theory, and no one can see
the reason why all those in
the convent was taken by surprise,
for something caused Sister Clara
to suspect a disaster of some sort
and had been preparing for it."

144? for it in many astonishing ways. I wish the convent had not been situated in such an exposed territory for then it might have been insured by the dreadful tumbler, but I did not wish to see these three beautiful parks destroyed, for in them lay our only hope of recovery."

"The finance of big cities could take care of Chester - I know what ever happens."

Dorothy assured him. But the farmer not knowing any the extent of any city's financial power which was in fact not so great as Dorothy imagined could not take much comfort in this promise. It was evident

there would be exciting times on the morrow if we discover the territory on which the tornado came down. Would we?"

"What do you think of all this Mr. Danger Dorothy anxiously inquired."

"I'm glad we came" was my reply for although in our quest nature may give us mischief to morrow, it is necessary for the authorities in So. S. alle. I should know where the tornado came down, where it started on its rampage of horror.

Our task therefore is to observe this place of the phenomenon and secure for them the results. I have no doubts I can

1450 accomplish this in good
time."

"Just now though every-
thing is in a bad fix,"
assented Angeline Richer. "If
the storm hadn't been so awfully
strong nothing now would
look like this."

"Do not worry, dear," said

"I do not think we are in
danger from our quest what
ever happens and the result
of our short adventure is
sure to be good."

"If we're facing so much
debris I'm afraid we can't get
through, or maybe they can't
hinder us, and we can fight
our way through," assented

both girls at once.

"They could trap us, how-
ever," said gravely.

my life History 1451

We have ways to get
through this also even if
the country side is still
debris strewn from all the

houses," I exclaimed. "I cannot
tell you all my secrets,
but I'm full of surprises."

Also in spite of what the
tornado did is very most
astounding."

"Did it scatter all this from
the houses of Chester Brown
and so far?"

"It did this from terrible
force beyond our knowledge
as the storm did what no
other tornado would do."

We looked over all the
country side to see what the
tornado had done west of
La Salle. Many of the

1457 the wreckage strewn fields, fields and roads were at places nearly impassable and I wondered what to do next although my vision to day was to an extent blurred by dirty conditions because it was a windy day and the necessity of looking for an open road we had observed that the wreckage came from the houses nearest to the Country side from So Salle. From where the twister came from as it tore its way out of the East part of So Salle where could have been observed the main points of the drama enacted through the North-east. Many declared they

seen the sudden transformation of Northern So Salle into scattered mounds of debris and much of it carried and flung over the whole country side thickly for miles. No one had ~~made~~ made any efforts to clear it away.

"Goodness gracious" exclaimed Angelina Riche. "I hate all this debris; and yet I'm glad to have seen it all in time."

"This is a dreadful misfortune" cried Dorothy pressing her hands upon her heart.

"Yes" I agreed nodding my head thoughtfully. "So Salle misfortune has proved a terrible blow to all of Illinois."

1453. "What do you mean
by that?" asked both
little girls together in sur-
prise. "Seems to be so hall
is in luck compared to what
happened in Chester brown. They
lost not so much property
as Chester brown."

"If that were all you would
be right." responded.

"If all this wreckage were
not on the roads it would
not be so serious. But
there we all are at the mercy
of the debris, and fast
prisoners in Chestertown."

"Can't we get through it?"
inquired Dorothy.

"No," said the farmer.
"Only I know how to do
that and its a long way
round from here."

"We can try," inserted 1854.
Dorothy. "If we can make
the long way around, we
can make our way there.
That road is still uncovered
I suppose."

"Yes but the road is two
miles from here and its
a private road and the
officials of the State would
not allow any one but
state officials on it."

Dorothy's face grew grave
but she was thinking.

"Mr. Danger knows how
to overcome that," she said.
He is the head of the
relief relief Committee."

"But not that kind of
official?" replied.

"Can't you get permission,
by looking for the State
house?"

1455 I'm afraid not dear my dear.
That type of hare is not
in So. Hall.
"Well said Dorothy turning
to the farmer "you say there
are other ways around. We
can go there and so reach
the territory. And then we can
report our find."

"There are no other ways
around" declared the farmer.

"Don't there any field or
lawn in this region that
we could cross?"

"No and if there were
we would lose our way through
the fields of wheat and
grain and we'd have a
hard time getting out."

"The wheat and grain
fields" I said really could
not stop us, but it's very

uncomfortable to plough 1456
through them. You little girls
are not as tall as us,
and would have a worst
time.

"No I'd rather not go through
such fields" asserted Dorothy.
But there are open crops
fields and that would not
prevent us you know."

"We'd be caught by the
farmer on his hired
hands" said the farmer.

"Dear me" exclaimed Dorothy
"that dreadful to-
morrow upsets all my plans
to get to the spot it
came down. I guess I'll
give it up Mr. Danger
and let you find a
way."

I smiled but my smile

1455 1456 was not so cheerful
as usual I was confronted
or found my self confronted
with a serious problem,
and although I had no thought
of despairing I realized that
the fields and roads for three
miles or more were covered
with all kinds of house debris
blown all the way from Se.
Salle as well as fields
of all sorts which were for
us a great trouble and
that unless we could find
a means to get through
we would not only fail
in our quest but would
be lost to the State of
Ill. for years."

"In such a dilemma" I
said musingly nothing is
gained by ~~being~~ careful

thought - may aid us 1457
and so may the course of
events. The unexpected
is always likely to happen
and cheerful patience is
better than reckless action."

All right returned Dorothy
"We'll take our time as there's
no hurry. How about some
breakfast Mr Johnson?"

Our host led us in to the
house where he ordered his
wife to prepare and serve
breakfast. All those in the
house were still frightened
and anxious over what
had happened in Se. Salle
and Chester Brown, and the
two others I mentioned of
course are hated and feared,
and yet they had depended
on God to keep them away

1455

1458 and he was the only one who could stay with them but apparently did not before breakfast was

over recall of the leading persons came from the barn hospital to ask my advice and to question Mr. Johnson of whom they knew nothing except that he was a farmer and owned large acres of land including three of the houses not in the storm path.

(If I told our Chief Relief)

"If what you told our Chief Committee Mr. Dargers was the truth they said to him, you are our lawful overseer and we may also depend on you to get us out

1459.

of our difficulties by finishing out with Mr. Dargers where that (removed) tornado came down?"

"I will try to do that" the farmer said graciously assured them, "but you must remember that this powerful tornado accomplished what others had never done before, to take wreckage far from a town and scatter it all over the countryside."

Many have appealed to me on this question.

On the contrary such accomplishment does not seem possible right now as all the wreckage will block us. Such debris as the tornado strew and scattered, is over miles of

1455

1460 of territory and
even with craft would
not consider to remove.
However it is sometimes
necessary to consider end to

to accomplish good, and perhaps
by studying some way out of
the difficulty I may be able
to solve the problem."

After they went away he said
to me "I do not see how they
knew the use of me on this
difficult expedition. Moreover
from all reports from So. Balli
all these fields and roads
seem impassable, no one is
willing to work to clear
it up. Not even the farmers
such as would be helpful
to us while we are not in
numbers enough to do it
ourselves. This wreckage is bad too.

1461
"as you the leader
of the Relief Committee may
be you could draft the
workers Mr. Dargers"
But perhaps you could
get them to do the work

suggested Donahery

"Yes if I see I can spare any
workers from Chester Brown"
admitted. Yet there are overburdened
amount of work here quite un-
known to branch Committee
who are too busy and I'm afraid
I cannot spare any body. I added

"It is unfortunate for us
that "King Tornado" did all this
but no one but he could
do such a wreckage strewn
fresh far from So. Balli
to bear our passage"

"Couldnt we take that long
distance around and get there
that way asked the girls

1455 1462 "no even were we
to go that way it would
be littered for. But will
we find a way from Chester-
town we could not then
go around, and were we to
do so we would have no use
of the roundabout way"
"That's a fact," admitted Angeline
Ritchie. "But say - Mr. Dargen
here's a good idea. Couldn't
we follow the road alongside
the tracks to Sa Ball,
and couldn't we get conveyance
from there to the laundry where
the twister came down, and
then couldn't farmer living
near there point out the
exact spot?"
"You are not at all very practi-
cal Dorthy dear. It would be
as hard for us to travel that
road as to travel across the

the debris strewn fields" 146?
"But if we could it would
be more help to us" per-
sisted the little girl.
"That is true" answered amil-
ing at my friends eagerness.
"You find a way to travel that
road without walking it with
also all its stream debris and
I'll promise when you can we'll
go by that route."
"I know you think I can't
do it" replied Dorthy. "But
I'm going to try."
"I'm afraid" said the farmer
regretfully that we can't
travel that way either unless
we can discover a way to cross
the river towards Sa Ball.
"That is probably because
the bridge is gone" I replied.
I may may discover what method
to use to cross the river but

1455

1454 that will require
time. Let us go back
to our companions.
"It seems a shame after
we thought of that road to
find there no bridge."

"grumbled Dorothy" "Did the
storm wreck it too?"

"Here never was one there."

I exclaimed. "Therefore we
shall have to abandon this
attempt. I think the easiest
way to cross the river at
this bend would be to secure
a boat with oars to get
to the other side, to then
get to Sam Hall and then
to the country southwest
of there and see in what
manner the tornado came
down and made the
entire district get to go

1465

forward so savagely.
It naturally occurred to me
that the safest way to
get across would be by
having a loaned row
boat handled by expert

rowers to take us to the opposite
shore. But there must be
other ways to get across if we
can't hire one and such ways
we must find by study
and the proper use of a
hand made raft."

"It won't be easy" said the
farmer. "for we must not forget
that - that I too understand
that the river has a strong
current will doubtless carry
the raft down stream no
matter how we work the
paddles or push poles.
Had some others have doubtless
tried that or find other means

1455

1466 to cross it and failed"

"That is true" I returned
"but a boat is a boat
and a raft is a raft. you
are a experienced farmer

and I am a Committee official.

In this way the two of us
have a great variety of know-
ledge to work with and

if we should both fail it
it will be because the river
has even a stronger current
than we think or which

none of us is acquainted with.

My idea is to seek by
such knowledge as we
possess to accomplish our
object another way. It is
a quickly made improvised
bridge I said a cross with
some of the wreckage tim-
ber"

1465

"Are you sure you
could find timber among
this wreckage to cross so wide
a river?" asked the farmer.

"I thought I saw some of
the timber that would make it
long enough I hastily nailed
together" I said "but I don't please
my skill beside that of any
experienced Carpenter"

"I suppose you are aware it is
unlawful to make that sort of
bridge without the states per-
mission"

"No I am not aware of that"
was my reply "We have heard
of it, but the law has not
reached us yet. If possible
that bridge goes across law or
no law in this emergency. Do
you think because of this crazy
state law we want to be im-
prisoned in Chesterhouse for months

1455

1466 long? Every roof
surround is imprisoned in the
God forsaken city of total devast-
ation for the whole city ex-
cept there 31 houses was wiped
out by the tornado when the

two thunderstorm transferred into
a most wild churning ball
of blinding fury. I am seeking
some way to cross the river
and no state law is going to
stop us if we can find among
the wreckage sufficient timber
to put in pontoon fashion a
bridge. Who can help us do
that?

The little girls exchanged glances
and the farmer replied:

"I know not who can assist
us as well. And besides the
tornado did such a thorough out
job at it. I don't think we'll
get the right length of timber

timber. The river is
nearly a mile wide here, 1467
It seems continued musingly
that the tornado seemed most
that this harbor from the center
of which passed through here
of the northern edge was some
beyond the north of the river it
would have been more than
a mile wide, as this river
is nearly as that. While the
tornado was as devastating that
railroad siding near us it
had its center on furthest part
not the whirling outer edge which
as it appeared less stronger
but dangerous on the extreme
just the same. While the
siding was receiving hell
the tornado cruelly swept on
with its center part and
after transforming everything
into disintegration cast everything
to the four winds gone with

1455 1465 with the wind - I
could find where the
(cannon) spot where it
dropped to the ground and
exploding into fury and
mark the spot off by fencing
it in all people will or
might know what spot the
tornado had its starting
place. That is why I am
about to go to the trouble
of bridging this stream law
or no law and to examine
this territory. So if we
can get the right sort of
planking from the wenchag
we will try to find wa-
kens

The little girls exchanged
smiles now and the jamitor
said to me:

"It should not be necessary

to spend all that 1469
time making the bridge.
We are able to make some
sort of a raft or flat
boat quicker something
which the river current couldn't
have no effect on"

"Indeed I cried" then you are
sure this could be accomp-
lished?"

"I am positive" admitted
the jamitor.

"Then" I said my task is
half accomplished. But
who could it? I did have
some misgiving about the
pontoon because the river
current could hinder us.
But who gave you the
idea of making the raft
or boat?"

"We have promised not to

1470
toll tell "I answered
the jamitor answered "But
the situation is largely
responsible for the plan, our
informers in leave and clever
and we owe him our great
gratitude."
"We are quite certain" said
the engineer that if we could
get across the river by a
boat strong enough to defy
the rivers current we could
discover the tornado secrets
for in all its hoard
work after it became evident
the twister had come down
somewhere southwest of
So Ball.

When it may have added
to its fury but they were
the foundation of all its
work."

1471
"What means do
you suggest for our means
of making our boat?"
inquired.

The others hesitated to reply
for they had not yet con-
sidered what could be done
to secured the right sort of
material from the debris. While
they were in deep thought
and the farmer were
quietly awaiting their suggest-
ions Angelina cried:
"Dorothy has thought of a way
to get a boat without making
one to cross the river."

The farmer, jamitor and
engineer laughed merrily
at her enthusiastic speech
which struck us as really
funny. If the others
were unable as yet to

1472 solve the important
problem of crossing the
river in a boat there
was little chance for any
little girl to succeed. But

finally smiling indulgently
at the earnest faces turned
toward me, patted the children's
heads and said:

"Both little girls are very
clever. Tell us what you
have thought of my dears."

"Well," said Dorothy, "one of
the men over there says that
if you could get some farmer
to loan us a big strong
flat boat, we could cross
over, and we could go
and come whenever we
liked."

I smiled again but the
farmer said to the girls:

"How can we? There 1475
is no decent farm in this
location anywhere, farm houses
or farmers. The townsfolk saw
to that."

"Dear me, that's so," admitted
Angelina, "we've never
thought of that, did we Dorothy?"
"Couldn't you transform side
house wrecks into a raft?" asked
the farmer. "You could believe
and they'd be big and
steady."

"No, indeed," replied the
engineer. "It's risky to trans-
form any side of a wrecked
house, and how could we
lift one, without their fall-
ing apart, and the timbers
are liable to split."

"All right," said Angelina,
"we can't do it and I don't care."

1475 1477 "It's too bad" sighed
Dorothy "for I thought
we'd struck a splendid
idea"

"So you did" I declared
"There is something in Angeline
and your idea that may be
of real value to us."

"I think so too" agreed the
farmer. "The ground on the
edge of the river is only a
few feet above the water
here. If we could get a
hold of some boat we could
get across the river easily."

"And there would be
plenty of distance shortened,"
added the engineer.

"If we succeed in crossing
the river by a raft it'll
be a marvel," suggested
the janitor.

"I believe" said the 1478
farmer ~~rubbing~~ rubbing
his hands in delight
that the little girls have
shown the way to success."

"Because of it being so
unbearably warm and I could
not sleep, so far into the
night I strolled where walking
could be done in search of
a boat, that we could cross
the river in, and admit to
the us to the opposite shore.

I also examined the wreck-
age hoping to find timber
and boards of the right kind
to make a raft if there
could not be found a boat
anywhere yet the morning
found me still without
success.

So we took the long way

1455

1479 by a wagon drawn
by two mules, nearing
our goal we came to a
village not in the path of
the storm and in the streets
were gathered men, women
and children and you may be
sure that its mayor were there.

Many of the people recog-
nized us, whom they had learned
to respect as head members
of the relief Committee and
gave us a hearty welcome.

I learned that all of the
inhabitants of the village
had been greatly frightened
when the tornado dropped
down so close to their own
town, but now realized
that an attempt was to
be made to locate the
spot it fell.

I and my followers

followed the mayor 1480
into the village hall. After
the farmer had told of
the impossible means to get
across the river and I too had
told about going or coming then

by the longer way route,
a serious consultation was
held as how the examining
of the territory was to be
made.

"We tried every way in
my power" said the mayor
but the twister in coming
down used a very unusual sort
of demonstration which I do
not understand. It seemed
to move forward in such a
way that a strange action
of it seemed necessary to
accomplish its designs
but whatever it was though
two miles away it shook

1455

1481 our village like
a slight earth quake.
"That is a method a
tornado will do" I de-
clared.

"I can do no more Mr. Danger"
continued the Mayor "so I
wish you would try what
you can accomplish"

"First I said let us visit
the spot where it came down
which I am told is two and
a half miles north of this
village."

We followed the road which
led from the village down to
some devastated farm lands
where at a distance we saw
what was left of a log
farm barn, but no house
or silo and where the
windmill structure to say was

wrapped around of what 1482
was left of this barn also.
When we arrived we all were
puzzled by what we saw.
I was ^{hundreds of feet} from us
in the center of what had

been a cabbage field lay every
which way a mass of cogwheels
chains and pulleys all inter-
locked as if torn from some
huge machine, and near by
some log two wheeled
engine, that probably made
the wheels turn. A mile
further off we could see the
territory by its wild torn up
appearance where the turbine
with its fiery ball shape
came down.

"This I suppose is the means
by which some sort of a draw
jack Jacobs bridge is lowered
or raised" I said "but the

1483

the rest of the machinery which is needed is not here and yet the location of the bridge is unknown to us. Such heavy things - How on the the Blessed Heaven could the termites carry and deposit all this here?"

The engineer, farmer, and janitor and the Mayor were carefully examining the mass of wheels and machinery and soon the Mayor said to our greatest astonishment:

"These wheels do not control a draw bridge at all. We have no drawbridge any where in the country. On the contrary one of these must have been used to open the heavy doors of small room in a grain elevator where grain or wheat are kept or may

be seen from the chains 1484 and pulleys used. Some sort of grain, wheat or barley is kept in large rooms with two doors one to the third floor room and the other on the fourth floor. When the elevator men used the machinery to open the doors, the grain was let into the freight cars by long flow pipes."

"But how could they tell how much to be loaded?" asked the Engineer.

"Why each car would pull away when filled."

"I see" said the engineer. "It is a clever contrivance but wait a work unless one knows how to work that engine."

"Another part of this machinery" explained the Mayor is used to extend a

1485 or sort of bridge
from the employs entrance
across that stream that
so runs along side. The steel
bridge is in a room like that
in which the grain is kept,
and with the operation of the outfit
it would reach out joint by joint
until its far end touch the
shore of the stream.
The same machine which was
worked by electricity would make
the bridge return to its former
position. Of course the bridge
could not be used for anything
but the workers of the Elevator.
Other occupants had other and
private exits exits and en-
trances. But where is the grain
elevator where this came from?
What did the tornado do
with it? And how do you
suppose the tornado came

down managed to tear 1486
up a larger strip of ground
much larger and wider than
itself and then rush on toward
the Gibson Orphan Asylum?
inquired.

"Then nobody could explain to
nothing more could be learned
right away, we headed for the spot
where the tinter with its spherical
form came down and the Mayor
looked dumbfounded at what
was exposed to view. In a circular
form more than two miles wide
across the ground appeared as if
torn up by some mighty ex-
plosion and grain and other
crops scattered far and wide.

The depression in the center
from a gradual slant from the
circular edge was half filled
with muddy water. For a great
distance around the depression

1487 fragments of ground
were scattered for more than
three miles away all around
it. There was a sort of strange
sulphur sulphurous smell in the
air, a like from a burned out elect-
ric motor.

Many interesting things had
been seen by us in what
strange freaks this tornado had
accomplished, including that of
the two barns, and of the
Sacred Heart Convent, the great
railroad bridge, the strange
ripping up of the railroad
bed, tracks ties and all,
but we had to admit that
the tornado had a rare
genius for making this large
crater in the ground
two hundred feet deep,
and in dropping had used
its full exploding force.

of its ball formation 1488
in tearing out all this
much ground. an unusually
great phenomenon that ordinary
scientists tornado experts, and
others could not understand
or believe till they seen it with
their very eyes. We all inspected
very carefully this enormous
depression, taking care to
examine every part, and
some taking photos of it.
"This crater" I said thought-
fully, must have been caused
by a most tremendous
suction. When the twisters
explode upward force
pulled this all up, as you all
see it now it seems the
most unusual phenomenon
of all vacuums of tornadoes
never heard of or observed
such a sight before. What

1455

1489 puzzles me how a tornado could do this, and also how it could carry all that weight of machinery and cog wheel stuff and hurl it all over the territory.

"And that log house it carried so far and then hurled it against that convent" said the janitor.

"On made three quarters of the convent disappear into thin air, with all its inmates except two," put in the engineer.

"I now remember," I returned, "that one of the arts we can catch a tornado do when the ball bottomed him into the ground is the way it'll slightly expand above the lower extremity and and I think that explains

how the tornado raised 1490 up so much soil and hurled it around so far. I remember many places for the turbines reported for terrific dust and soil down from with every sort of crop that came from this territory also mud and sand.

I noticed around the edge of this crater a lot of mud and sand, that was flying violently far out ward."

"I had as I had before at a distance from my farm, but yet a distance south-west of La Salle a big long column of cloud that almost fell with a ball shaped lower end to the ground which extended upward and slantwise to the main cloud above. When it hit the ground

1491 all that looked like
a sudden volcanic eruption.
and made a noise I never
can describe. Then most of
the lower part of the funnel
had a shroud around it and it
moved forward, but slow. Perhaps
the lower end of it is coming
towards that siding was hidden
in that shroud, if the lower
end of that tumbler was for a
second embedded into the
ground for half a minute
before going forward, that
made the upper part ex-
pand, and so by tremend-
ous suction left all the
this much soil way up
into the main cloud"
included the farmer

"Here lies something like
a steel pillar. It's just
here a hundred feet

from the crater "omman- 1492
ced the engineer pointing
toward where a great basin of
of polished steel seemed to
have been set upon the ground.
We all gathered around and the

Mayor said:

"Yes I'm quite sure that
this is some basin of
polished steel. I noticed it
when I first came here.
How it is here and where
it came from is a mystery.
I wondered what was the
weight of this great basin
and got six log skids
men here to try to lift
it for me. They were
some of the strongest
men of the village but
could not move it at
all."

"It seems to me" said the

1493 1493 janitor "that we have
discovered the manner in
which the tornado sucked
this hole in the ground from
its parent cloud the wisest
took a long slant to the

ground and its lower part
like a vacuum cleaner would
still lengthen out, and lift
all this earth with it and
pull it all the way up to
the top of the main cloud.
Hence the strange debris
ground and muddy sand
shower so far from here."

"What, this?" asked Dorothy
who had been searching around
with the others and now
noticed some strange object
near to the edge of the
tornado made crater. As
she spoke she stooped and
picked it up.

Every one sprang toward 1498
her she had picked up
from the sand and mud
a large round tin box
on opening of which the contents
were paper money bills of all

signs

"It may have come from
bank" said the janitor.

"No" replied "There are no
banks in this part of the
country and So. Falls is
slightly north east of here. And
if this is the starting point
of the twister it could not
have deposited it here.

It could have been lost
by some body if the tornado
did have it then. I wonder
how it could obtained it
when it first came down
here?"

"There is no doubt such

1455

1429 the farmer "that this is something flung back by the tornado when it hit the Gleason Home as that name is on its cover, and the name of the Home office. The Gleason Home is only half a mile from here. If we only knew from who it came from and they survived I'm quite sure we could return it."

"But suppose we can't find the owner?" asked Angeline.

"Dorothy discovered it. There's

a saying 'finders is keepers'."

"That we must now seriously consider" answered the farmer.

"So all of us sat down on a log not too far from the crater and began to think.

It was so still and yet so uncomfortable warm if

not hot that after a 15:00 while Dorothy grew restless and nervous. The little girl never could keep silent for long and she suddenly said: "Well a tornado has three

sections, one is the lower or suction tube, the middle slightly bulging part and the main cloud it comes down from. Three sections. There fore the tornado is formed of three parts, just three parts. One is the vacuum, and one is the center uper whirl and one is the main dark clouds above it."

"The farmer frowned but the janitor looked wonderingly at the young girl and cried out:

A good thought Dorothy

1455 1501 dear, you may have
solved our problem,"
"I believe it is worth a trial"
agreed the engineers, it
would be quite natural, for a
tornado to divide itself into three
connected sections, but the
third lower part having the
partial vacuum, and Dorothy's
suggestion seems like an in-
spiration."

The others also approved the
trial but the farmer said
"We must be careful not
to get any wrong idea and
send ourselves the wrong di-
rection. The main thing if
Dorothy's idea is correct is
to hit upon the one thing
that made it such the
center of the hole so awfully
deep. That is another

mystery"
It was however a wonderful
thing even to all scientists to
realize for the first time in all
tornado history that a tornado
could have by its partial vacuum
dig any hole in the grass ground
and such a large and deep
one. We however could not estimate
how deep it was in the center
for it was half full of rain
water.

"The middle of this hole is
like a small lake" ex-
claimed both girls.

"That is because of the
rain" explained the farmer.

"There is only one thing
I now fear for what is
left of Chester Brown, and that
is how to get the wreckage
cleared up said the family."
"Don't worry" I returned

1502

1455

1504 reassuringly, "That will be soon taken up by the Relief Committee we intend now to stop on our way at the spot where the Gleason Home was and to find what the tornado did there."

That satisfied the janitor and when I and my followers trooped away from the tornado crater having taken leave of our village friends, all the people cheered us and waved their hats and handkerchiefs and the band played and the departure was indeed a ceremony long to be remembered.

"Do you know any of the House people of Authority in the Gleason Asylums?" I asked the farmer.
"No" replied the farmer.

"I have never been away 1500 from my farm before the tornado and until I came to Chester Oregon to find my family and other relations were in the section south of the tornado path."

"Then also you were never in the town of So. Belle?"

"Yes."

"Well I said I knew all the head people and you can guess I was no friend of their. Little Mary Gestive's report about their meanness is true. You know how some older children brooded on how they could be revenged on them. Now that I've met you I can see a way to find out much about that devastated Oregon."

"How can you do that?" the farmer inquired.

"Never mind that now? answered But I'll tell you what."

(455)

1986. I'll do. If you'll help
me in the hospital look for
any of surviving survivors, by
investigation I'll agree to have
the committee see to the res-
toration of your farm and financial
losses restored."

"I'll help on one condition but
I won't tell whether I'll be able to
succeed. I never did care for those peo-
ple for their over strict discipline
with the children come to think
it over. I don't even care what
have happened to them but I'm
heartily sorry for the
poor children. If we can see
exactly what the Lurston did
there, I'll get enough evidence
against the Lurston to conquer
the mystery, and I'll go
back to my farm which
is better and more home
like than living near the

my life history -

1507

channel hill now north of the run-
ing buildings. I'll try out on your
proposition, but in one way I'll think
over and I mean by that if any of
them survived."

"I thought this over. This tornado even-
ing hitting the Agassiz area, Gibson
Home had possessed a most mar-
velous power and although very
ferocious in all ways, I was deter-
mined not to let the situation
go unchallenged. How ever if I could
get the identification of any surviving
overseers, which could be done by the
farmers and which I could accomplish
in no other way, I might then
induce a confession out of them
what I already had planned, that
is if they survived.

"They might have persons guarding
them from visitors remarked Johnson
after a time. They might hinder
or refuse us in spite of our own
superior Commission."

"Not if we are careful, I assured
him." They both seemed to be

1588 in which they had known about the Relief Committee and which they could look over what ever they wished to see, but they will know nothing of our coming to interview them, so they will not be sure command any one to interfere with us or know what we are going to do. One of them had a great Record Book, in which they have written everything that the children did in the asylum just the instant they did. If we too only could find that record book.

"Then if we can't find it" I said there would be no use our attempting to investigate them, for they might know what we intend to do, and as their watchfulness is more diligent than mine, they would soon put a stop to our plans."

"If we can find the record book" they can't" retorted the farmer. "The book does not have a record of what we do. It only tells the doings of the asylum children. So if we can get hold of that book, the surviving asylum superiors won't know

anything about it."

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"We couldn't bring evidence against them if the farmers made the book disappear like the rest of the stuff" Mr. Johnson said

"Is that true?" I admitted and then I rubbed my forehead, and thought some more as we were now near what was left of the Gleason Asylum.

"Ah now I have the idea" he declared. "I suppose you could have the book searched for?"

"Of course."

"And can you command the Committee to have the book located by many searchers, without having anything else done between?"

"Certainly" I said. "I can get hundreds of searching the country side on both sides of the storm path. There is a way that must be done in connection with the search, as they can do that we may find the book when we desire to."

"I see I see" said Mr. Johnson nodding his head. "That fits in with my idea exactly now listen and I'll explain explain to you my plan. We'll go to see the children who survived. As the superiors has not kept any

1510 track of the injured children
no we can act without being
discovered by those wicked people.
"But can we find out if any of
the kids have the courage to talk?"

I asked, enquired

"That's easy. If they know what I
am they'll talk mind you - That won't
be quickly discovered. And while we
are in the hospital I and you
will accomplish things and bring
on the arrest of the cruel supervisors
and the surviving children will
have nothing more to fear from
them."

"It's impossible to arrest them unless
we have the book." I rejoined.

"It isn't necessary to just
have the book rejoined the farmer.

"I'm afraid I don't understand
you." I objected. "What-what will
happen if we don't find the
book and what sort of a proof
could we get to gether if we
even get the book?"

"I'll tell you but don't just now
worry about the book. In the main
Hospital at So Salts are the
survivors of the asylum. We will
get the children to keep us

I

Continued

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1511

in our investigation and as a reward
we will expose the cruel supervisors
and have them sent to jail if not
prison, That is a splendid idea you
must admit and it's so easy that
we won't have any trouble
at all to carry it through to ab-
solute success."

"Will the children consent?" I
asked.

"To be sure they will. We can get every
kid on our side."

"I did not know about what the
children would do, or know about the
supervisors who may be survivors
in the So Salts Hospital but the
farmer's plan seemed to me to be
quite reasonable. As we had a quarter
of a mile to go yet and went
slowly because of rubble the
farmer said:

"When I was on my farm with
my son, I had a way of investigat-
ing things that I thought was
good good but it could not
compare what you can accomp-
lish. I had also to have certain

15-12

plans before I could do anything."

"What became of them?" I inquired.

"I left them on a stump of a tree in the corn field when finished reading them and the tornado took them all away from me at the same time it wiped out my cornfield."

Why did you leave them there?"

I asked.

Well he said "I couldn't help it."

"It came upon my farm unexpectedly. The tornado ruined me for life. A tornado is the only thing I'm afraid of". The great Sacred Heart Convent I

believe was the world's most splendid building ever constructed.

The tornado reduced it to a "has been"

"We reached the spot where the Asylum buildings and the beautiful park of trees and play ground were, but we might not after all have made

15-13
made the trip.

the trip at all.

"Here is the grounds where they were supposed to be" I said. "How the ground is surely torn up"

"Where are the buildings the trees and the playground play ground" asked the janitor. "It looks like they have never been here"

"The tornado must have thought it was a vacuum cleaner" suggested the engineer. "Everything gone even the foundations"

How many children were in the asylum" I asked.

"I do not remember the number but it was crowded with them including the Superiors" answered the farmer. "There were enough here to make a good crowd."

I hope the same thing did not happen here as at the Sacred Heart Convent. We wonder if there are any survivors. If there are we must go among them and see what happened and make our plans so we must now

1566

decide on what we should decide on."

"I suppose we must find the right hospital?" said.

"Of course. But that requires some thought."

All sorts of tornado injured are in So Salle Hospitals, even from Chester town. If we too rigidly question the child patients the Asylum attendants will be suspicious of us, and will not command respect."

"I wonder if the tornado killed them all here?" asked. But if not in order to carry out our plans we must win the favor of the survivors."

"Then what shall we do?" asked Dorothy who had been only listening to our conversation all this time.

"We'll have to find the right hospital the nearest one from here" said.

"Won't that be sort of difficult?" inquired the farmer, getting into the wagon to drive.

"I don't think so" yet the women

1567

"The better" declared. 1567
"All right" said the farmer. 1567
"I'll get ready to drive and head for So Salle. It's 20 or 30 miles from here."

"All right" said, do as you please. The sooner we get there the better. Within three hours ~~were~~ we were before the information desk in the first and nearest hospital.

"We are members of the Chester town Chief Committee" said to the nurse.

"We came from investigating the Gleason Asylum but it's all been cleared away by the tornado. We have come to find out if there were survivors and if they are in this Hospital?"

"What asylum was swept away?" asked the nurse.

"The Gleason" answered the farmer. "It was five miles southwest of So Salle. The attendants of the asylum have not been our friends, they have not been our enemies. But they have let us ^{alone} and we have let them alone. There is no reason for argument between us but we have learned they had ill treated the child."

1568 That is true "said the nurse," especially only Catholic children. It was not a Catholic institution, but later how come you tried to fund the Gleason Asylum? Did you not hear it was swept away?"

"Oh on my word no," I protested. "We wouldn't have made the trip if we did."

"How did you get there through all that debris?" asked the nurse.

"By a single open road you know, by which then we got to La Salle," I explained. "We were in a village near the Tornado made crater and we heard the people telling how they saw the towers struck the asylum buildings like an explosion and they disappeared in a vast cloud. So we came here to see if any children survived the disaster."

"How do you know any survivors were brought here?" she asked. "We know of not any survivors."

"Well," I said, "it's this way. This is the first and nearest hospital called the La Salle. You look kinda funny nurse and make me

feel sort of apprehensive. 1519 Surely they have not all been killed? Then what a fate. I have heard that despite the unusual strictness of the attendants the children of the Asylum had many good things, fancy rooms with soft beds, all sorts of nice tasty food, pretty clothes, lovely jewels for the richer ones, and many other things beside the magnificent playground, and many things in it we know nothing of. They did not need to work for there were plenty of employees.

I heard they were better off than most orphans were, yet why did not Catholic children be treated equally well so? I had proposed that before we interview the attendants, we would speak to the injured children first. But what good would that proposition do us if by your looks something horrible has happened?"

"At this moment I was thinking of the Sacred Heart Convent horror. Did it happen at the Gleason Asylum also?"

I do not know of any one as a

1520

witness to its destruction" said a man standing near the information desk. "And they wouldn't know what to do if they did."

"But if any one survived this is only a part of my plan," I insisted. "Sister to the rest of it. We persons here are members of very high authority. If there are any survivors here we will first question the children who have that right for a very serious reason. We then know if any survived the storm may have transformed some of them into life long cripples."

For a moment no one spoke.

"We must believe your story since you've given us proof of the Gleason Asylum being destroyed," the man.

"I'm one of the Head Doctors here."

"But why if you are the Chief Head of the Relief Committee cannot you find where and what hospital they are without our help and so save yourselves and us the trouble?"

"Alas," I replied. "No member

fortunately 1521

of any relief committee is able to do everything. Our investigation are easy to us for we are experienced in it, but cannot force out details or conquer such mysteries as this. The tornado made an allusion of the convent and might have done it to the asylum too. But if they're here we will stay with them for a while and advise and help them and we will question the superior too. When the time comes, as to why the disfavor towards the Catholic children, they were flirting with the penitentiary so that ~~is~~ it as it is a crime."

"The Doctor turned to the nurse. 'How shall we answer the Head Committee man?' he asked."

The nurse seemed thoughtful. "The other doctors and nurses, as well as the hospital superior must decide this matter over for you," the nurse said. "Go you Doctor Rango, and tell your staff doctors to assemble in the meeting hall at once. When all are gathered together, these Chief members of the Relief Committee shall talk to them and tell them what he had told us."

15-22 Then we'll investigate the hospital and see if they're here. You people "she conclude to me go and wait in the rest room, as this may take some time."

The Doctor Rangó turned at once and glided swiftly out into the hall on his mission.

"I felt not much pleased on the outcome."

"Sooner or later we'll win over on our mission and conquer this mystery or we may not. I feel a strange fear something is afoot."

"But how do you feel the Orphanage and went like the convent?" asked Dorothy.

"I'm not hunting any thing yet" I answered as we seated ourselves in the waiting room.

"Never mind we're going to be successful" promised Angelina. "Will the doctors let us see the children?" asked the janitor anxiously.

"We being high officials they cannot oppose us" I answered.

"If we were ordinary sight-seers they could and, besides

Intimately 15-23
I would not allow right on curious seekers come here my self" agreed the Farmer" and of course "wouldn't either"

"There was a wonderful gathering of Doctor nurses and interns in the Assembly room within the next hour. Dr Rangó was there. When everyone had taken their places in the Assembly Dr Rangó rose from his chair by the Assembly table. The Dr. appearance towering above all the others seated caused a sudden hush to fall on the assemblage.

"Doctors, Nurses and Interns" he said in his deep voice "The Chief heads of the Relief Committee (the farmers also was one) have come among us. They have come to us from Chester town, with a report that they came from an inspecting tour of the site of the Gleason Orphanage. The head ones in due time had been fairly warned of a strange danger which threatened them all, and to offer advice of a way to escape from that danger."

"They paid no attention to the warning and we now know the details."

These visitors are very high rank officials, and they have promised to

15²⁴ us and to the Head Nurse their news. They even investigated the crater the tornado made in the field. The Head is Mr Dager. Will you listen to what he has to say to you - to the message he has brought from the site of the Gleason Orphanage?

"Set him speak" came in a chorus from the great company of assembled Hospital staff.

So I rose from my bench, and another Chorus showed their attentive respect for me, and astonishment. The very sight of me who is had to be the head of the Chesterbourn Relief Committee filled all with awe and wonder. My companions remained seated but also was greatly noticed especially the farmers whom I found out they knew fairly well. And also their attention was on the two little girls.

"The assembly of the St. Sals Hospital I began "My comrades and followers and I are your friends. We are the heads of the Chesterbourn Committee I being the lead, and on our investigation we went to investigate the crater made by the tornado and site of the Gleason Asylum. The people of the Buxton Centre village

helped us especially the mayor. 15²⁵ They had seen everything that was going. There is no Gleason Asylum its buildings or playground. No foundation either and the ground all around there appears to have been ploughed up four feet deep. We also could hear what the people were saying to each other. That is how we heard one say to another "Poor Mr Dager and his followers. Came here for nothing and this investigation is now of no use to them. They ought to have been here during the day of the tornado Oh my. I had asked them to show me where the buildings were and when the people heard me ask this they raised a great shout and said "No Mr Dager. We cannot do it. We cannot show the Gleason Asylum" I asked why "It's not there they answered Only bare ground. And truly I found it true"

A low murmur of sympathy went up and when it died away I went on with my speech.

Having heard the people speak of this and seeing it myself we watched to see what they would do at the sight and saw many of them put down their

1528 hands over their faces and
wept a fierce feeling of anger rose
in my heart over the tornado. I
knew you were angry and grief stricken
but we also are still angry, and Hate
Mother Nature for when we saw what
happened then, I became an enemy of
something else besides Old Mother Nature
though I won't dare mention whom. And
I and my comrades said "We will
question the survivors, and we came
to tell you this and of our plan
to question the Head members of
the Asylum My plan is simple. By
our methods we can learn details
how furiously furiously the tornado
struck the home and grounds, and
we will soon find out many
kids are crippled for life. We have
to find this out. It is our duty.
I heard it was the best orphan-
Asylum in this part of Illinois, where
the children eat the finest food
wear fine clothes and good beds to
sleep in and a great playroom school
house and entertainment room. They
had all the comforts they desire.
Now the storm wiped all this
out. Our plan was to interview
the survivors and if you agree

fortunately. 1529
to it we will find out de- 1527
tails to report to the government.
But listen here. I know for sure
that everyone of you in So Hall
know positively what happened to the
great Sacred Heart Convent in
Chesterbroom. So please be reasonable
and if possible have a heart and
don't tell us the same thing did
happen to the Gleason Asylum inmates."

When I ceased speaking a great
silence fell on the assemblage for
I knew they were thinking of what
I had said.

"We can't give you very much satis-
factory answers" cried a nurse.

"The Ophanago Ophanago had eighteen
hundred children, besides the others, odding
and we can't figure it out" said
another. The Doctor now looking very
sober and solemn, stepped forward.

"You have heard Mr Dagen
speak" said he glancing towards
me and now you must answer
him. It is for you to decide
shall we agree to tell him
and his followers or not."

"Yes" shouted some of the inmates.
"No I'm afraid they couldn't stand
it" shouted others.
And some were yet silent.

1528 The Doctor and even I looked around the great circle. "Take more time to think he suggested. Your answer is very important and up to this time we did expect any Relief Committee to come to us for their course but we are proud and free and can never withhold our information no matter how heart-breaking it will be. Think carefully and when you are ready to answer I and they will hear you."

Finally one of the Doctors said: "Take care of patients here but I live in the village of Purnen Center. That dark afternoon at a distance I saw something like a huge ball of cloud fall upon the fields, and it fogged out and blew itself into a huge explosion of cloud that then formed into a frenzied shower. Then arose a great confusion of sound as if all types of animals like monkeys chattering, bears growling, the voices of jaguars and lions rumbling the howling and yelping of wolves and elephants trumpeting loudly, and yet all this sound like being together in one single noise such

Unfortunately 1529
an awful hubbub had never been known in this territory before. It seemed to me a sound like a sound as if every insect in a jungle argued with each until it seemed the noise would never cease.

The growling and confusion had grown greater than ever as it moved forward and passed us by a narrow margin.

Now of all the surprised people in Purnen Center not one was so much surprised I believe at the sudden appearance of this twist as I was.

I was greatly frightened too for I recognized it as a most powerful one, but I also realized that who could know it was a long dangerous fumbled one, because of the crazy tumult it made. Still as it was to about to miss our town I took courage and resolved to go as near to it as I dared to watch its course.

It was hard to tell just yet what the people thought of this fearful phenomenon. Some glared angrily and fearfully at it, but more of them seemed to be curious, and wondering and fascinated by it. All were either

15-30 terrified, awed or even interested
however as if it were a great show,
and they kept very quiet and
listened to the great sound it was
making, my wife who remained by
my side was at first more alarmed
by the coming of the tornado than
I was. She didn't like the way
the tornado acted either, for it
acted as if it wanted to do every-
thing its own way in spite of
the action of its big parent
cloud. Another thing that dis-
turbed us was the fact that
it was heading straight for
the Gleason Asylum, which was
said to be the finest Orphan
Asylum in the State, and this
Orphan home was going to be
struck and be devastated.

All these things passed
through our minds while the
people watched its onward
course in horror as some did
scream or wail out: "Oh
my God. It's going straight
for the Orphanage. God help
them all!"

All others were startled at
this cry, and my wife seeing

Unfortunately 15-31
my life history 15-31

that screamed, and exclaimed loudly
"Mercy me?" and I could see she was
too bewildered to do anything but
look at what was going to happen.
The lower part of the storm now
seemed to flash fire and rage
along the ground with redoubled
fury. Some one hollered "Oh my
God I wish it or would stop -
oh I wish it would stop!"

It would not stop however to
our horror and dismay. As we wit-
nessed all this we were watch-
ing in greater horror as the
tornado rushing forward hurled
it self full at the Asylum,
and enveloped it into the
shroud. It then looked like a
great volcanic eruption occurred
and a little later about a ~~little~~
more than a minute, the
storm passed on and there
was no sign of the orphanage
buildings the playground
or anything else.

This asylum was a quarter of
a mile west of Purnin

1532 Center and after unhooking out the
Asylum Asylum property it did seem
to at first intend to hit us next.
Every body was frightened too fearing
their town or our town would share
the fate of the uphams so a stampede
began among us, when I was the
first to spring away from the
scene and my wife and three
children followed as quickly as
they could. The crowds backed
onto the streets and all the others
men women and children rushed
after us scattering through the
streets for cellars and basements
untill the streets were almost
clear of them.

The remainder scrambled for
ditches or deep depressions in the
ground to avoid being blown
away, and they were so quick
they beat many slower ones to
these objects of hope for
protection. A panic of fear seem-
ed to have overtaken the
townsfolk and they tried to
get as far away as possible
from the village even, from
the terrible twists as they could.

Unfortunately 1535
But some of the more brave 1533
ones stayed in the village street
being astonished but bewildered,
and yet relieved as they saw the
twister go by a hundred feet from
the village. They then looked at one
another in a dazed and helpless
fashion although each one was
greatly relieved that it had passed
by us.

"This is certainly a terrible misfortune
I remarked, "but if no one survived."
"I'm sure" interrupted a nurse "that any
survivors are still so frightened that
they would now never consent to be
interviewed."

"But seeing I'm of Authority, I could
try to force them to" I answered.
"They're responsible for what hap-
pened because they had fair
warning and did not heed it?"

This is what gets my goat" the
janitor said "I don't believe Ogma Palace
in the Emerald City described in the
Oz books could match even the beauty
of the Sacred Heart Convent, or its
gorgeous grounds. And what is it
now? This one awful twister was
so unusual yet so powerful that
a dozen tornados in one could equal
it. It wasn't all in the strength

1534 of the wind you know but
its duration. So therefore it
proved very exceedingly dangerous
to all in its path.
"What are we to do now?" Dr Rangier

asked

"I saw the tornado too" said another Doctor
I saw speed towards the asylum the terrible
storm the tornado even looked more ugly
than this and to me the funnel looked
like the long hideous body of a giant
fear fish. When it struck the orphanage
but the building disappeared with it.

Then it passed on in the distance."

Finally the Doctor said to me:

"There were few survivors. Many of
the injured died. There are no attendants
of the buildings living. Their bodies
were found scattered far and wide
There are only ten in this hospital
who after all survived among the
storm victims and of one only is
in a condition to tell something
and she can tell even very
little. I'll take you to her. She was
the Matron, a forty five year
old woman,

"We saw her and after greeting her

I questioned her.

"I know very little as it

happened so suddenly. I avenge 1536
cloud suddenly shrouded us, and
we within a few seconds, time
the chandeliers in my room suddenly
rattled like castanets, ornaments left
their accustomed places and flew
through the air, chairs sailed about
or into corners, and the carpet shook
off three tables and a chair and
rolled up so rapidly it caught me
unawares reared stiffly on end and
stood on a corner at the same time
from out side a little girl came
screeching through the window.

Then something like a most
shuddering explosion shook the
house a cloud of debris shot forward
fiercely at me, and I came to
finding myself in this place
on bed I'm not so critically
injured as the thickness of the
carpet wrapped around saved me?
heard every thing is gone"

"Dunce" shrieked one of the patients
shaking his long finger towards her
"Why did you stand there idle, when
you saw it coming a long way off?
You knew the asylum was in danger,
the children were in danger, too,
was in danger. The place was
destroyed utterly utterly utterly!"

1537 Her loud outcries aroused the nurses who told him he must get down. I rose and unsteadily made my way to the window. The sky was darkening up for a thunder-storm. I feeling very unhappy groaned heavily, heavily, heavily and dropped my head upon the window sill.

"Who would condemn all those to such a fate?" I mourned.

Here came Mrs Jewell someone said as a nurse came trotting in. Each of the nurses took turns serving special patients and the last to take charge for the forenoon duty was Mrs Jewell.

While I continued continued to groan and the patient still admonish the matron the janitor hurried anxiously over this nurse.

Miss Jewell stuttered the janitor touching her gently on the arm - "What happened? Are you ill?"

"I was also a witness to the tornado" wailed Jewell weeping her eyes on her white apron.

Unfortunately 1538

Not to tell till now was 1538 a pernicious and wicked habit: fumed the arrogant patient shaking his finger at the nurse trembling nurse "What kind of witness may I ask?"

"It was three miles away. I was too scared to do anything. Oh how it rushed and hurled against the orphan property. I saw something like a sparkle and flash as the tornado hit and then such a roar and grind that I toppled over like a lam pum, and someone near by clapped both hands to her ears.

The last thing I remembered was an ear-splitting explosion, a terrible forward tumble a hundred feet along the ground, and the sudden shock of finding my self wedged between two trees.

I disentangled my self and by that time the storm had gone onward, and all the asylum, and all property was also gone. I don't know where it came from but after the tornado went into the distance I found a story book about Ozma

1539 and the three little mortal
maids who have come to live
in the Emerald City" she continued
sobbing "I found it on the ground," Miss
Jewell paused to wipe her eyes, "Who
owned it I don't know."

Burying her head in her hands
Jewell began to weep afresh.

"Here, there," begged another nurse
patting her kindly on the shoulder
"Don't cry my dear."

"Set her cry" roared the loud
mouth patient stamping his
foot furiously up and down "The
mischievous wench with delay-
ing the news has ruined us
all."

"Aw pipe down, dry up," I shouted.
and he was now quiet.

"I must think" muttered the
matron in a faint voice
"I think if you can," sniffed the
loud mouth hooking his arm
around a fellow "Can you think
all the asylum inmates into
safety. Can you think of a
way to halt a disaster?"

"I won't tell you again to
pipe down," I cried more angrily.
"No did."

Unfortunately 1540
"Has the matron forgotten
the warning signs," hurrying
back ward and forth forward
on the window curtains a teen age
girl patient peered out vigorously at
the matron.

The warning signs chattered the
matron. "No one told me a tornado
was coming I didn't see any sign
of extreme danger."

"What do you call this?" de-
manded the teen aged girl indig-
nantly. "Were the asylum to be
destroyed without lifting a finger to
warn the inmates?"

"You leave her alone too," I said
severely, then to Dorothy I said where
did Angelina go."

Dorothy went off in search of her.
Angelina found her among patients in
another room. As quickly as she
could she told her of the matron
and Jewell's description of the tornado
and the destruction of the orphanage.

Then arm in arm they made
their way back to where I was.

Some one a patient looking
terribly tossed and ruffled was
sitting on the side of his bed
plucking out a sad tune upon his

154/ I heard. He nodded mournfully as the two children came tip-toeing into the room. Some nurse was feverishly turning over an old book of some sort and two other patients were conversing in subdued whispers.

"The only one who can help us is the authorities in La Salle" mused the Matron as Angeline sank down on a chair.

"Set me go there" begged the little girl eagerly "surely they will be us find out how many were killed."

I shook my head quickly and decidedly.

"No no its too dangerous. Besides there's no way to cross the river."

Through the window I gazed sadly off into the distance.

Some time ago word had been brought by Relief Committee of the absolute ~~destruction~~ destruction of the Sacred Heart of both cities by the tornado, which will always be remembered. Great had been the distress

Unfortunately 1545
in this Hospital, and the 1542 news that the one Chesterton could never be restored caused all hope to be lost. Much of the awful tornado mischief had not been remedied any where but most of what she really did were not known to any news concern, because of the total destruction of wire and train communications, so not knowing of our misfortunes they had not done any thing to help us. But I always felt that some day soon the authorities would find out and come to our aid.

As I continued to gaze unceasingly straight ahead out the window, as the loud mouthed patient soon continued to mutter and the matron to groan the two little girls grew more and more miserable and unhappy. Surely it was sad to be confined in a disaster area and never be safe or happy."

The great silver bells in the Hospital tower had tolled ten A.M. It was forenoon and still I and my followers had thought of

1543 no plans to appear the elements. I gloomy knots we had gathered to discuss the destruction of La Salle, Chester Brown, on Illinois, all the way to Logan, past Indiana. In this very patients ward, the janitor and I pored over some tornado historical books loaned to us by the Selavian, nation, and also maps trying to derive some way out of our difficulties, but as the river would allow no one to leave La Salle, except we take the long out of the way road again, how were we to get this matter straight.

"And even if we did find out a way" I sighed wearily "we could never see the recovery of such places, from a monster storm like that. We who are so intelligent can in spite of that accomplish anything and no one is going to suffer further to save me from embarrassment."

"I suppose it is not our fault that every one pushed pushing his speck high up on his forehead, the Engineer looked

Intimately 1545
resignedly at me
"No it was not our fault that 1546
anything was destroyed observed
the janitor trying to look on
the cheerful side of things the
blame is on the river."

But the harper rose with a protesting screech and striking both fiddlers at once robbed doubly.

"Oh no no. Let the tornado stay far far away,

Cheers. Oh-oh. You don't know what you say.

To see our home destroyed with so many lives is too too too bad.

Can't you see see see it would be and is much too sad."

"Well we have quite a few days" I mumbled unhappily "maybe something will turn up. By the way" I continued to the harper "Can't you play something and sing something more cheerful. We are distressed enough as it is"; Then I repeated something will sure turn up."

"Nothing will turn up here but your nose" the loud mouth said who I know had been

1545 growing listening to the conversation with growing impatience. You may have things were destroyed but I shall think of something better. "Do loud mouth" I retorted. When you do let me know, but you won't need a magnaphone."

Not answering the loud mouth folding his bath robe haughtily around him swept from the room, undoubtedly to go and take a bath. I again leaned my elbows on the sill and stared moodily out into what was a sea of wreckage within easy distant view.

"Surely it is better for one mystery to be solved, than anything else" I reflected. "That patient is the loudest mouthed joffy war I ever heard. The way to solve a problem is to begin at the beginning and go on to a conclusion. We desire the solving of the mystery, and a solving of the mystery, we shall do. Now where am I to find a picture of the Asylum?"

I looked over the book again. I found one that opened almost

1546 Unfortunately, 1545
instantly to a photograph of the Asylum & school building, park like grounds, and playground with all the equipment in it. "Very beautiful building," I muttered reading the description under the picture. These beautiful buildings now are gone forever."

I paused thoughtfully after looking at the photograph then I wrote down the description underneath.

"This is quite enough" I remarked with a little shrug of my shoulders. "And all that I have to do now is to remain here for a spell."

I stood before a huge map of So. Hall and the Magnolia river which some years later was changed to the Illinois, which covered one side of the wall. I traced with my finger a line between So. Hall and Chesterdown. Not a great distance to be sure but to me who had observed all that the tornado had done it seemed a long and perilous journey. Slumping back into my chair, I began looking at one of the books again, but still no perfectly splendid idea popped into my head.

1457 I still can remember the described horror of Chesterbrowns Sacred Heart Convent, how even from the newspapers that before the storm ~~force~~ force the Sacred Heart Convent had mostly disappeared with every one, except a child and one nun and that they have never been heard of since.

There also was a man who was a patient at this hospital who claimed he was a witness of the destruction also of the asylum. knew him as Jack.

"I live north of Pankin Center," he said. "There had been a very uncommon thunder storm nearly all day starting after mid-night. At four thirty in the afternoon it had started to rain a little again and hail fell bigger than goose eggs."

I had noticed that too but forgot to write it down.

"It was unusual too me" he continued. "I knew something unusual was going to happen for it was getting very dark so quickly. Then something like a great fog enveloped us in the north of the village

Unfortunately 11-8-58
We couldn't hardly see across the street. Yet it was not a stationary fog we usually get but one in swift forward motion. Then I stood motionless as if turned to stone for a terrible cry came from all of the northern part of town, followed by others further on and at the same time there was a peculiar sound like that from a thousand big revolving fans at the same time.

A terrible confusion of other sounds reached my ears, mingled with a piercing howling sound like an army of very big dogs. It too was a cry from the people so full of fear and horror that my heart almost stopped beating and sweet rolled off my forehead.

Then immediately there was
a scurrying of feet as every
one in the town filled with
dismay rushed outside into
the streets to see what was
happening. Even the little
mayor sprang outside and
followed by ~~the~~ ~~town~~

1459 by his assistants and the others through the streets, after many years of apprehension my worst fears were realized - Looking towards the Gleason home which was but a hundred and fifty feet from the north of town - were the fragments of hundreds of trees, and the air filled with a fierce cloud of flying swirling grain wheat barley and all other sort of crops mingled with farm rail fences.

This came on with noises like wild shouts of defiance, and an awful exploding like cloud rushed at the asylum still a mile away. I was so completely surprised that I was bewildered and I gazed at the approaching tornado with utmost terror and grief.

"It's an awful wild tornado" I groaned, "The asylum is indeed lost. Oh the poor children. God help them!"

Just as the tornado struck the asylum, I turned quickly to run back towards my

house. But some strange 1565
unknown shock threw me backwards upon the ground violently. That's how I got hurt. I saw a number of persons, nearest to me being tossed about the streets as unceremoniously as if they had been bales of merchandise. Swirling debris were swarming over head like bees from a hive.

I did for a few seconds see rich furniture, splendid draperies and rare ornaments fly through the air, then all turned and went away into complete disappearance with everything that had made the Gleason Asylum one of the richest places in all Ill.

I feared very few persons were left of the asylum. I'm usually a very merry man, usually merry but I found it impossible to even smile in the face of this mighty and most awful disaster.

Even my son contrary to his cross nature refrained from saying anything disagreeable, disagreeable, as for me where the home was looked like a wilderness and the team came to my eyes as I marked

1561 the annihilation of this dearly loved orphanage. They had loved the orphanage so good despite the strict discipline of their superiors they would let no one adopt them under any circumstances.

Yet now everything here had been swept bare the foundations gone, all the ground deeply plowed up, and my grief was almost more than I could bear. Everything had been swept away children, buildings and playground with all its swings and other equipment in so brief a time that my bewilderment was equal to my sorrow.

"The people of Pumpkin Center are little likely even to behold the inmates for I suppose they are gone with everything else" I said. "Set us face the fact that we are imprisoned even in Sa Salles unless the wretched is soon elected, or we dare go by that long out of the way road. And that only leads back to Chester Brown."

"I am quite true" said the janitor. Then he seemed thoughtful.

fortunately

1585

for a while and turning to 1562
"Do you think Henry that if the worst comes we could burn out our way out of Chester Brown?"

"I gave a groan and cast a reproachful look at him as I said:

"A dangerous idea. Would you indeed imperil what's left of Chester Brown?"

"Not if I could help it Henry" he answered. "It is ~~like~~ surely in a rush of making a remarkably tough conflagration and it would after all endanger the surviving houses. Forget it."

"Set me continue" said the witness. "We feared at first that our village was in the path of this horror of the skies, the thought startled us and made us nervous."

No was I free from terror myself and as for the people they presently became terror stricken and fled in a panic towards the interior of the town.

A strange shock in the air from the tower. I think sent a dozen ~~to~~ running citizens tumbling in a heap, yelling with fear and their comrades not knowing what happened, but

1563 ~~imagining~~ imagining the twister
was heading for us turned about
and ran to the town as hard
as they could go. A strange shock of
some kind in the air effected me
as I turned to follow them and I
first sprawled headlong upon the
ground then rolled over four times
and finally jump up and ran
yelling after the others. This hap-
pened before it hit the asylum.

As we ran the air was still
more darkened by the flying
wreckage. Some struck me but
fell harmlessly at my feet.

It seemed even that some of
us must surely perish before
this hail of murderous missiles
from the asylum but few hit
any of us and did no harm.

The streets were covered with
this debris which flew harmless
however upon the village. It was
not until we heard someone
cry out joyfully and triumph-
antly, "It has passed us by
without striking a blow" that
standing still again I dared
open my eyes again. I still
saw some of the people

fortunately

1585

My life Hinton 1564
rushing headlong through the
streets that again caused a panic

to seize me and I turned and fled on
lots of others swarming after me.

"Halt halt" I heard some one yell.

"The tornado has missed us." I looked.

It was true and I was very much
relieved at the sight. Yet this I cant
explain though there are many to
prove this is true. Something strange
from the twister when it hit the
orphanage I found myself sailing through
the air, as if being buffeted by a
goat, over some heads of people
and landed on the ground, and I
and a woman rolled over one another
a few times and then we both sat
up and looked at each in amaze-
ment. I saw another man double up
and tumble backwards while others
tumbled head over head heels
over head where they piled up
in a heap struggling and
shouting and in the mix up
hitting one and another with
their fists until every one of
them were bruised and
sore. Finally the man sprung
out of the heap, but the

1565 concussion as I got up caused me to lose my balance and I landed full upon the confused heap of terrified people. I soon freed myself and staggered again to my feet and I went again sprawling on the ground. At this time the tornado was so wild and ferocious that the Onfrangs could not stand in its way and disappeared before it I thought it was some distance from us what caused the strange phenomena that threw us around like that"

"I believe the tornado caused a strange vibration of the ground, and that threw you that way," I answered.

I found out from the head members of the hospital that it had taken nearly a week for many men, even strong women helping to gather all the dead scattered miles over the fields. And the injured were very few in number.

Not one superior survived nine hundred and sixty was the number of the children killed out of one thousand and thirty, and three of the injured ones died in the hospital.

There were ten superiors, a

fortunately 1585
jard janitor, Laundry head with 1566
twenty laundry workers, Engineer and
fireman of the boiler room,
tailor, Doctor and the one a water
tainer and four teachers, A Protestant
Minister who conducted the Sunday
service in the big school Church
chapel, and the school janitor. They
all perished. So the dead I believed

numbered nine hundred and sixty six

Only six were survivors and injured.
The children were nearly annihilated.
The few surviving were in no clear
condition to be interviewed. I felt
as if I and all them were crucified.

The loud mouth was a surviving
door man.

The next day I and my followers
were in So Salle and we went to
see the Sacred Heart Convent there.

All the street front of the building
was totally razed beyond restoration
but all the rest of the building
though frightfully damaged was still
standing. But still it was so
badly torn up that it would
have to be rebuilt.

I saw the street car bottom up
still on the roof. The So Salle
authorities had allowed no workers
near the building as far as

1567 possible wreckage was being removed, but still nothing was being done, with was left of the buildings. The work was certainly progressing slow. As yet nothing at all was being done in Chester Brown.

In So. Baltimore alone it is believed the damage to house hold goods would mount into the millions, because in all sections of the prostrated sections destroyed house hold goods were found mingled in the debris or scattered far and near.

And as I heard So. Baltimore reconstruction of the tornado area will run into a full year and a half according to the reconstruction engineers who examined the tornado district. No attempt at the rebuilding of the sewerage system was being made yet. Until this is accomplished it was conceded the menace of disease dared not be lost sight of. Even the most graphic photographs taken of the ruins failed to reveal in comprehensive detail the desolation of the stricken northeast section of the city. Whole streets are still heaps of splinters.

1585 Fortunately, 1885
timbers twisted still luck and 1888.
motor. Once handsome residences not totally demolished by the turbine are to be seen up turned and broken into parts. And strangers yet are blocks of houses are jammed against one another in baffling confusion. Debris litters scores of thoroughfares, for long distances, and still more all about is a sea of mud and water. Proof of probably caused by the heavy rains. This was intermingled with a mass of house hold furniture and debris of every sort. Even all sorts of debris extended for miles down the river, floating in the water. I saw this too at Chester Brown. I was told many drifts of wreckage was so wedged to gether that it hampered the workers even now and was leading the authorities to the conclusion that this type type of wreckage could not be adequately searched for weeks to come.

Even the street paving is torn away. Another frightful economic loss is that the tornado in its path took so much precious soil covering away with it that fruitful farms are now being abandoned and abandoned.

1562 In So. Gall 15000 were home
less. Aside from this 60,000 build-
ings were equally as much damaged
on Chester town many of these
being churches and school buildings. Six
of So. Gall Catholic schools were wrecked.

The destruction began with the
million dollar home in the exclusive
West northeast Jensen and So. Gall districts,
but further northeast the building is said
to have collapsed more easily and a
large number of deaths resulted.

The stretch of So. Gall covered
by the tornado reaches from the
southwest limit to the northeast
suburb six miles north of the point
of first entrance. The storm swept
the southwestern and northeastern
part of the city for its entire
length following the north side
of the city extending along the
Magnolia river and railroad right
of way.

The south middle of the city gen-
erally composing the business section
was out of the path of the
storm, but suffered greatly from
the big blizzard of ~~wind~~
wreckage flying sideways by the
swirl of the "Oliver" dust.

1585 Fortunately
Even the downtown and south 1570,
side streets were strewn with
debris flung so far by the storm.

14 cup roofs too.
The sections wiped out is the residential
portion though a number of outlying
business thoroughfares were also in
the destroyed area.

The greater part of the wiping out
was done along the northern section
nearest the railroad right of way and
the river, a north and south cross
town street extending the entire length
of the city, numerous streets with retail
and stationary stores were in this
section with the residential portion of
the city scattered in intervening
sections. Many of the best parks
of the city are located within the
district covered.

Jensen Park situated where the
storm first rushed in was wiped
out, and Nelson Park one of the
show residence districts of the city
was struck with such force as to
practically wreck it into oblivion.

Another part of the area covered
by the storm is located between
So. Gall street on the southwest
and Welate street on the north-
east, and from North ave. in the

157) near the Railroad tracks, and from midsection ave on the east to Ralston ave on the northeast. This was the most thickly populated residence district in the city and contains one of the largest Catholic schools. So Hall was mostly Catholic. Many of the large churches of Catholic also were in that part of the city. St Michael's great University was in the path of the storm and badly wrecked.

In the resident portion the destruction wrought was well nigh most appalling. Whole big blocks of homes were picked up and dashed into a shapeless mass.

The worse damage done and the largest toll of lives was exacted in the North of So Hall, along Canal, and Magnolia Aves and from the Northeast to east ave and Division streets. Lots of street cars were hurled from the tracks and swept away.

As I saw myself with the bottom up street car on what is left of its roof, the So Hall School and St Michael's Convent one of the finest Catholic schools in the middle west, next to

Unfortunately

1585

to magnificent one in Chester 1522 Brown was directly in the path of the storm and except for the main section was totally demolished. Though the rest of it was partly still standing the front looked the same as the Convent in Chester Brown. I consider it a miracle that I heard and found full proof proof that every person in this So Hall Convent escaped without injury. And as bad as it was wrecked.

The street car that was hurled to its roof was demolished by the tornado and all of the passengers, including the Motorman and Conductor killed. I looking up saw that a long scattering of some kind had been driven through the car and probably was wedged between the seats and the other side of the car. Its axles were gone, the car was almost roofless, and also the trolley gone. Every window in the car was broken, and every seat torn loose. It wasn't lying exactly flat but slightly slantwise.

Near the Convent I saw twisted, tumbled sections of houses, bare furnishings strewn over the

1573 ground and in what was left of trees in the convent grounds, I saw several large carved posts, one large chair and at least sixty beautiful rich large chair cushions fastened to the convent wreck, and its shattered grounds trees. Even around the convent

I saw a lot of valuable books lying about. And walking among the convent grounds I saw a good number of featherless chickens.

One of the chickens seemed caught on some convent debris near the dangerous tumbled front.

My hungry men I suppose thought it would make a good pot pie on fire and the janitor ventured out on the loose wreckage for half an hour in a vain attempt to capture the wary fowl.

I saw then the imminent danger the janitor was in and ordered him to give it up and come back to us. Just as he started off a portion of the convent front wreck collapsed.

"Gee Henry but she would have made good eating." The janitor said, as he came up to me.

1585
"But not at the price of your life" I returned. "I can't afford to lose a friend you know".
I saw a crotch crushed driven into the side of a shattered tree.

Many shattered trees I mean the convent as I saw had splinters driven through them and shade trees had been uprooted and driven entirely through the convent walls. Wires are still down, some wrapped as if by being wound by an artisan, around the convent.

It is still impossible to communicate with the outside world from the storm Centre as no man was yet were coming to repair wires or rail tracks. All forms of communications annihilated by the wind, excepting for two or three wires now working are still in that communication. Only the Rock Island railroad can get into Se Hall, but not beyond westward. Electric light and trolley wires carried away by the storm are not yet restored or replaced.

The Se Hall Exchange buildings were not in the tornado's path but did not escape injury because of the wreckage thrown at them by the tornado yet not one

1573 ground and I heard left her
1575 girl as I heard left her
switch board when the storm
struck the city a block north of
the exchange. buildings Even though
the exchange buildings did not
escape injury the girls remained
on duty as if nothing had hap-
pened. Every telegraph officer
in the city reported for duty, and
then when the lines went dead
they strove at something else.

One hundred and ninety six
young women were working
when the tornado passed a block
away.

Every window in the north side
and north west side was broken
smashed, or hurled in into frag-
ments of glass by debris hurled
at the building and consid-
erable damage was done to the
building by big lumber like
pieces of wood hurled at it like
battering rams, but the switch-
boards remained intact.

I heard that within five
minutes during the wild storm
every girl was at her place
place at the switchboards.

Unfortunately 1585
and many continued to work 1576
while broken glass was showering
about them, and some planks were
driven even through windows.
Yet with every window shattered
by the far flung house debris by the
the storm, the walls partially
demolished, by the timber battering
rams, and the atmosphere of their
room so surcharged with strange
electricity that many were knocked
from their feet, all these things
telephone girls still sat before their
switch boards, and although tremb-
ling with fright, plugged in call
after call, and shouted above the
din "number please" until the
lines went dead.

Every operator escaped death, all
were bruised however, some were
hit by planks coming in through
the windows and cut by flying
glass and steel.

The electrical disturbance
passed with the storm, I saw
the Exchange buildings. They
looked like some fat hit by
common fire. Wreckage of all
sizes, and big timber by timber
long pieces of timber lay on
the street and by that side road.

1577 ground and in . . .
1572 of the buildings. all windows
on this street side of the exchanges
were gone. These buildings surely got
a flying wreckage bomb and went.
though I did not see any proof of
the statement I heard work is the
word which is telling the story
which must mark the slow, slow,
rehabilitation of the wrecked portions of
So. Ball.

They say it is going on but yet
I have observed no evidence. It is
said that within six dd days
from that fateful assumption day
August the 15th. 6,000 carpenters
are being set at work in the
City of So. Ball repairing buildings
only partly destroyed by the wind
and more than 3,000 laborers are
beginning to clear away the debris
from the demolished structures.

Hundreds of roofs are as I hear
are being restored and the work
of replacing many homes to
the foundations from which they
had been twisted is starting.

I never saw a building only
partially destroyed and where ever
I went I yet saw not a bit
of the reported war being

1585 Fortunately
done any where. If the destroyed 1578
portion of the city is ever to be
rebuilt better than ever, then why
such false reports. Even all com-
munications are not yet being rep-
aired, repaired. I will say so far the
destroyed parts of So. Ball was just
like at Chester town, but the storm
only tore up six miles of So. Ball
and the twenty eight miles of
Chester town was wiped out com-
pletely, with thousands killed and
injured, and the survivors home-
less and destitute.

There is proof all on along, that this
Olewan Tust came in one most fierce
final onslaught upon So. Ball to
Sog an fiat Indiana, wreaking a savage
revengeance which will surely be
unparalleled in the History of this
Country and communities of the world,
When which I forgot to write about
I took my route towards the wrecked
bridge, I saw broken trees, furniture
and all manner of debris float-
ing in the river.

The stream was filled with
bread boxes, crates goods boxes and
every conceivable kinds of litter
and wreckage.
There were apples, ham succotash

1572 sausage mushrooms, olives
tomatoes, cabbage and in fact
everything that comes in cans
floating in the river.

Other sections of the river there were
floating picnic tables, horse wagons
and sections of wooden houses.
Many fragments of houses were also
floating down the river. Some were
piled up against the shore.

Perhaps the queerest sight I had
seen was a large round table
floating by on the river. It was
set for supper. Plates were laid
for six and in the centre was a
catsup bottle and a sugar bowl
with a menu card between. Six
chairs surrounded the table. Water
had not touched the top of the
table. The chairs were held in
place by the pressure of the
water.

Where ever we had gone on that
route towards the bridge we saw
tree tops, broken houses, stables
and out buildings floating slowly
onwards, with one whole house
in the river. As the building
began to settle in the water

fortunately

1585

1580

I wondered if it was going to sink.
Here and there was a flash of cloth
on the surface of the water and some-
times I could distinguish in relief
against the water a doll's head.

Suddenly I saw the house crash
into some obstruction and split
in two. With a grinding sound
the current tore the half house
free again and swept it on. Soon
the remnant of the house was
stranded against the river shore.
Fortunately there was nobody in it.

I even saw a log constructor, twenty
feet long coiled about a piece of
floating timber apparently not at all
upset.

We observed other whole houses float-
ing in the river, where the tor-
nado threw them. Whether there dead
or alive persons in them we
knew not. It was impossible to
reach them.

The whole length of the
river from La Salle to the
torn down bridge was covered
with floating wreckage.

1582 I also heard that west side citizens of So. Halle were determined that the districts should be built up again, but nobody has begun work to that end. I recently heard that Government experts who make a study of floods and storms say that there was no direct relationship between the tornado and the two thunderstorms between where it formed, and which it devastated everything and every town town in its path.

I or nobody, nobody else said it was related to the thunderstorms. We believed the thunderstorms kept them on our way in its straight course.

I went the next day to see Jake Johnson again. He was sitting up in bed. I asked how come you said to be injured, and not in its path?

"It's a long story" replied John: "but I will tell it to you briefly. I don't know why I was hauled about like that, but the incident might have been caused by the concussion of the ground by the cruel tornado whom I heard you either either call the Shroud or

... .. fortunately 1585
the "Oliver Twist" which upset 1583 out the asylum before my very eyes. However after all this crazy bouncing up and down, or thrown about did not kill me, because as you see I'm a very fat man, and I bounced about more like a rubber ball. So all this did me no dangerous harm or injury and merely dislocated my shoulder.

This asylum had a lovely looking woman as its administrator by the name of Mrs Angeline Munroe Mooney.

She was not actually mean, but she was overly strict in discipline, so strict that even all the employees feared to do the wrong things. She was very gracious to the children, but tried to fool those who might be Catholic there to join the Protestant services, and furnished them if they refused.

The So. Halle Authorities got after her, and then she changed and relented, and became more respectful to them.

"I'll never forget being a 'rubber ball' though. After that I remembered nothing nothing until I found myself in bed, in this hospital."

1584 "It's a very unusual experience" said Dorothy! "and proves a severe tornado can shake the ground almost like an earthquake, at least as I thought it could."

"Of course it is," answered the patient. "I do not suppose such a tornado ever did anything like that before."

"I never heard of such a thing before."

"I said," "Did any of the head ones and the administrator escaped uninjured?"

"Of course not," he answered. "None of them were killed, but they were picked up here and there by farmers and country home owners, not in its path, and taken care. They're too badly injured to be moved."

"So there is none of them in this hospital that I can think of. I heard because of their condition no one is admitted to see them."

"Are they the only survivors I heard they were all killed?"

"All the employees were found dead."

"Are they still in the farms now?" asked Angelina.

"None of them are gone," replied the man Jake. "But they are too badly injured to be moved. One

of the farmers fortunately 1585
is also a experienced doctor and surgeon. Singson. and they're under his care with the other farmers doing their share. The administrator a man, and head Asylum doctor is the worst injured. He had a wife but since the storm she has never been seen since."

"His wife must have been a great loss to him," said Dorothy eating a piece of Apple pie.

"She is," acknowledged Jake soberly. "Also she is a great loss to me. She was my sister."

"I can imagine it would be," said readily, and to myself something about the tornado that won't fit to write here. I know a tornado is powerful enough to destroy a whole city if large enough.

"Do remember the number of those in charge of the asylum?" asked.

"You mean the injured ones?"

"Yes."

"Right," he answered. "I wish you could go and see some of them," he continued eagerly. "But the doctors may not permit. It but to begin with," he continued, "word came to this

1586 hospital that these superiors
had been killed, because the
researchers could not find them.
It was only yesterday that it was
learned, they were under the care of
the farmers. Also there is no one able
to see them. Naturally some of our
Hospital staff staff doctors wanted
to undertake the adventure of having
them brought here to the hospital,
but it'll be a long time for there
is no way to get the farmers to
agree. Finally they went to the So
Ball city government authorities who
heard the story but stated that if
the farm doctors say the injured
are in no condition to be moved,
that settled it. So they're staying
on the farms."

Then the janitor spoke.

"Why won't the farmer doctors
let any one visit them? Are they that
bad in condition?"

"I don't believe it," cried Doolerly "I'm
it possible the injured refuses to
admit visitors for some special
reason?"

"They were found dreadfully bat
tered and mangled" declared Jake.
"It was through the administration

who got the worse of it. We
know nothing else. I said thought-
fully. "This is news to me. I had supposed they were all
dead. But in any case we must have
the chance to liberate them, and get
them here if possible. They'd receive
much better care."

My brother in law, though so prime
and severe was a very religious Suteran
Suteran" declared John Jake. "Yet if
he had taken the precaution
to safe guard everyone there would
not have been this tragedy. Only
ten feet from the south of the
Asylum is a cyclone underground
cellar, large enough to hold
them all. But he would not believe
a tornado would ever come here,
therefore he exposed everybody
including himself, and myself
am surprised he and the others
are still alive."

"Then" I said "he for his foolish-
ness and cautionless ways did not
get what he deserved. I think of this.
A great Cyclone Cellar near by and
he let this happen. On what
farms are they on, and where
are they confined?"
"No one knows exactly replied

1587 Jake. For the farmer doctor
whose names are Hank, and
Hiram own on their farms, big barns
which is some distance north of
So. Ball, and they have the injured
in the biggest one yet under good care.
I believe they are somewhere be-
tween So. Ball and Ottawa."

"I'd like to know" said Dorothy, who this
administrator is?"

"I will tell you" replied Jake. He is said
to be some rank member of the State
of Ill. and commanded the employees, and
all inmates of the asylum, under his
care were eight or eighteen hundred
children who despite himself bring so
far from were well taken care of well
fed, clothed, and had great interments
during all holidays and one Sunday
every month. Despite this strict dis-
cipline of his he really was very
much liked by all. He saw to it
they all had beautiful rooms
and excellent furniture so the
orphans appeared wonderfully rich."

"I understood" said both little
girls nodding their heads wisely.
For some reason that we know
and know nothing off the
administrator, it is said nevertheless

that no one was admitted 1588
to visit the place, unless
you were a relation of the orphans,
or had a written and signed permit
from the State Quack authorities.
He was not much fond of us of Pun-
ken Center and never appeared among
us. If you of the Relief Com-
mittee wish to see the Administrator
you must visit him when Doctor
Hiram permits. Yet a cross country
towards their refuge, because of tornado
debris it will be a dangerous and
undertaking. By the way do you know
Ottawa was also hit?"

"Yes on its south side 500,000 damage
10 killed and 47 injured." I answered.
"But for the sake of the poor in-
jured" said Dorothy "we ought to
do it."

"We shall do it when we can"
I replied. "Although it requires a
lot of courage for me to go over
the debris and see Ottawa too."

"If we can leave So. Ball" said
the janitor "I'm also going."

"I can't bear such tough travel -
ing remarked Jake. As for long
as I'm an injured person, so I
shall stay in the hospital until
hospital until I'm discharged. But

1589 I wish you may have success
in your undertaking for I would
like information about my brother
in laws condition.

"We do not need you" said I. "For
if with the aid of my brave followers
I cannot accomplish my purpose
then it would be useless for you
in your condition to undertake the
journey."

"Quite true" I sighed the patient
just then a nurse came up to me
and said:

"Dr. Hiram is just now come here
for some reason. If you wish to
consult him here, your chance but
hurry, I'll escort you to him."

We were led to an office he was
in. I she went in, and then
came out, saying she'll see me,
in to him, but as I on the head of
the Committee he'll only see and
the little girls untill further notice.

His important doctor was a fat
little man, clothed in gray brown
garments. His bushy hair and
flowing beard were a sort of
russet or red brown, and
his face was dark complexioned
As for his features

he looked or seemed kindly 15-20
and good natured and his eyes
were turned merrily upon me as I
stood before him with Dorothy and
Angelina in close order behind me.

"Why he looks like Sate Sante
Claw" whispered the girls to me, but the
Doctor heard the speech and it made
him laugh out loud.

"He had a red face and a round
little belly,

that shook when laughed
like a bowl full of jelly."

He took the doctor in a pleasant
voice and we all could see that he
really did shake like jelly when he
laughed. We were much relieved to
find this Doctor so jolly and he
pointed to three other chairs as he
said:

"Sit down my friend and you
two little dears and tell me why you
wish to see me and what I can
do to make you happy."

While we seated ourselves, he
picked up a pipe, and putting
some tobacco in it, lighted it and
began puffing out clouds of
smoke that curled in rings above
his head I thought this made
the little Doctor look more

1591 like Santa Claus ~~but~~ began speaking
than ever but the little girls listened intently
and the little girls listened intently
to my words.

Dr. Hiram" said "I am the chief
Committee of the Relief Committee in Chester
town, and also have say in the
Committee in So. Halle, and I have come
here to ask you to allow me to
visit some of the tornado victims whom
you have as patients on your farms."
I heard you have ten of them."

"Oh no you are mistaken about that,"
replied the doctor. "There are not ten."

We found three hundred children
lying helpless and injured in the
fields, ditches and roads and are
under our care. Oh others are in
St. Joseph, So. Halle, and St.

Suber Hospital here. There are five
hundred injured more or less,
and so far only one hundred
children were found dead, or died
in the hospital. That out of 1800
children is 600 killed or injured.

They were even picked up from
the ground for northeast of Morris
town. A Medical man many
survived, all the other children
were picked up nearly

every where in the storm 1592
course only battered, shorn, skinned,
scratched or bruised but not injured.
all the employees were found dead
except the Matron. It is said she
is blamed for not breeding about
the warning. I think 1200 survived,
of the children. Eight survivors are
the Superior and John Anderson
the Administrator. So there are not
as many killed as first reported.
They are not all my patients as
other doctors take care of them too.
200 injured are in the big barns
and the head ones in the houses.
But I'm afraid these Uglyum heads
won't see anybody no matter
what their conditions are."

"But that's wrong," I said.

"According to the laws of So. Halle,
medical department, the patients can
do no wrong," answered the Doctor
eyeing a ring of smoke he had
just blown from his mouth.
So they have a perfect right to
refuse to see any body, while
in their condition."

"They are cheating themselves
though," declared Dorothy, "for the
tornado after all killed a hundred
hundred out of eighteen hundred."

1593 For that number of survivors
that ~~is~~ not so big. For what
happened to the buildings, that
number of survivors out of eighteen
hundred children. Its a miracle?

still think its wrong for the overseers
to refuse to see us."

"That is not my fault," said the
Doctor crossing his legs and smiling
contentedly. "You know yourselves I
cannot force them to admit you. I
have nothing to say and neither
has the medical department."

But then how could it be you have
no say?" asked Angelina.

"Easily enough" was the reply. "I'm
a doctor only taking care of the
injured. I've no authority otherwise
over them. Now suppose I have no
authority over you, and yet I try
to make you do something you
are not supposed to do. Could
you say that I am doing the
right thing?"

"No" said Dorothy.

"And could you in fairness ask
me to force those patients to
admit visitors when they don't
want to see any body?"

"No" said Dorothy again.

1594 "Of course not" the doctor
returned. "Of course I don't want my
visitors, and I won't say you can't
go to them. But your trip may
for naught, for they may not give
in to their orders. And too the doctor
there got their orders too, on the same
thing so they would have to give
^{you} notice of admission or admittance.
Their order belong to them, and they
shall have to keep them."

"But that seems very unreasonable" I
said who was much distressed by
the Doctor unusual information.

"In what way?" he asked.

"By the patients giving the doctor such
orders" I said again.

"Being unreasonable" remarked Doctor
Hinam puffing out wreaths of smoke
and watching them float into the
air, "is a thing no one can abide.
So as they're in no condition
to receive visitors, and some of
them are dangerously wounded,
how can they receive visitors.
You can go and try if you wish."

I really believe my doctor
have treated them with great
kindness."

"But what a dread full fate is
theirs," I exclaimed earnestly.

1595 "Why could there be such
a tornado. And not only are the
convents of Chester Brown and So
Salle wiped out but the Asylum
also. And the State of Ill is
in great need of such an Orphan
Home. If you will let me see the
children patients here I'll appreciate it
it very much."

"Doctor Hiram looked grave.
"I cannot refuse" he said.
"Then I said I am here with my
followers to see them."

"Same here" added the little
girls.

"You little girls are as brave as you
are pretty my dears" he said to
Dorothy and Angelina. "But if you really
intend to go to see the patients
on the farms you have little idea
of the extent of the task you
have to undertake. But go if you
must. I have no authority to
say no. But if you want to
see the child tornado victims
of the asylum then come with
me."

He took Dorothy and Angelina
by the hand leading them to
to a large door outside in the hall

hall I following. I he he 1596
opened and we stepped out into
ward full of patients of adults
and children. We gazed wonder-
ingly upon this gruesome scene.
So great were their numbers that every
bed was filled. Even the smell of
blood and pus permeated the ward.
"There are not all tornado victims
are they?" I gasped.
"There said the doctor" is but a small
part of the injured people. No one upon
earth has yet ever dared to compare
with this and no one ever will
for no tornado yet has injured as
many as there. Other hospitals
in So Salle has many more
many from Chester Brown as well
as from So Salle too and the
Orphanage."

Then sad and discouraged we
returned to our friends with the
Doctor this time with us and as
the Doctor calmly seated
himself in his office we entered
and at his bidding sat down.

"It seems it would be foolish
for us to make the undertaking"
I said to the engineer. For every-
where the territory is covered with
impassable wreckage for any one

15-97 to try crossing would be dangerous, I sure do not know how to act in this great emergency."

"If we could get to where they who supervised the Asylum," said Angelina thoughtfully "that our best plan would be to use wheedle them into admitting us, that is if they're not in too bad a condition to be interviewed."

"This is the most sensible thing any of you have suggested," declared Doctor Heriam. "It is folly to go there otherwise, but I'm so hard hearted that I can't let it refuse to let you make the undertaking. But I wonder if they can stand coaxing or wheedling. If you wish to accomplish anything by your risky journey my dear friends you must coax them."

"Very well," I said cheerfully. "Let us as friends talk this over in a friendly manner."

"To be sure," agreed the Doctor, his eyes twinkling merrily. "I am very anxious," I continued to interview these superiors, who are now patients on these

farms and no success there. 15-98 the farmers then tell how they found them. Tell me Doctor how this may be accomplished?" The Doctor remained thoughtful for a moment after which he asked:

"Are you willing to take a few chances and risk yourselves in order to try to see these badly injured Asylum superiors?" "Yes indeed," I said.

"Then," said the Doctor, "I can make you this offer. When you can go there but you must allow me to accompany you. You cannot go alone and unattended into that territory unknown to you. I hope you will have permission to entertain them with your visit, and if it is proven they will see you, then they will be showing they are recovering from their injuries. It is possible for you in this way to interview the eight, but if you do not be able to interview the Administrator and some of the others too refuse them each one of you may in turn visit the big barn and have the female pen privilege I grant

1599. you to see the injured hide.
"Oh thank you. Thank you for this
kind officer" said Dorothy eagerly.
"I make but one condition" added
the Doctor his eyes twinkling.

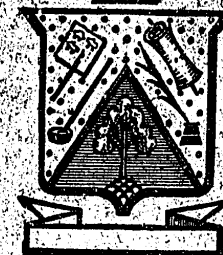
"What is it?" I enquired.
"Don't tell any one that I brought you
here. And if more of the superiors
won't rescue you then instead of
still insisting on seeing them you will
yourself return to So Balls
or Chesterbrown and give it up until
further notified. This is only fair
and just, and is the risk you de-
clared you were willing to take."

Learning this condition imposed by
Dr Hiram I and the rest became
silent, and they looked at me
uneasily.

"Do you think we can do it?" asked
Angelina. "If we get tangled among
debris we will probably need
rescuing ourselves."

But he will take us by wagon."
I answered "Surely I ought to guess
what the undertaking will be,
and if I do we may succeed in
seeing at least one of them. We
can all attempt it, and soon
we will be able to learn all."

PENWORTHY



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my life History



Hail, Full of Grace

What if we fail?" inquired 1600 the farmer "we would look nice as a bunch of undertakers wouldn't we?" "We must not fail" I cried most courageously. Having come all this long distance to see the Asylum attendants it would be weak and cowardly in us to abandon the adventure. Where I will accept the Doctor's offer and go at once to his farm.

"Come along then Henry with your party" said the Doctor. "I'll drive the horses while you ride in the wagon."

He took his seat and we piled into the farm wagon. I rode on the seat beside him. The road led for a time through what had once been a pretty farm country, now torn up and devastated, and then what had once been a picnic grove, but now a thing of the past. The farmer said all this was in the path of the twister before it hit the asylum. But we continued to ride on.

The path was becoming covered with debris and difficult for the wagon to pass over, and

1600 presently a pile of debris appeared across the road, which the wagon couldn't get over. We toiled and threw aside the wreckage. "That's easy enough said the engineers. "7 wonders will happen next."

We then started onward cautiously. Along the way, the Doctor again driving.

Sometimes the road was so narrow that the wheels of the wagon grazed the edges of the field, then it would broaden out as wide as a city street, but the road here free of debris was usually smooth and for a while we traveled on without any accident.

Because of the twists the road was nothing more than a series of riffs, depressions, and cracks, or partly plowed up. We were going southward toward up piles, and the wagon went zig-zag in every direction, getting alarming first up and then down until we were puzzled whether we were nearer to the farm than when we had started two hours before. And all of a sudden a deep crack in the

road which made the way quite dangerous, yet the cracks were not so wide that we were able to jump over them. Sometimes we had to climb over heaps of loose wreckage where the two mule team could scarcely drag the wagon. At such a time all of us were pushed behind and lifted the wheels over the roughest wreckage strewn path, so we managed by dint of hard work to keep going. But we were both weary and discouraged when at last, on coming to a sharp turn, we found ourselves going straight south. Now

from our considerable distance now the way lay straight southward and we made such good progress that we grew hopeful and eager. Our only discomfort was the sizzling hot blate August sun.

But our journey was almost over for in a short time there appeared in the distance a good sized white walled colored house and a long used four story

1603 luck barn across other farm structures and long round eight story high so rules. Our hearts were gladdened by this sight. That meant that our destination was not far away and that the succession of special journeys we had taken - had at last brought us to the Hospital made famous by the "This path will soon lead here" said the Doctor.

We soon reached the barn. We then started for the entrance, allowing the two little girls to go first, then the farmer, engineer and the janitor. As we reached the front of the barn the doors flew open before us, but then we stopped and stared into the long ground floor room with faces of astonishment and dismay. For the room was covered with many beds and every one having a boy or girl. The lamps and lanterns gleamed through the darkness of the interior and giving back and forth on the aisle between the beds were nurses and some doctors.

Dorothy had passed back 1604 to one side of the ward room when she saw this array of beds, cots and injured child patients and now she stood holding Angelina's hand while the Engineer and the Janitor stood on each side of them. The claim had another floor above and the Doctor said "That floor too is crowded". "Are the Gaylum superiors here too?" asked.

"No," he answered. "They're in the outside farm house. I forgot to tell you. The administrator is in the University mode hospital in Chester town."

"I heard that before we started for here," I answered. "A nurse told me it's a miracle if he pulls through."

Now we were led to the big farm house. Dr. Hiram pulled the door bell cord. A tall lean man bearded and somewhat long hair opened the door. A few minutes waiting. Though he was the owner of the house and a farmer, he just now wore what a man nurse wears.

"What do you people want?" she cried in a loud voice. "I would like to visit there."

1605 untill notified ^{to go} ~~to go~~ ^{to go}
"Go long" answered the janitor.
"Dr. Haran promised us that if
we undertook this trip & we
could see the Superior less injured.
and he said you too always keep
your promises. We are the heads of
the relief committee."

"Well you might be able if any of
them will see you" retorted the far-
mer and so you may, but you
cannot see any of them unless I
myself obtains the permission. You
otherwise are welcome. I'll go in and
see what they say. Come in and
sit in my waiting room."

We did. Finally the farmer
reappeared.

"One a woman by the name
of Dorothy Jane Gale," will let you
interview her" he said. "She's a
elderly woman about fifty five
and less seriously injured than
the others. If ~~any~~ you were not of
the relief committee she would
have declined."

He led the way to a single
room. A slim elderly woman
about a very beautiful looking

lady was sitting up in bed 1606
"like said:
"you do not know much about us
of the Superior of the Ophange,
so I don't see how you visit in a any
use to you. I suppose you came a long
distance to see me you the ~~last~~
three men and the little girls
who came with you as for your
visit you must keep it a secret, do
you hear?"

"We will keep it a secret" said
Dorothy.
"All right" said Miss Gale. "Before
the awful disaster I was doing some
important work in what was known
as the ornamental hall. It was
more beautiful and grand than
anything I had ever beheld. The
ceilings were composed of great and
beautiful arches that rose far
above my head and all the walls
and floors were of polished marble
exquisitely tinted in many colors.
Thick velvet carpets were on the
floor and heavy ruffled
draperies covered the arches
leading to the various rooms
of the magnificent ophange."

1602 The furniture was made of rare old woods richly carved and covered with delicate patterns of beautiful colors and the entire ornamental hall was lighted by many candles in large chandeliers that flooded each apartment with its soft and pleasing radiance.

Upon the mantels and on many shelves and brackets and tables, were cluttered ornaments of every description, seemingly made out of all sorts of metals, glass, china, stone, brass, copper, bronze and marbles.

There were all sorts of beautifully colored and designed vases and figures of men and animals and gilded plates and bowls and mosaics of precious gems and many other things. Hand-painted pictures too were on the walls and the hall was quite a museum of rare and curious and costly objects. On the wall were large high and stately outward opening windows.

While I was doing my

cleaning work I heard an argument between the head administrator and his assistant. I heard the assistant say to him, the assistant was his wife, "You are a fool to not pay attention to that dark crazily acting cloud spreading overhead."

"What" cried her husband in so enraged a voice that it shocked me "How dare you call me your husband a fool?"

"Because I like to speak the truth" I heard her shout. I don't like the looks of that cloud coming. Why don't you warn everybody that something's wrong up there instead of allowing it to go unnoticed?"

"Why you stupid rascal of a woman" I heard him return at her. What makes you worry about that damn cloud. It's only going to be a big thunderstorm."

"But suppose it ain't, and something awful happens?" I heard her persist, then wouldn't you lose your position here and have no high job?

"It never happened, and there's no chance of a tornado coming."

1609

here and never well." I heard him reply with a scornful laugh. "We are in no tornado territory. How could any one know, that that cloud now coming nearly overhead are one of a tornado? Bosh! Take my word for it Hannah there's no tornado coming."

I listened carefully to this talk, and looked out the window upward, the cloud was acting so crazily it had me scared. "Still you are acting foolishly by running the chane" I heard her continue roughly "and it is still more foolish of you not to warn the attendants and children that something is amiss. And now look how dark it is getting."

"I noticed that too with great apprehension."

"I don't believe that and never well." I heard him reply. "I think you are cloud scared."

I heard her give an angry grunt and growl.

"Have your own way since

you are the head administrator 1610. But if you come to grief through your carelessness remember that I told you. My it sure is getting dark. If I were in your place I'm sure I would make a wiser and better administrator than you are."

"Oh cease your tiresome chatter" I heard him command getting angry again. "Because you're my wife you have an idea you can scold me as much as you please."

But the next, the very next time you become so impudent, I shall spank you like a five year old. Now follow me to my office." Then they were gone from my hearing as their voices died away.

I looked out the window again and as dark as it was getting I thought I saw a strange thick fog coming, and wondered why so many dogs were howling at one time.

I looked for the cause which awed me at first, and I drew short breaths and pressed my hand to my heart and looked all ways out the window. Then I shouted. "H. Who ever surprised them just you keep your

1611. I damn dogs quiet please. They're making too much noise.
Then I heard the Administrator wife yell "Good gracious what dogs are doing all that howling? Why my God! That's a tornado coming this way. It's hidden by that shroud!"

"What do you mean making a yell like that" shouted her husband angrily. "Shut your crazy sounds off!"

"It's not me, it's the tornado coming" I heard her reply.

"Raise the alarm Get the people to the Cyclone Cellar quick How dare you delay such a thing" asked her husband in a voice of fury. The indignation. Don't you see how near it is coming quick before it is too late."

"It's too late" I heard her cry in a voice of terror.

"I my self saw the oncoming shroud coming in a mad frenzy."

I my was for my part filled with terror for it announced the fact that an unusually violent cyclone was hurling the shroud before it for every

thing belonging on farm fields 1613 was being hurled in all directions from it. Yet too I was amazed at the preternatural fury of the storm still half a mile or more away for I could not imagine how a tornado could as it seemed like that one have the fury of ten tornadoes in one.

Perhaps the tornado could not be more furious than it was before but its condition drove it frantic and it howled roared and hummed like something out of this world.

Then I saw an enormous cloud of everything growing on farm fields so thick you could not see through it spread out far from all side of the funnel mingled with fragments of farm houses barns and fences and all sort of farm animals, carried by it too was a high wind mill structure.

The storm came at us smashing so fiercely it can't be described and by some unseen force I was roughly hurled against the wall and considerably stunned. I then flew into the air and fell flat upon the floor. When I rose to my feet I was lifted and whirled around again.

16/14 That large ~~arrangement~~ room by
wind coming in. Suddenly the
big building was being split asunder
by, he and the administrator cry out:-
"Help, help!"
Then I heard from others in the
building:-

"A tornado a tornado, run for your
lives," I was a voice in honor, and
they did run for I saw them. The
kids fairly tumbled over one another
in their efforts to escape the fury
of that awful storm and those
who could not rush down the wind-
ing stairs, fell off the land-
ing balcony, to the floor beneath.
I saw knocking over those who
were fleeing in panic below them.

Even while the Administrator was
still yelling for help, the others
in the building fled madly down
steps. Debris dust blinded him,
and the administrator was unable
to flee because he could not see
which way to run, and I saw him
stand still and howl and shout
and scream in abject fear.

I rushed quickly and and flew into
a corner about of the big room
which was on the second floor and

closed the door. I know the
wind swept away the entire
building with everyone in it, except
the corner in which I sought safety.
Then that followed with me in it,
and believe me or not I was found
in the midst of the wreckage of building.
in La Salle

16/15
To get I free the men worked
with picks shovels and axes for five
hours. The final thrust was made
and they slowly drew me free. I was
brought here, of my own choice, I
had remained conscious and called
to the workers to hasten my arm
and left leg are broken, but otherwise
I managed. I escaped being worse
of. Yet when I was brought here and
put in bed I felt like a badly
whipped dog."

After turning her eyes first upon
my men followers, and then upon
the children she said to me,

"Tell me sir was it the tornado
what caused the ruin of all sizes
of stones, wreckage, canned goods
and even cats and dogs? I
remembered that all the time I was
held in the 'wreckage'."

In a moment I did not know

1616 what she ~~meant~~ meant by
this question. When remembering
the fallen stuff I had to dodge for
a week, I answered.

Yes. The tornado drew up so much
that the shower of all articles continued
for over a week. Even it rained mattresses
and even beds. A tornado can cause
anything. It was its strong suction."

The woman sat in the bed for a
time quietly thinking over this speech.
Then she asked.

"Was the suction so strong as
all that?"

"I don't know of any tornado having
having one like this tornado did?"
answered. "The whole territory got
this shower far and wide. Did
it bother you much?"

The woman regarded me
with her calm expressionless eyes.

"The rain of debris had me
scared" she said "So the tornado
is responsible. There there is some-
thing else I can say" she continued.

"You have heard I assume that 520
persons were killed in So Halla."
Did you believe it?"

"To tell you the truth" I answered 1617
There were more dead than that. But I
found out the actual number of 2936
dead were really one hundred and
fifty, with five beds killed and 10
injured. All the other persons killed
were blown into So Halla from the
Orphanage. The administrator and his
were also some of them, but he
is surviving. All the others were the
children and some of the attendants
and overseers. It was some few days
after the disaster that this was dis-
covered. All the other dead and
children and some overseers and
employees were found scattered all over
the Country districts for miles.
Many bodies were even found on
the railroad tracks and floating
on the river."

"In the orphanage" she continued I lived
in a room so grand and beautiful that
when I first got the job as one of
the surpiris there I almost feared to
sit on the chairs or lie upon the
bed lest I might dim their splendor.
I only closets were many fancy
costly ornaments of rich materials
and brocades, and I could dress
myself in any of the clothes.

16/18 that pleased me. I had a fine bedroom having a marble tub with perfumed water so I could indulge in a good bath. There were silk stockings and soft leather slippers with diamond buckles to accompany my costumes, and when I was fully dressed I would look much more dignified and imposing. It's not too much the truth about us or the attendants being too severe with the Catholic children there. If they refused to attend non-Catholic church services we did not force them or abuse them.

But yet that offended us, because it was the State law that no matter what your religion was you were not exempt. And we feared to offend the State Authorities, but somehow fooled them when we could. If we were found out we'd have lost our jobs. So as our sternness towards the Catholics was a fake, and those children knew it.

Though the place was an Orphanage Orphanage a great number had rich relations, and that is how the place was done up so magnificently.

It was done by the rich relations 16/19 who wanted their nieces, cousins, or grand children to live in style. I'm a Sutheran. Others were Methodist or even of the Salvation Army. The administrator was clothed in black velvet with many sparkling emerald ornaments decorating his breast, but his bald head, his six feet seven inches height, great stoutness and wrinkled features made him appear more amusing than impressive. But he was very stern, proud, and arrogant, and God help those who gained his displeasure. His wife the assistant administrator was still more dreaded. She would take nothing out of the way at all. And he and her were always no and then fussing.

In the first place I was born in St Louis, and my father who was a Sutheran minister or priest, died in the tornado there when I was 6 years old. I went through it too and for a while my life was despaired of. I'm not as old as I look. My hair which had been a very black the day before the tornado was as white as snow now. They

128 say that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I can never forget the hours I went through and the five hours it took them to pull me from the debris. Some of those who rescued me were friends and even relatives, but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveler from the spirit region. My fright turned my hair white."

"Who built the magnificent Orphan home I asked."

"It was built by the state, but the childrens relations at great expense made it the magnificent place it was. I believe Gyman palace in the Emerald City of Ozland could match the beautiful Gleason Home. Despite the job I had there I was never proud or haughty as any one may tell you. Yet there is a little more history about the Gleason Home that you do not seem to understand, perhaps for the reason that no one ever told you."

Many years before you came here, that was the

asylum was under one Super - 1621 ten but not as it was now and she was a woman. But once upon a time for four high rank statesmen from Washington D.C. leagued together, to improve the Orphanage so the Orphanage was just as it was before the storm. Knowing you were investigating this horrible disaster I alone was glad to see you and why because what you are you had a right to see me. You have a right to see the other too but theyre in such a dreadful condition they cannot be as yet visited."

"But at that time" I said thoughtfully; "there was only one superintendent in charge of the Gleason Asylum?"

"Yes" replied the woman, "When the asylum was such a magnificent building the State Authorities gave me the job as Supervisor here."

"I'm very glad of that" I said. "We owe a good deal to the wonderful people who made the asylum what it was. I was head supervisor next to the rank of the administrators and ruled it wisely and well for many years" she said. "I was treated with every respect

1622 and consideration, and can come from the surviving children that they liked me immensely." They found she spoke the exact truth. They were broken hearted over what happened to her. They were all anxious to see her again for she had always been a rare favorite. She was so well devoted to the children and loved them so well that she could not deny them anything.

She continued,

"I was in Flint Michigan when in May 1897 it was struck by a tornado. There was nothing left of the house. I was in, but I was only bruised. I read afterwards that forty seven were killed and one hundred injured. I was also in the Galveston hurricane September 8 1900 when thousands lost their lives. I was unhurt but never will forget the experience, And now this. And such a beautiful building gone with the wind." Then she continued after looking towards a window for some time "I've heard it said that the Chief Administrator and some of his attendants are blamed on ~~us~~

careless because of the storm 1623 taking us all by surprise. Therefore they are accused of breaking a religious law even after being warned there was a danger of a tornado in the making. Yet all this for fuss is not about nothing at all. Some say we survivors can't prove they were careless and have no right to accuse especially him of it. They say search any papers he has if you like but you won't find any. Look in his office and you'll find they're not there. They say no one has any evidence against him, or the attendants. So there is no evidence eh?

I think there is. I think there is plenty of evidence. I also think it from the argument between him and his wife which he overheard. We don't know about any accident papers because the storm blew them away with everything else.

"I'm not a stranger here Mr. Dargen and you don't know that nothing can be hidden from the survivors, nor from the watchful eyes of me. He may in a

1624

way he be a good man, but he was overconfident, had I know it all way about him and would never believe anything you tell him. ~~It~~ He believe it was was very foolish to believe any

tornado could even in this part of Ill. I even warned him on that morning of August 15, but he grinned, bowed to me and said:

"What causes you to think that?"

I answered: "To unjust and unreasonable to take chances. Tornadoes have been known to form and strike at random, and I am sure this section of Illinois is no safer than places that have had them. Even now I feel nervous about the look of the dark clouds"

"Why it seems to me you are unjust and unreasonable" he then answered "Don't be a scardy cat Mrs Gale. Even now I can see no harm in those dark clouds," and he regarded me musingly his chin resting upon his hand, then he again said "I suppose a good masses of storm clouds seem strange to people who do not understand them, but

after all no clouds is ever formed without some purpose. My wife's argument did impress me. I'm here with some purpose, and that purpose is usually to protect these orphans, and others and guard their welfare. I though still I hardly believe any bad storm is coming. I've seen to it that the opening to the Cyclone Cellar, are open and all exits and doors ^{to} the Arylum. also so escape can be easy if something is amiss. I know these tornadoes will and after all will be on my guard.

So far since this giant's gigantic thunderstorm to day all has been far more peaceful and quiet and nothing seems to be out of sorts. So you see after all I will be on my guard. I loath to have anything happen to the poor children."

"And was he on his guard?"

"I'm a way yes yes. I f there had not been such a panic I believe all could have been saved. It took its time in coming at us. Panics spoiled everything"

1625 I sat looking out the window
a long time then I said gently:-
"one of the laws of the Safety Bureau
forbids anyone who is in charge of
an orphanage to be careless in
anything which could endanger the
inmates of the institution. He could
be accused of having broken this law,
even when he had been not so to do
so" by his wife."

She said, "why should we fuss about
nothing at all. There's no one who
can prove he was somewhat care-
less for there is no one living
who can accuse him of it before
the Court, not even his wife."

And I for one will not dare
testify nor the surviving children,
he's too much their friend and
has done everything possible for
them.

Try to search for his papers if
you like, but you won't find them,
look into what had been his
office and you'll find nothing.

He hasn't got anything as
evidence against him, because
the tornado took care of
that I am not so as against

your purpose. for it is justified 1626
but what all of it are you
going to do when the tornado blew
blow away all evidence, and killed
all who could have been witnesses?
I listened to these words in amazement
and wondered how the tornado could even
defy me to prosecute the Chief Anyleum
Administrator. So I sat silent and
motionless for a few minutes and
then answered:-

"So the children would or will not
testify eh. I think they could be
made to under penalty. I think also
to refuse to do so, they could be held
in contempt of Court and shielding
a law breaker. You're not a
stranger here Mrs. Gale, so you
don't know that nothing can be
hidden from our powerful Courts,
nor from the watchful eyes
of the judges. I also think you
must know if you refuse to testify
you'll be in the trouble. And
after all, if you would say you
don't know when you do, hoping
it would not prove him guilty,
when he is that would be
perjury and there's a penalty
for that also. So he will stand

1627 testify if called upon. Besides is
he anything to you since his name
is Henry John Gale?"
"He is my Uncle. But I'll admit
honestly and truthfully. I can't testify
I know nothing of except what I've
heard, and without them living that
is of no value in the Court."

"So the tornado is his defender. Good
night" I exclaimed. "Very well the
children will prove it if they will."

"She said 'So you've found out.
Very well, let the Court try to
make them prove it if it can. It
has no right to impose anything
upon them. Let the Nation testify
like knows a lot she does."

"Did you know that she'll be a very
long time in the Hospital?" I asked.

"Yes" she replied. "But can't the Co-
Court wait that long, I knew what he
did is against the safety law, but
he was more foolish and full of
presumption, instead of bad, and I
wanted to save him, and I was
afraid I if I asked your consent
to forget his offense you would
refuse me."

"What caused caused you to
think that?" I asked.

"Why it seems a foolish law, 1268
unjust and unreasonable. Even now I
can see no harm in his mistaken
carelessness. For nearly a century no
tornado ever occurred here and then
how could he suspect one was to
come here now. I had no admonition
of it. And I not seeing the dangerous
cloud until I heard my Aunt Haller
about it then, and I thought the
Court who makes such a silly law
would not likely to keep any
one in trouble. It certainly was
not his fault, nor mine either.
Who can foresee a tornado?"

I regarded her innocently my chin
resting upon my left hand but I
was not angry. On the contrary I
watched it raining outside then smiled
a little at my thought, and then
grew sober again.

"I suppose a good many laws seem
foolish or unjust to those people who
don't understand them. I said. But no
law is ever made without some
purpose, and that purpose is usually
to protect all the people and
guard their safety and welfare."
I knew relations and friends of
my father who had seen the St

1869. Saw Tornado of May 27 1896,
killing nearly a thousand people
of which only three hundred could
be identified. Of course I struck
without warning and took
half an hour to enter and leave the
city. It like this one carried all before
it. Same tornado struck many places
in Missouri and Illinois. I have relations
could write a thrilling book on it.
As I know you are no stranger with
these storms I will explain this
Saw which to you seem so fool-
ish. First I'll ask you a question. When
one struck Flint Michigan in May
25 1897 did it give any warning
of its coming. You said you was
there."

"No it didn't. We had no time to
seek the cellar and gathered in
the front room to await death. None
of us was injured though we were
beneath the wreckage when the
house was split asunder and all
expect as though it was made of
painted paper. But that disaster was
no tornado at all compared to
this one here."

"That gives me the chance then
to explain this law. Every year

ago there had been many 1859
tornadoes in this country and
things they do can never be estimated.
These tornadoes often took so many off
guard because of their carelessness.
So because of that they had caused great
great loss among the towns, and killed
people by the scores or hundreds and
caused so much trouble throughout the
country, often ripping disastrously through
big cities that the Authorities of the
Safety departments and Welfare districts
forbade any one to be so careless
or not to warn anyone, on indication
if one is seen even far away, except
one comes too sudden, without warning
or sound.

That is excusable. Since that Law
was issued and obeyed tornadoes have
never killed as many as they
used to. But yet it was learned
that some of the tornadoes by their
crazy loud sounds like this one
gave fair warning of their approach.

Therefore another law was made
forbidding any one to let a very
suspicious cloud go unnoticed which
a tornado is liable to come down
from. That law being obeyed has almost put

1670 an end to the loss of so many tornado victims in our land, so you see the law was not a foolish one but wise and just and in any event it is wrong and sinful to break any law. If because of loss of evidence, or witnesses, he can escape Court proceedings, God knows all and he will surely answer to him, even now, or if he dies. In God's eyes he is responsible."

"I could see that she knew I was right and must have felt greatly mortified to realize her uncle's mistake. But she looked me in the face saying:-

"I am sorry he had acted wrongly and in that way so say broke the law and thought he would not be found out. But after all even if he is guilty of this act, how is it possible to bring Court proceedings against him, when doctors even this day say they are afraid he won't pull through. When the tornado carried him off according to the rescue, it flung him into a farm threshing machine."

1671 I listened and listened very attentively and was thoughtful for some moments after the woman was finished speaking. Then I said:- "Nevertheless Mr Gale was wrong not to be watchful for the approach of the storm when his wife tried to convince him on the crazy action of the dark cloud coming overhead. And if he had not unlawfully held back the opportunity to hurry every body into that cyclone cellar you mentioned, this tragedy of the Ayer's inmates, and its heads and employees could not have occurred. I can understand however that you who who loves your uncle will be unhappy unless the doctor can save him."

For although he had committed a serious fault, I think because of his internal injuries, I think he has been punished enough. Whether he lives or not I'll overlook it and be forgiving. But nevertheless nevertheless, if possible the doctors must try their best to pull him through. Who is his main doctor?"

1672 "Doctor Hiram. From Chestertown they brought my Uncle into this farm house. But he is in no condition to be seen or visited."

"I don't need to see him" I answered

"I feel its wrong though to not to do my part to try and save him when he ought to recover. Besides its the duty of the Relief Committee. So I suppose when we can get him I'll propose to have Dr Hiram get one of my head doctors to try and save him and we also assist to help you in his behalf. What do you think Dorothy?"

"That is the best thing to do" replied the little girl. "If we do succeed in this we have cheated the tornado of another victim indeed".

"We must do it" I promised. But that is going to be a difficult task. Dr Hiram ^{was} get that type of doctor though? had sent for him yesterday and had him brought to the house where he now is. I have also ~~brought~~ brought him two special nurses who are waiting in

the next room. Nothing that 1673 happened in So Falls or Chestertown escaped the notice of this special doctor. He knew all about the admiral, and how he had got so seriously injured when as you say he got thrown by the tornado into the thrashing machine. It was lucky it not operating at the time. The doctor with Dr Hiram is in the next room."

Mrs Gale was greatly astonished at this announcement.

Yet the doctor was sitting with his head looking very important and as if he knew much more than he cared to tell.

Then he rose and said:

Mr Henry Gale is no longer in danger, but it'll be months before he ever will get out of bed again. I've been interested in Mrs Gale, his niece, because of her love for his unfortunate uncle. She has a loyal and generous heart. We doctors have done our best to save Mr Gale. At first we feared we would fail, but then as a person more powerful than us Doctors, and there are more ways than other doctors know of to keep Mr Gale.

1674 God must have told me one way, and I learned how great is the knowledge and power of our peerless God. The saying is "without God's help you can do nothing." But He helped helped us pull him out of danger. He will live.

He and a number of children told the truth about the cause of the tragedy. There had been unusually bad storms during the night and morning untill early afternoon of August 15, and uncommonly heavy rain. The rains did cause the Magalloway river to fill to its bank and the waters flowed in anger. But no flood after all. But there was no cause for alarm by the appearance of the slowly unusually strangely acting dark cloud.

There was no fear among the children, only curiosity.

They were in the school of the Asylum grounds, thanking God that they were as they supposed not in the parts of Illinois where angry twisters could and have brought desolation to so many thousands.

Get the kids in the school went to the windows to

look at the strangely dark 1675 cloud which marked it a memorable day for August 15.

Mr Gale went to the school and said to the Head teacher "The cloud is acting awfully crazy. Get the children out side and to the ground cellar." But the children were alarmed, the great trees and the strength of the building would prove protect them. Even the teacher shook their heads as the turbulent cloud was coming overhead black as night and a strange fiery phenomenon in it, satisfied in their own security.

Alas they all were all too sure of themselves and of mans power.

The tornado came on with its mad tumult of sound and blustering upon both building and Asylum ground swept everything away in forty or seconds. He said the tornado came when when all the inmates with him and his wife were heading for the cyclone cellar. Even then they were scoffing at the idea that a tornado would come. Had this point of Ill never had serious storm? Why be alarmed. And so they were

And Mrs. Gale
"Not far from where I was caught
in the wreckage on 2^d Hall, there
were three women and two men
wedged tight in the same wreckage that
held me. They were screaming for help.
The wreckage was lodged against a frag-
ment of a roof that was almost
submerged in debris and rubble.

7 while others were striving hard to free me, 7 saw soldiers making desperate attempts to draw away the debris to get at them, but the wreck of a torn wooden house collapsed down and they were forced to make their way back wards to save their own lives.

all afternoon the five half buried
sufficers screamed, cried and begged
to be rescued, 'they were scream-
ing' madly, some with arms out-
stretched, out in an appeal for help.

Night before my eyes? saw
as many as fifty or more
children pulled dead or injured from
wreckage. Then at the same time
was pulled from so were the
four women and the two men.

yet they were expected to die as 1622
they are suffering from external injuries. When I was held by wrechaga
I could see the maynolia not too far
away. 1622 I t 1622 I t 1622 I t

away.
7. saw the contents of all kinds of stores
come floating past. They were not mixed.

The contents of one store followed another. First the river was filled with floating pianos. Then came the long counter of a cigar store and hundreds of boxes of cigars and thousands of pies in large wooden containers. Then came a tea store stock and then the contents of a rubber goods store and for all the time I was hemmed in until I was rescued, the river was filled with wreckage of all sorts on which rode hot water bottles and other rubber articles. So it went for five hours until I was finally pulled free and brought here and under a doctor's care. Near me the death list of children grew as body after body was dragged from the awful wreckage. In many cases the ladies were wedged so tightly in the debris that I saw them become ~~pained~~ ~~useless~~ ~~and~~ mutilated as the men disentangled them. Four of

1678 the children recovered were almost unrecognizable as a result of being flung into the debris. All were from the asylum. I heard some of the men say that the wreckage of the wreckage hampered the work of the searchers and led the authorities to the conclusion that the last of the wreckage could not be searched for weeks. I never want such an awful experience again?

"I don't blame you I said.
"Of all the things which surrounded my uncle in his office was none more ~~more~~ marvelous than his great book of Records. On the pages of this Record book he had constantly inscribed day by day all the important events that happened anywhere with the asylum, the school or the ground with the inmates did and by him they were entered in the book at exactly the moment he read or heard of the event happening.
Every adventure within the two buildings on the grounds, and in the City of St. Louis, were by him recorded accurately

in the great book into which 1679 he took good care never to make a mistake and state only the exact truth. For that reason nothing could be concealed from him." Then she continued after a pause "All he needed to do was look at the pages of the great book of Records to know everything he wrote down that had taken place.

That is one reason he was such a great educator for his keeping tracts of all events made him wiser I believe than any other living person. I'll tell you in this wonderful book whose pages were the size of a newspaper sheet was placed upon a big table that stood against the wall near the window in his office.

The legs of the table which were of oak were firmly fastened to the tiled floor and the book itself was chained to the table and locked with six very strong padlocks the keys to which my uncle carried on a chain that was secured around his neck.

The pages of the great book were three thousand in number and although they were exceedingly thin

1681 they were very strong and untear-
able and there ^{so} many of them
that they made an enormous
lucky volume - and the book was
^{so} heavy that six men could not
lift it half an inch.

Yet because of the tornado the great
book of Records table, chains and all
have mysteriously disappeared. I hearing
of it am am shocked and grieved. How
could the tornado have done this
strange freakish thing?

I was thoughtful for a time when
I heard of it considering the con-
sequences of the loss. If
my uncle finds this out he'll
be prostrated. Every where from the
Asylum to So. Hall, even at
Chester Brown it has been searched
for. Even his medical instruments
and rare chemical compounds are
gone.

When I found this out I was
both angry and alarmed. I had
tried hard to think how this
extraordinary phenomenon could
have taken place. Because
of the weight of the book and
the table which was five
times heavier than the book.

It was evident that this 1681
tornado surely must have had
very great power in its disap-
pearance could never have been

accomplished without my knowledge.

But who could have thought that
any tornado could be powerful
enough to do this awful thing.
And what ever tornado even if having
the power could also have an object
of defying nature in carrying
away table book and all making
a disappearance of the most mar-
velous book the world has ever
known.³

When I heard the news I did
think over the perplexing mat-
ter for a full hour at the
end of which time I was still
puzzled how to explain it.

"I understand" I answered.
"but it can't be explained."
about the strange disappearance
of three quarters of Chester Brown
Sacred Heart Convent and
all its inmates except two
either. Although his book was
gone his knowledge has not
disappeared by any means, since

1682 no tornado or thief even how-
ever powerful or skillful can
rob one of knowledge and that is
why knowledge is the best and
safest treasure to acquire
"Really indeed" said Dorothy looking

solemn "This is very surprising. The researchers
they say can't find even a shadow of the
log record book and where ever it's gone
this tornado has taken it with it."

"She was standing by Mrs. Gale,
led with Angelina, the janitor and the
farmer and Engineer."

"Perhaps" said the Janitor, someone in
La Salle has found the book and
won't give it up."

"Oh they couldn't never dare do that!"
exclaimed Angelina.

"And stolen the chemicals too, so
the Administrator can check the ill
of the children" added the farmer.

"I hate nonsense" said Dorothy.
"Why I heard that all the kids
loved Mr. Gale. There is not a single
person in this part of Illinois
who would steal a single thing
that he owns, after the tornado
knew it somewhere."

"Hark" replied the farmer "you
don't know everybody in this part

of the State"

"Why don't you?"

"It's a big State, I live in Illinois" said
the farmer "There are cracks and corners
in it that even the Governor doesn't
know of"

"The farmer, just daffy" declared the
janitor.

"No, he's right about that" replied
Angelina thoughtfully. "There are lots
of towns, villages and even cities,
whose people or mayors never come near
Springfield, or its Capital. I've seen
East St. Louis, Decatur, Alton and
even Cairo but I haven't seen all
of course, and there might be some
wicked vandals or ghouls around there
tornado torn cities yet though I don't
think they have the nerve to come
in because the wreckage is too
threatening and dangerous dangerous.
So if they did try it they'd be
destroyed."

Just then Dr. Hiram came into
the room.

"Have they found the farm's tale?
Record book yet?" cried the Doctor at
which he stopped beside the book.
"Not yet" said Dorothy. Dorothy

1683

4685 one know know where the tornado left or flung it?

"No. Mr. Gale's great book seems to have my stereos, dis appeared, and the medical instruments are gone after the storm left them some vandals must have stolen them."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Dorothy in alarm. "This is the biggest tornado freak I ever heard of. But they couldn't be stolen afterwards. No one dares go among the wreckage. If they did dare to who do you think would have the dare devil recklessness to go and do it?"

"I've no idea" he answered with a sorry face. "Even his medical case and bag is also gone. The tornado must have taken that too."

"We looked at each other in amazement."

"This thing is really desperate" continued Dr. Hiram. "All the best things that belonged to Dr. Henry Gale is gone, or stolen from the wreckage some-where."

"Do you suppose the vandals after the tornado could have found and taken them themselves for some purpose?" asked Dorothy.

"No indeed" declared Dr. Hiram. 1686 I suspect suspect they may be so deeply buried in the wreckage at So. Salles that no one knows where. But yet though I deeply feel for Dr. Gale and the one who lost the Record Book or other articles. I did suspect some vandals have stolen them, for the tornado debris in So. Salles is not like Chestnuttown and therefore vandals wreckage thieves might have found and taken every thing away by night when vigilance can't see them."

"How dread-ful" cried Dorothy and Angelina together. "The idea of any one taking advantage of the tornado to injure from Dr. Gale. Can't we do anything to find them Henry?" To one.

"I'll asked the So. Salles Authorities to-morrow. I'll go straight to them and you attend with me. We don't like to break the news to Dr. Gale yet. He'll be greatly shocked I know."

We all were very much disturbed in mind. Even the farmers were more quiet than usual and seemed to realize that another calamity had overtaken everybody. Of course we knew that the tornado had been a series of exceeding years, and

all the people of this whole
1687 country as well as nations of
Europe looked upon it as the
strongest and wildest tornado ever
formed yet the idea of that heavy book-
and still heavier table being over-
powered by this tornado and swept into
oblivion was too astonishing for us to
comprehend at first.

"Yet what other explanation of the
mystery could there be? And the
mysteries of Chester Brown Sacred Heart
Convent and St Vincent's church they
were swept away and everything
disappeared away with them."

"Surely no vandal would dare go
among the wreckage willingly," asserted
Dorothy, and they would steal Dr.
Gale's great Book of Records, or his
medical cases could be carried there is
too much weight to them. I'm sure
the tornado has done all this."

"Where is it among the wreckage in
So. Hall?" asked the Farmer.

"Of course no one could get across
so much wreckage you know, and
no one but an experienced relief
relief or ~~rescue~~ ~~rescue~~ or
rescue worker would find a bone

about the Record Book, or where 1688
they are, but not be able to dislodge
them from the debris because of their
weight. Surely because of that no one
could be able to steal the whole
outfit before the guards could stop them.

"It must be somewhere among the debris
in So. Hall."

"But where—where—where?" asked
the farmer. "What's the question—Where?"

"If we knew," I replied severely.

"We wouldn't be standing here doing
nothing."

There was no denying this statement.
I knew the faces of them were still
more solemn and sorrowful.

"One thing is sure" said the farmer
after a time, "that the Record Book is
stolen, some vandals defying the
perils of the wreckage stole her only
valued vintages not the ruins of a
room, no name or vandals are needed.
So some one ought to find if this
is so, and capture and punish
the thieves."

"There may be a lot of vandals
who do this and even not the
dead" suggested the farmer gravely
"and in the results of this theft,
they don't seem to have any

1689 soldiers, guards or policemen
But yet I can't see that they could
be of much use to any one in this
trouble. But perhaps no one could
get it from the wreckage as it's too
heavy.

"They might be able to" admitted Dorothy
reflectively "for if they got powerful
persons to help them. But it isn't likely
any one would let it get stolen, so
the look must be deep among
the wreckage, and probably all of
the wreckage in the storm's path
may have to be cleared away
before any one comes across it."

There was no denying this argu-
ment, and yet we were unable
to decide how the Book of Records
disappeared so strangely, and how
the tornado strong as it was
committed the dreadful deed.

"I think" I said "We ought to start
out right away in search of the
Record book. I seem cruel for us to
stay here while we may have a
chance to trace it."

"Yes" agreed the farmer "We
ought to search for it."

"Then we'll start to morrow
morning" decided Dorothy. Henry

and I won't waste another minute." 1690
"I'm not sure you girls will make
good detective" I remarked, even though
I'll go with you to protect you from
harm and give you my advice.
I'm no wizard you know but I will
try to protect you from dangerous delu-
sions or even vandals you may meet."

"What harm would happen to us in
La Salle?" inquired Angelina.

"What harm happened to the Record Book?"

I returned "If there are evil vandals
abroad in our tornado torn cities which
might be able to steal the Record
Book from the wreckage and this
immediate cause, then those
evil vandals may yet cause us a
lot of trouble or injury. I know the
Record Book is awfully heavy weight
added by its immense table and is
in the wreckage on top of it if there
is any, so if that is true no one
can steal or destroy them, but
we are all mortals not spirits
and so are the men "cut-throats" and
I no one must watch out for
curiousities. I hope I can find them.
"Any one clever or strong enough to
steal all the things after they
flew through the air could do

1691 almost anything" said the engineer. yet this is something that which neither neither Mrs Gale or I can understand.

The next morning we were on the way. Groups of citizens from Bumpkin Centre lined up on the streets to see us pass, and to cheer us and wish us success for they were all ~~gave~~ ~~gave~~ grieved over Dr. Gale's loss and anxious that the big Book be found again. I met on the way one of the village men who said:

"If you go that way towards So. Halle you will be passing through a very dangerous Country side, unless you turn to the south or southeast to escape its perils."

"In that case" said the farmer "let us turn by all means, for I dread to face dangers of strewn wreckage of any sort."

"What's the matter with the Country ahead of us" inquired Dorothy and Angelina together. "Beyond these rolling farms" explained the farmer "are fields so

strewn with debris from the 1692 towns first but that I believe no one is able to get past them. Only in So. Halle south is all right. Beyond that is Chester town so town out up that nobody can get in or out."

"What is So. Halle like in the bath?" demanded the Engineer.

"No one knows, for no one has ever passed the wreck strewn fields" was the reply. "but it is said except from the south there is no way to get into So. Halle either."

"Who says all that?" asked the janitor. "It is common report" declared the man. "Every body believes it."

"I don't see how they know" remarked Angelina. "if no one has been there."

"Perhaps the birds who fly over that territory brought the news" I said sarcastically.

"If you escape those dangers" continued the villager "you might encounter others still more serious. Before you come to the Magdala River. It is true that beyond that river there lies devastated Chester town, where over three thousand

1693 were killed or died. It is
between here and Chesterton
on So. Side too that because of
the storm all danger lies for
that is the territory that is covered
by unknown sort of terrible im-
passable debris."

"It may be and it may not be
be" I said. "We shall know when we
get there. Besides in coming
here we never came by the
way you are talking about. Yet
if possible we must try and
locate that important Record Book
by inquiry at the lost and
found department at So. Side."

"Well, 'protected the village' in
a tornado torn up country such
as ours every part even be-
yond the path of the storm is
covered by impassable debris
known far by the storm, you
too may encounter wicked
armed vandals who rob the
dead and wreckage and other
persons."

"That argument" I stated con-
vinces me that it is our duty
to go straight beyond danger

beyond those wreck strewn
places if ever avoiding them is
possible. However dangerous they may
be for it is surely some well
freak of the winds which has stolen
that Record Book, and its tabs, and
we know it would be folly to
search among the wreckage for it
without consulting the lost and
found bureau first.

The Book may not now be in
the wreckage, it may be hidden
in some place for safe keeping,
if found it is true but it is
our duty to travel through every
territory no matter how dan-
gerous where the Book may be
found and claimed."

"You're right about that," said the
farmer approvingly. "Danger don't hunt
us, only things that happen ever
hunt ~~us~~ any one and a danger is a
thing that might happen and might
not happen, and sometimes don't amount
to much. I vote we go ahead and
take our chances."

We were all of the same opinion,
so we had said good-bye to
the friendly neighbor and proceeded
on our way.

1695 "Wait a minute" he said. "I'll dare to accompany you for your safety." "This darn tornado must have been so strong that when as I heard it came at the Sacred Heart in Chester town, it took three quarters of it away with every body in it except a little girl and a nun."

"How could the tornado do that?" asked Dorothy, for she now remembered that a man and a woman had claimed that the twister made all that go into oblivion.

"That I do not know said Ugu John for that was his name. But the storm is a thing of the past now."

"How far did it go?" asked quickly.

"I am told it went as far as Loganport Indiana, way northeast of here. You see the tornado such a powerful twister by that time it wiped out entirely the part of the city it too through, and lost itself somewhere in Ohio."

"It had been so strong that twenty tornados or more could not compare to it."

"This is good news" I declared. "But why did it tag along so far?"

"No one knows" replied Ugu John. 1696. "Do you think?" asked Angelina anxiously that the tornado did surely carry off that heavy Record Book and table into So Sale, from the Gleason Orphanage?"

"Well" replied the village I won't say exactly that I know exactly anything about that, but the storm did become the most powerful tornado the world has ever seen and so I suppose it could happen."

"If they came across them would vandals be wicked enough to steal them?" asked Dorothy.

"Well" replied Ugu John "I won't say that you call them wicked exactly but vandals are very ambitious to secure from the bodies of the dead, or ruins what they can get hold of, and so I suppose they would not be too proud to steal any thing that belonged to the dead no matter what it is, if they could manage to do so."

But that awful awfully big Book and table you mention they would have to be awfully strong men to lift one end of it."

1697 "But how about the book then?"
asked. "I say the book weighed
five hundred pounds and the table
fifteen hundred so how could vandals
steal them"

"Don't ask me Mr. Dager. No one can
tell me why a tornado carries such
weights I assure you"

"Then we must go and search for it
ourselves" declared Dorothy.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you"
advised the villagers looking first at
the two girls and then at four men.
"If the twister has really deposited
among the wreckage at Se Galle, the
wreckage will keep it buried under
in spite of all the work of the
removers. And with all the weight
of the wreckage on top of it, it would
be dangerous to try to disentangle.
Therefore if you are wise you will
go to Chestelbourn again and find
something to take its place. But
perhaps the tornado did not steal
your Book"

"It isn't mine it belonged to the
Administration of the Gleason Apphamays"
yet the only way to settle that
question I replied, is to go to the

to the Se Galle Salvage 1698
Department and see if the great Book
and its table is there. If it is we will
report the matter to the heads of
the farm made Hospital where his niece
Mrs Gale is and I'm pretty sure she
will find a way to have it placed
securely some where"

"Well to as you please" said Ugu John.
"But if you get caught among the
wreckage or buried beneath it in your
search don't blame me for not
warning you. But we must not go west
or north, or north-east you would
soon come to the large far field
of wreckage, or the impassable river,
and also because in all this
debris no one can come in to
steal, so your time here would
be wasted. But towards the east
and north-east, and beyond the
river (not even I) not daring to come
into Se Galle or Chestelbourn, there
may be strange vandal robber
people whose honesty I would
not vouch for. Moreover if we journey of far
enough east we cannot cross the
river because of the destroyed

1699 bridge. If La Salle went of there but east of it here there are salvage departments who may be able to tell us just where the great Book is if it had been found. Provided of course we do not find where it is ourselves."

"This seems to me to be excellent advice" I said and the rest agreed with me as we got into the wagon where we had left it. The mules were brought by the one who took care of them.

"The most sensible thing for us to do" continued the rangers, would be to return to Chesterbrown by the route you are going to take and find out if it had not been blown there.

But if you don't believe it has been taken there, we are likely to learn more about it in La Salle than at any other place in the tornado path."

Yet yet within two hours were in front of the La Salle salvage department. I showed my identification papers, to prove who I was, and we were shown into a very large room, long

and broad, with large and 1700 high windows. I went in first and Dorothy and Angelina followed me. Then came the four other men. When we posed the question, the man who was an official pointed.

Upon a raised platform at one side was the big heavy table which lay Doctor Gale's Great Book of Records, but the book was not chained to the table. The chain had been broken by the force of the wind. But the table or the Book was not harmed.

On a row of shelves at the opposite side of the hall stood all the bottles of chemicals and essences of medical sciences and all other medical instruments that had been stolen from Dr. Gale by the turster, with glass doors covering the shelves so that no one could get at them.

"Very well said the official," when we had stood in silence for a moment staring about us. "This visit is an expected pleasure I assure you. I knew you were coming and I know why you are here."

1701 You are very welcome, but as
I hope you have insisted on coming
I hope you will make this
days call as long as possible.
It won't take long to transact your
business with me. His name
Anylin address, and door number
is on the inside cover of the
big Book in very large print.
You will ask me, where it
was found by rescue workers
three days ago, and my reply
will be that you won't guess
in years"

"Sir" I answered you are a wise
and good official to salvage all
those important things I suppose
you imagine because there were
found that is was a powerful
curator to carry all that where
it where it did?"

"Yes" said the official slowly
filling his pipe with
fresh tobacco from a silver bowl
that stood beside him, that
is exactly what I imagine.
If the tornado can carry
that immense house it

1702
flung against the Sacred
Heart Convent it could carry this
with the most perfect of ease.
I bet you can't guess in a thousand
years where it was found. So
before this in mind my friends-

It was found in a wreck strewn
street standing upright, and in a
condition as you see it now in
far away Zamora. The workers also
restored to this place all you see
here. It will do you no good to
demand from me how the
workers got the big table and
the record book here, because I
will not be able to tell you
as it was brought here at
night when I wasn't here."

At these words I wished I had
been swallowed by the earth that
big fifteen hundred pound table
and five hundred fifty pound
book, carried all the way from
the Gleason Ay lumor to Zamora.
It seemed incredible, nothing
out of tremendous magic.

"Surely that can't be true what
even you may have to say"
I declared that heavy outfit.
If you don't believe it ask the

1703 workers, I'll send for them"
Now although I had spoken so
boldly I still at this moment
had no idea how this might
be true. 1600 or more weight swept
that far without once being drop-
ped I had that ~~moment~~ morning
given in to the idea it might
have been located near La
Salle, but I know that guessing
could not prevail against the
tremendous and marvelous freaks
tornado accomplish (any that?)
Heavenly days so far without
dropping it once. But something
ought to be done right away
and I did not know what it
was. Should I have those
workers prove it. Why should I
be a doubting Thomas? I could
see in the official's eyes and
face all he said was true.
"I believe it all" I confessed.
"The longer I'm here the more
strange things from ^{the} tornado I'll
hear of. What next?"

"While I was considering this
perplexing question and the

others stood looking at me 1704
He finally said. "you ask
what next? This salvage de
partment. It never was in

La Salle before" The tornado put it
here. Where it came from nobody
knows. Since then the city now
uses it as a salvage department."
I almost fell to the floor.

"Now then said the official let
us talk this matter over and decide
about this situation. There is no doubt
that this was the most powerful of
all tornadoes and its power had been
increased a hundred fold by being
formed between two thunderstorms.

The storm that has done what this
one did is one with all its powers
at its command has been proven
some what difficult to understand
so why be so surprised to learn
that it from some where carried
this square two story house and
deposited it here?"

"It looks whole and entire" I
said meekly.

"It was not when first seen here"
he admitted. "It was wrecked
but restored."

1705 "I thought it was standing in
the wrong spot said the relieger.
It is blocking a side street."
"I didn't hear of any one see the
house placed here" said the official.
We looked at some other one for
an answer, yet we all shook our
heads in a grave and dismal man-
ner.

"Respect for truth obliges me to
confess" said the official "that I'm
none too wise, neither have I any
practical experience in solving
freaks by tornadoes. But let
us consider this case, what is
a tornado and what can it do?
A tornado is a negro-storm
that is very destructive and also
a windy thief. In this case
this here tornado has been
able to accomplish the the
strange freak to steal a lot
of medical supplies and things
from the orphanage it swept
away of which being found in
distant Zanesville is now in
here which was brought into
So. Hall by the tornado.
yet with all the ants and

freaks at its command. 1706
"Oliver Twist" as you call it run
Dagon is the freakiest of storms
and surely there are ways in which
these of freaks may be solved.
How do you say how? Allow me to
state that I don't know. In my own
judgment we cannot decide
how best to act until we get
to the bottom of this thing. Some
say this Salvage Department was
the Argylums play and entertain-
ment house."

"That may not be a wise say-
ing, but it sounds good" said the
janitor approvingly. "This freak of
the tornado stealing off the record
book is not only a common freak
but it was the most dangerous
twister on record, and if possible
its savage ferocity deserves to
be recognized. So let us
as soon as possible Mrs. Gail and
let her know her Uncle's property
is recovered."

No one offered any objection
to this plan and so it was
adopted. A curious thing about
this tornado was that no one didn't

1707 know or suspect in the least that it really did all this. There were also many who did not believe it had been so powerful and great or as you may call it that way made itself master of all tornadoes and that it might compel the town to go before it to obey its energy.

When it first formed somewhere between the two thunderstorms, it aspired to become the greatest tornado on all record and rendered the strongest town as well as the most powerfully built buildings helpless to oppose it. Here is one mistake ~~the~~ mistake that was made.

That the Sacred Heart Convent was constructed in a way that it could not be destroyed by any combination of the air ever devised.

Also by way of the construction of its upper floors and roof it would also be able to resist an earthquake of the severest kind. Nothing could conquer it.

What is left of it now? Only a one and half story junk on rubble pile pile.

1708 That also the Gleason orphanage was the most powerfully constructed building in Chest Sa Saeb. suburbs in which the head administrator Doctor Henry Gale kept among all his medical possessions a great Book of Records, which he wrote into it all that happened any where in the home and what all the children received from rich relatives and friends. It also had in it described all the names of persons who at the greatest expense saw to the unusual beauty of the building and good wholesome food for the orphans and employees.

Where was all this now? In the Salvage department after being recovered from a wreck street in some village more than sixty miles away. How was it brought by a steam lifting machine being lifted into a big wagon truck and conveyed to here. It

was wheeled in on rollers. No one unless they have seen what it done even knows of the powers of this monster that could

1709 not the convent and the gleason
of all it possessed, show-
ing it had become the most power-
ful tornado in all the world. The
tornado had wiped out the asylum
in a flash taking along with it

the Great Book of Records and big table
with the wooden square shape

Asylum show house. The showhouse
was deposited on a side street in So.

Salles, and the others in a street in
Jamezville. The storm also took

Dr. & Gales medical and chemical
compounds and his instruments of
surgery but there were recovered

almost like magic amid the
wreckage of a demolished house in

Chester Brown. A bag of medical
supplies added to the plunder.

Some nobler tornado

So quickly had all this been
accomplished that before 6 P.M.

all this had been scattered
the respective places mentioned.

After being found, the rescue
workers who brought helped to

arrange the recovered goods. The
tubs and Record Book, and

put away in the cupboards

of the Salvage Bureau and 1710
drawers all the elixirs and
medical compounds that had been
recovered. A great fracture of a sea
storm also from the asylum was
hung on the wall. The surgical
and other types of instruments he
had polished and arranged and this
was fascinating work.

The only thing that bothered him
is the owner so critically injured
that there was no telling when
he can claim his property. That
worried me too, but what worried
me most and had me greatly
upset was the crazy freaks of
the "Olive Twist" (I have some other nice
names for it too, but I don't dare write them down
here).

News that the Big Record Book
had been found spread quickly
through So. Salles even to the
village of Pumpkin Center. Both
sides of the open road entering
into Pumpkin Centre soon became
lined with all the country
folk. Therefore we heard
little but cheers and our eyes
beheld little else than waving
colored handkerchiefs and banners

1711 of all colors during all our
triumphal march toward the farm
house that contained Mrs Dorothy
Gale. Mrs Gale was indeed glad
to receive the news that the great
Book of Records was found and salv-
aged untill Dr Gale on recovering could
claim them as well as all the precious
collection of Medical supplies and
surgical instruments and ~~drugs~~
electric and chemicals that had been re-
covered. Doctor Hiram sat down ~~near~~
near the bed of Mrs Gale. Then he
lighted his cigar puffed the smoke and
made himself comfortable. For he
was a wise old Doctor and he knew
the best way to get along with this
stern firm Arpham third administrator
was to do the right thing.

"I'm ready for the talk Mrs Gale"
he said. She looked at the Doctor
nervously as he blew a wreath of smoke.
"Do you not fear to set something
on fire?" she asked.
"Oh no" said the Doctor calmly
you want to know how soon your
Uncle will recover and I and the
chief Doctor I called are the only
ones who can pull him through

he knows you are far less 1712
injured than he is. and he wants
me to have you carry out your wishes
for Mr Dangers here. So you will
be very careful untill he has car-
ried out your wishes after that.

"Well what then?" inquired Mrs Gale.
"Then you will be so grateful to
both of us that you wont care to dis-
miss it" the Doctor replied.

"That's a very good argument" said
Mrs Gale. "But suppose we fail?"

"Then its no use to plan this?"
agreed to that" answered the Doctor.
"But if you do as I tell you there
will be no failure even more so
your Uncle depends on that. The trouble
with you Mrs Gale that you dont
think carefully enough. I do. you
would go ahead, send investigators
to find out how the tornado took
all your Uncles Office property to
far goneville and get defeated and
driven back. We wont. And the
reason is because when we go we
will have all our plans made
and a host of well seasoned
tornado investigators to assist us
besides."

"What do you mean by that?"

1713. asked Mrs Gale.
"I'll explain Mrs Gale you want
to find out how the tornado
carried all that distance without drop-
ping or injuring them. a mighty
mystery too. We haven't much of any
information on that, as no one seem it
happen, but the relief workers in
Zaneville, has some evidence,
and the official of the Salvage Bureau
has them all there. Also have
heard there is a wonderful invest-
igating committee there who is so
skillful that people will pay them
any price for their assistance. So
you see it will be very easy
to discover this freakish mystery?"

"We have all the money we
need, as the tornado didn't take any
of that" cried the woman proudly.
"Yes but that committee for our
cause won't change us" I put in.
Looking out the window at
the rain of a mild thunder-
storm. "They are good investigators
but they are not strong on
destructive freaks. When we
lost the great Sacred Heart
Convent in both S. & S. Gales

and Chester Brown the greater 1714
part of the chances of Chester Brown
to recover from the consequences
of the tornadoes fury was gone from
it. Against such a tornado no build-
ing no matter big and strong
could have no show at all."

"What do you propose to do" she
asked.

"I propose to obtain the power we need"
answered the Doctor. "There are a good many
scientific learned people who have
knowledge enough to solve and find
out the cause of this freak phenomenon.
We will get them on our side,
band them altogether and then take
the mystery by surprise. It's all
very simple and easy when you
know how. Alone we should be
helpless to discover this, but with
the aid of these weather scientists
we can summon we shall easily
succeed."

Mrs. Gale was delighted with
this idea for she realized how
clever it was.

"Surely Doctor Hiram you are the
greatest man I have ever seen" she
exclaimed her eyes sparkling with

1715 "Joy" you must go at once and make arrangements with that committee to assist us and ~~meanwhile~~ ^{meanwhile} we'll get other things ready."

"I thought you'd agree with me Mrs Gale" replied the Doctor. "We'll start this very afternoon to visit the Chief of the Scientific Committee."

"We knew perfectly well that to fail in our plans meant we'd be the laughing stock of everybody. Yet we were not at all anxious or worried. We hated every one of the darn tornadoes and longed to get even with this awful devastator. Therefore we had accepted this difficult mission quite willingly feeling sure in our minds that we would be able to do a lot of good and finally conquer this freakish phenomenon of the Record Book disaster."

Yet we determined to be careful and to lay our plans well so as not to fail. We argued that only careless or faint hearted people fail in what they attempt to do. We knew we had to go to the Court-house of So Ball to reach the head

headquarters of these Weather Scientists. We did not wish to appear too anxious about it, as then the head ones would likely say 'no'. We wanted to take the Scientists by surprise so we decided to go to So Ball in the afternoon and appear before the Bureau tomorrow morning.

As it was quite a number of hours before our starting Mrs Gale said: - "The first of my place in the asylum was a very handsome sitting room with big windows opening upon the beautiful rose gardens. Then there were separate bedrooms for me, and my Uncle and Aunt with a fine bedroom between them. My Aunt had a beautiful dressing room besides."

In closets there were separate exquisite customs that was provided for me by the Asylum dress-makers, who had worked two weeks to get them ready. Everything that I could possibly need was in the drawers and closets and my dressing table was covered with engraved gold toilet articles. I had a beautiful sitting

1712 room a extra dressing room
a dainty bed chamber. And in
these rooms were every thing that
heart could desire placed there with
loving thoughtfulness by my uncle
for my use. The asylum dress-
makers had my measure, so they
kept the closets in my dressing room
filled with lovely dresses of every
description and suitable for every
occasion.

Here every thing that was dear to
a woman's heart was supplied in
profusion and nothing so rich and
beautiful could have ever been
found in the biggest department
stores on the whole world.

Uncle Henry had twenty suits
of clothes cut in popular American
fashion, silk stockings and low
shoes with jeweled buckles. The
hats to match these customs
had pointed tops and wide
brims with small gold bells
around the edges. His shirts ~~were~~
were of finest finest ~~linen~~ linen
with failled bosoms and his
vests were richly embroidered
with rich colored silks. His coats

and his wife, my Aunt were 1718
like those in a palace. My Aunt
used to tell my uncle that he
looked like a play actor, and he
used to tell her that she looked more
"high faluting than a peacock" now
because of the tornado all this is
gone" she finished sobbing.

Now I was madder yet at Tornado
Bay. Late afternoon we started out
for So. Sale, all of us to visit the
Chief of the tornado scientists.

I was to be the spokesman that
following morning.

"We of the Relief Committee are going
to try to solve a great Tornado
freak mystery, about the big
Table Record Book which the
tornado swept from the gleason
Asylum" I said. Then we are going
to investigate it about the house
now turned into a Salvage
Bazaar. And we want you to
help us if possible."

"Will there be any need to.
They have been recovered.
said the head man.

Relently I replied
He said: "We have no quarrel

1719. "with those jittery tornados"
"But you weather scientists love to get a date on those twisters, and here is a splendid chance to do so."

"How in the world will we keep you?" he asked. "What information can you give us?"

I and the rest were prepared for this question for we had been thinking the matter over on our journey. We told him about the house deposited in a side street of La Salle and what various places Dr. Galen, medical office supplies and the table and Big book had been found.

"That's right think I'm crazy, the way you look at me" I retorted. "I'm only telling you that the relief workers said it was where they found it all. I didn't gather it there up and bring them there. If you don't believe me, then ask those relief workers. Here are their names and the address of the Relief Headquarters. Ask them. They'll

tell you" and I handed him the papers. To myself "I'm crazy not as crazy as that tornado and I'll never will be" and "surely will" promised the man ^{it was nothing} at all, to make sure ^{entirely} same.

"I'll call them up by phone" he concluded. So he called. At the answer he could hardly suppress a strange laugh. Yet he was several minutes on the phone then I heard him continue "Yes the head members of the Chester Brown Relief Committee are here. How, oh by a hydraulic machine. Well that, odd. The outfit must have sure been heavy. On what street in Jamaica? Janice Ave. Oh I see well thanks. How did it get placed into the Salvage Bureau. Oh by log skidders. My gosh. Six five miles from the Gleason Orphanage. And none of it injured? Well thanks for the information. Good by!" He turned to me -

"To the tornado that's crazy not you" he said "We will help you all we can. Some tornado?" "It does seem to me" I said "that for once and all this twister

1721 struck places where every body was kind and good every body were all happy and contented and had no cares or worries what ever. But this tornado spoiled everything and smashed itself against everything against in its path.

Here it too devastated that famous Sacred Heart Convent in Chesterbourn, the asylum near here and stole Dr. Gales office property which it carried all the way to Zaneville as they told you over the Phone. The tornado -

"The biggest child killer on all record" interrupted the head Scientist. Wife "wiped them out at the asylum, at the Convent, and in their homes. How many children killed at Chesterbourn and Zaneville would make the biggest massacre of children on record for World World History, 500 kids at Logan Rock Port?"

"What is the reason we want you to help us in this conquest of the mystery?" I announced, "For we need your might, and in order to make sure that we shall not be defeated you are the strongest organization in

all the world, and you hate tornadoes as much as we do. 1722 I'm sure it will be a real good pleasure to you to tear down this mystery and in return for your valuable assistance we will pay you well."

"You do not have to pay" He continued "It is our duty to help you. This deadliest of tornadoes has kept us out of investigation before, but now we'll get at it very easily. When everyone is ready let me know and we'll start at once to your aid. What is your plan?"

This time the Doctor spoke out. He first told of his plan to conquer the mystery of the Big Record Book tornado freak, of which as he said the tornado also plundered the Country of its riches, and killing more persons than any storm had ever done before, except the Galveston Hurricane. After relating all this he said again we had come to ask the Weather Bureau on tornadoes to join them and help them solve the Record Book mystery.

The Doctor spoke very earnestly and very seriously.

1723 When we returned to the farm house hospital Mrs Gale asked:-
"Well what luck? Will the weather & elements join us?"
They will I answered They will work with us with all their strength and cunning."

"Good she exclaimed "What reward did you promise them?"
"They'll do it without any reward"

"I agree to that" said Mrs Gale. This is good news, Doctor and it makes me feel more certain of the solving of the mystery. Yet she became thoughtful and her brows wrinkled. "I'm afraid Doctor" she continued rather anxiously that this mission is sort of risky. A tornado does not leave strange freaks for us to pry into."

"Bah that's a foolish idea" retorted the doctor irritably but I myself knew in my heart that Mrs Gale was right. These freaks are particular laws of nature and will do us no harm to investigate."

"You a wonderful man Doctor. 1724
I'm sorry I did not try this before when will the weather & elements join us?"
"We are to come to them" I said.
"When enter we are ready. So the conquest of the freak mysteries is assured without a doubt."

I gain she seemed thoughtful
"I'm almost sorry we did not undertake the conquest alone" she said.
"All of these investigations are dangerous work and may demand more waste of time than we can spare or take. It might have been better to have conquered these mysteries without outside help?"

"We could not do it" I said positively.

"Why not Mr. Danger."

"You know very well we had one experience with tornado freaks and they defeated us."

"That was because we nearly got trapped in the wreckage of a house" replied Dorothy with a shudder. "We cannot take such chances again, no more than any one else can. It's dangerous to go near wrecked houses."

1725 "That is true enough" agreed the doctor

"But we might have taken some of the freaks by surprise and solve them before the wreckage became too loose. Our former defeat was due to the fact that lots of the debris of torn up houses are too loose. I don't know what ever became of the demolished house that hit the convent but I believe there is no trace of it now at all by the convent and so there could be no more of it there."

"On the contrary" I said all if it is still there. I met one of the accounts workers on my way to the committee yesterday and he informed me that he had lately been ~~near~~ there to do some inspecting. "In all these yet and no one dares go within two hundred feet of the wreck"

"That's a very bad report" said Mrs. Gale nervously. Very bad indeed. "My friends are willing to work on the mystery, but they can't simply face those wreckage

and I don't blame them." 1226
"They don't have to face them." I replied. "I'm afraid of the debris myself and don't propose to take any chance to be caught and imprisoned by them - on my plan is to watch where we tread."

"Perhaps you're right" returned Mrs. Gale with a dismal sigh. "But I want it distinctly understood that I claim the Book of Records. freak is very unusual. Especially found so far."

"Very well" the Doctor said. "Do what you will with the tornado freak for all I care. Now that our plans are arranged and we have the tornado Scientists to assist us, let us make haste to get things in readiness."

"We will be ready in three days" I promised and hurried away to inspect the circles.

To morrow came

"I said" I don't think after all I'll go as far as game well."

I must have looked very anxious as I said this for Angelina asked.

"There isn't anything wrong with game well is there?"

1727 I shook my head.
"I'm afraid the time has come
when I must tell you some very
bad news little friend."
"Oh what is it?" cried Dorothy.
"Do you remember those who found
the log table and the Record Book?"
I asked.

"I remember very well" she replied.
"There hardly is no Zaneville. The
tornado swept nearly all of it away.
Rescue workers had to travel for
miles to recover all the bodies and
it took ~~weeks~~ days. Many were
decomposed by that time. The
tornado swept it mostly
away and destroyed most of the
beautiful country along its course.
There aint no Zaneville."

The others were much surprised
to hear this.

How was it found out there is
no Zaneville?"

"Those who found the Great
Record Book said so."

Of course" said both girls "I might
have known that. And what
are we going to do?"

"I cannot ~~stete~~ was my reply.

"Pook" cried the farmer. "We no
not afraid to make a jour- 1728
ney there. We can at least find
some trace of it."
"Why that" true enough" exclaimed
Angelina. "But it's a long day and
a night trip on the wagon."

"But you do not understand all of
the dreadful situation" I continued. "The
men told me all this proves the
tornado was very powerful. What
it did in Chesterchire was unrepeatable
terrible, but at Zaneville it hardly
didn't leave much behind. Not even
a bush."

They were all startled to hear this.
"Get with the Scientist in our trip
of investigation all ready" asked
Angelina.

"The head Scientist sent me
word that most was all completed
except the big map we need.
He said when we get to Zane-
ville we won't hardly know where
it was. I offered to abandon the
expedition but Mrs. Gale said
no."

"I wonder why?" asked Angelina.

He answered that all the
surviving people of Zaneville

1729 "I want to know the outcome of our expedition and also that no one is powerful enough to solve this mystery but us. I have

fore she refuses to let us give it up, even if there is no gameville any more."

"But how can we do anything when there is no gameville" exclaimed the gamitor greatly disturbed by this statement.

"I fear we will not find gameville."

I said sorrowfully. And I also fear that when we get there by the round about way we'll see nothing of it. Gameville doesn't exist."

"What can be done?" asked Dorothy shuddering a little at the prospect of this awful fate of gameville.

"Nothing can be done" I replied gloomily. "But since Mrs. Gale refuses to let me give up my plan I will go to the spot. The least I may do is not let this news stop us."

This amazing news had saddened every heart yet we were all anxious to return to

the weather department 1730
Has the head of the weather Bureau heard of this?" asked the engineer.

"I do not know sir" was my reply. "When I was there before the storm on a vacation trip" said the farmer "it was excellent town with near rare most beautiful beautiful trees, beautiful homes, handsome street car lines, Church and St. Peter and Our Lady of Angels Schools. But as I heard now there is not a single house in gameville since the tornado and no survivors among the inhabitants either."

"True" said the engineer. "What's left of Chesterchire is composed of a few districts. Since there is no gameville there's no use of our going there."

"For Chesterbrown, Chesterchire and gameville" whispered Angelina with tears in her sweet eyes. "It's dreadful to think of every place being destroyed or wiped out and so many killed and injured."

"Well" said the fireman "it certainly looks bad for what ship perished from the Gloucester Lighthouse."

1736 all the way to Sogan Port
Indiana. and for us. But I really
believe it is wrong to worry over
anything before and after it did
happen. It is surely time enough
to try to investigate this whole thing
as we proposed. So let us not at
all deprive ourselves of the hours
of opportunity remaining to us. We'll
get even with old Mother Nature
some way."

"Ah that is real wisdom, declared
the farmer approvingly after we be-
come really unhappy we shall
regret those few hours that are
left to us unless we enjoy them
to the utmost."

"We would have been very happy
here" said Angelina "if only the
tornado had left us alone. But
if Chester Brown was destroyed of
course all those other places have
been destroyed too."

"Yes replied Dorothy" and also
the famous St. Sacred Heart
Convent that has been the joy
and pride of the whole country."

"The Sacred Heart Convent in
St. Gallin and the Gleason

Daphnagone went too" re 1238
marked the engineer too, as well
as the magnificent St Vincent Church,
and all our other handsome build-
ings?"

"Yes all of the tornado path has be-
come the worst disaster are in the
world after the storm got through with
it" sighed the farmer. "I had expected
to live on my in ease and com-
fort for all my life, but of course
most of my farm was destroyed
too. Only my house barn and
windmill and ground that the cows
and horses were on, were not
in its path. It seems too bad
about all my fields doesn't it?"

The head Weather Bureau man
was in his office when we arrived
and he greeted us as smilingly
and sweetly as ever.

The eyes of the little girls were
full of tears as Angelina whispered.
"Oh Mr Stanley I'm so sorry."

Mr Stanley seemed surprised.
"Sorry for what?" he asked.

"For the wiping out of Gama-
rille" was the reply.

"Why that has not troubled me a-

1233

but he replied then looking around at our sad faces he added "Have you all been worrying about Zaneville?" "We have" we exclaimed in a chorus.

"Well perhaps it is more serious than I imagined" admitted the head man "but I haven't given the matter much thought. After breakfast we will all meet together and talk it over."

So we prepared for breakfast. At breakfast all of us seemed strangely silent and uneasy. As soon as the breakfast was finished Mr Stanley led us into his main office. When we had seated ourselves the janitor was the first to speak.

"Is Zaneville really a town of the past Mr Stanley?" he asked.

"Those who found the table and the Record book said the tornado did a complete job," he replied. "There's no Zaneville any more."

"Nothing on hell's earth could oppose that tornado's power," I said.

"They all agreed to what I said knowing this past tornado to be the mightiest of all the awful tornadoes."

Mr Stanley turned to us 1234 and said: "This tornado has done more than I expected. What do you advise me to do?"

"It's now too late to do anything," said the farmer despondently. "If the twister had not destroyed that big magnificent bridge across the river we might have reached there long ago. All roads too that way are impossible to navigate."

"The railroad are as good as wiped out too," said the engineer. "And no one the country roads."

"But I do not wish to go to Zaneville by that route," declared Mr Stanley firmly. "No one has a right to let a tornado destroy our fair places and get away with it. However fierce they may be on hell and injure so many and leave multitudes homeless. I will not yet abandon the expedition even to save my very life. We've got to cross that river somehow."

The tornado was not so particularly remarked the janitor "It destroyed"

1735 all these towns, so I'll be
and ruined our beautiful coun-
try side."

"Because the tornado did all this,
there is no excuse for our giving
up the investigation," replied Mr.

Stanley.

"Self preservation is the first
law of nature," quoted the farmer.

"True," he said readily "I would like
to discover a plan to get across
without going all the way around."

"That seemed a hopeless task to
us, but realizing that Mr. Stan-
ley was determined to cross the
river near the broken down bridge
we tried to think of some way
that might solve the problem.

"Couldn't we get some farmers to
loan us the use of boats?"
asked Angelone.

"No, because all farms with every-
thing wiped out, have been long
out of existence in this territory,"
replied Mr. Stanley.

"I have thought of something,"
said Dorothy.

"What is it dear?" asked Stanley.
Set us ten or more long ropes with
one end lassoed to a part of

of the bridge. We could 1736
work our way across hand over
hand. Then we'll be across."
A clever idea," exclaimed the farmer.
"The bridge though so damaged is
still strong. I've been there to see
it," said the engineer.

"That seems an excellent plan,"
approved the engineer.

"No that wouldn't do," said Mr.
Stanley decidedly. "There's no way
to obtain such a long rope. The river
is nearly a mile wide. The storm
did leave everything to such a
cruel fate. How are we going to use
a rope to fling to the un-
damaged part of the bridge that
far. I guess no wire has been
destroyed and all its people shared
its fate. We can't even get a
rope."

Quite right, the tornado saw to that,"
asserted the farmer, "I'll
remain with you? won't give up
the expedition no matter what."

"And neither will I," declared
the engineer and the farmer and
the farmer in turn.

"For my part," I announced
gravely "I was the chief planner

37 of this expedition. So if
I planned it, I have no right
to abandon it either. I'm will-
ing to swim the damn river if
with the rest of you if necessary
if there's no other way to cross,
so all we can do is to trust to
our ability that way."

"All my life I've never learned
to swim," Angelina replied with con-
siderable discouragement, "and neither
has Dorothy. I guess we won't cross
the river any way. I'd rather
take the long way around."

Tom Stanley smiled up at us upon
us all gratefully.

"There is no need to despair
just yet," he said. "I'll get up
early to-morrow morning and
be by the dirt road going
south-east ward, when we decide
on the investigation. I will find
out something and perhaps it
won't be so very bad after
all."

Finally the jamitor face took
on a broad smile that stretched
as far as it would go.

How thankful I am," he said, "that God gave me
such an excellent assistant of
brains."

"I believe he gave you the best
brains ever created," declared the
farmer with an air of pride.

"He sure did indeed," agreed the jam-
itor, "and they work so splendidly
that they have found a way to
cross the river, to help us all
indeed."

"I'm glad to hear that," I said. "We
never needed help more
than we do just now."

"Do you mean to say you can
think of a plan to cross the
river?" asked the girls eagerly.
"I'm sure of it my dear," as-
serted the jamitor still smiling
genially.

"Tell us how," cried the farmer.
"Not now," said the jamitor.
"You may all go to bed and
advise you to forget your worries.
I am going to stay here
and tell my plan to Mr.
Stanley alone, but if you

we will be at the river road
at daybreak you'll see how
easily we will get across the
river and won't have to go all
the way around."

So they went away and left the
farmer and Mr. Stanley alone, but
the two little girls and even I
and the farmer could not sleep
a wink all night.

"Here only a farmer and not a
bridge engineer," I said to myself
and I'm not sure that his brains
are as clever as he thinks they
are. But if his plan fails our
expedition will have to be the
long way round, so I might
as well have faith in
him."

Yet nothing could make me forget
what I now know about about
poor Jameville, for I cannot compare
this from this twister or twisters of
other lands. And I am glad this
is so for on this condition I
consider my wisdom unexcelled.
I am very wise about this but
yet I do not pretend to know

more or as much as others 1214
do I do not aspire to being 1240
very wise for I have noticed
that the happiest people are those
who do not let their brains oppress
them. There are my "seeds" of thought
in my head but do not too much
concerning the brains of others. I am
glad that it is so, for if I occupied
my days in thinking monstrosities
I should not have no time
for this I going to write near
I had been on three visits to Jameville
in my younger days, especially
before the storm and by train. In
my opinion, especially how they look-
ed Jameville had much stronger
buildings than So. Halle, Chester Brown
or Chester chine put together
It too had a big convent called Our
Lady of Angels. Before the convent stood
the Church of our Lady of Angels
and its big entertainment show house,
surrounded by most stiff and
fully built finest residences. Very
handsome and powerful they looked
so that even Our Lady of Angels
Church and school seemed only
a bit stronger and more beauti-
ful. Now a still more formi-
dable structure enters my description.

1746 It was Our Lady of Angels University. three blocks long more than a block wide, and nine stories high. In the first and foremost of all buildings. The first and foremost appeared to all eyes more as a state-palace than a high school. It had a long high colonade by its entrance.

Looking down the streets could be seen blocks upon blocks, a rank upon rank of magnificent residences, thousands of handsome buildings, schools and stores, standing in serial lines, while at other districts were massed the thousands of book stores, hardware, bakeries and excellent candy shops.

From all this I couldn't make myself believe what I heard about Zaneville.

Surely the power of even this awful tornado was not sufficient to enable it to do all these things even with difficulty. Yet I had a funny little afraid feeling of the past wild fury of this tornado, but also had an extra feeling that surely it did not

murder all the inhabit- 1742 ants and wipe out such a town. That seemed impossible. It

could have done a horrible wrecking of the buildings but at least leave the town behind, like it did the three others. If it had destroyed the "First and Foremost" then it could have swept away a hill. It could then have ~~totally~~ ^{achingly} destroyed all of Zaneville.

Yet I was told nothing could have saved Zaneville that it is as good as destroyed already. Soon Mrs. Mr. Stanley joined me when Dorothy came Angeline and the other men.

The eyes of the little girls were heavy because they had a sleepless and anxious night. The farmer walked by her side but his spirits were very much subdued.

"Here that way lies the Macinola River" said Mr. Stanley. "Is all ready" I demanded. "It's a big raft I made last night all by myself said the farmer. I got the timber from

1743 the debris. I used a dozen
twelve by twelve, as logs
and five by five, as floor-
ing. Where did I get the
nails, 3000 boards in the debris.

The raft is very firm. So it is finally completed. I tested the river. The fallen sections of the wrecked bridge cuts off a lot of current. So we can easily paddle across. There is no embankment where we want to cross. The water almost level with the ground. The raft is on the edge of the river fast-
end to a stone by a shot rope I found.

"How long will it take us to cross the river" asked the Engineer.

"If we start right after breakfast" replied Mr. Stanley we shall arrive on the other side in five minutes. Then on our way to the site of Jamezelle. Then we will find out whether the place is merely destroyed or a city of the past."

"Good" cried the Engineer. When we get there we will find out if it has remains left or a wiped out wilderness. It surely could not be as devastated as they

say it is."

"I don't believe it" shouted the farmer. "Jamezelle had stronger buildings than these other three towns put together."

"We'll decide that by and by when we get there" said Mr. Stanley hastily. "Don't let us worry about it now. First let us get there and then we'll see if the reports are exaggerated or not."

Yet you see that there was only one thing that all of us were agreed upon - that Jamezelle was only destroyed, not wiped off the map as reported. I feared also it would be hard to get there as Jamezelle was cut off from the rest of the world entirely.

The horse and wagon was loaded on the big raft. Twenty minutes passed, and we were on our wagon on the way the raft tied secure on the east end of the broken down bridge. We got to Jamezelle in twenty six hours.

Did I say Jamezelle? Well yes I did. I read a sign far to my right, and southward. "Jamezelle All friends welcome."

1744 We found on every hand ruin and desolation. Hardly no house at all. Nothing hardly had been left, nor was there a single person man woman or child remaining here. A few street car remained on the ground, but even there long long plowed ditches were where sewers had been. No side walks, no fire hydrants or their lag pipes, not even a tree.

I was terribly taken aback by this mighty disaster.

As for Dorothy and Angelina the tears came to their eyes as they marked the desolation of this once dear dearly beloved town.

We on the way passed Chester chure but it did not look like this.

When in late afternoon we reached what had been east zone we found it swept as bare as the rest, not even upball of streets or side walks remaining.

Our grief was almost more than we could bear. Everything had been swept away. Home and even country it seemed and apparently in no brief a time that our world bewilderment was

equal to his sorrow. Since 1745 no house remained in which we might sleep, after unhitching the mules, we crept beneath the big long wagon and curled ourselves up as comfortably as possible. So tired and exhausted we were we by the days an anxiety and griefs that our troubles soon faded into the mist of dreamland. But we did not sleep peacefully together because of our distress and to matters more tantalizing a severe thunder storm came up.

We were lucky we were under the great wagon. We were somewhat disturbed by the violence of the storm, especially as it did remind me some what of the awful thunderstorms before and after the tornado. All night it lasted, but there was no wind, thunder rolled and cracked to split the sky. Lightening flashed unusually bright and rain came down like a cloud torn burst. But we were snug and dry under the wagon. We would not have been had there been any wind. But with morning the storm temporarily

1745 temporarily showed signs of passing on to almost stopping, then before rising time there came another that was a *Salo palosa*.

"Well well well" my friends, their words have come true" said Stanley.

"Here is plain ground, for game - hills for a certainty, yet how the tornado did it, and how we got the report of this are puzzles that mystify me. I do not question our bad misfortune however and my heart is aching like a bad toothache, but I see surely there is no game hills."

"I did not expect or wish to see such a scene" said Dorothy sobbing.

"That is so my dear But you may try to understand that crying over this won't make matters better. The tornado is no respecter of places or persons. When I get home you may with Angelina come with me" said.

"I have a home and parents" said Dorothy quietly.

"Maybe maybe" was my careless answer. But how about Angelina? I am all alone by my self while she is an

orphan. Therefore it is just and right if she agrees that I take her as mine my own, and when possible go to Lincoln Illinois with her."

"I'm sorry to differ from your news" said Mrs Stanley but instead of adoption plans just now I consider it of greater importance that we go at and find out how the tornado did this. When this thunderstorm lets up."

"Hey what" cried the astonished Engineer. "In this thunderstorm? To get scared, or some of us struck by lightning. No no my friend your Uncle Sam may have an empty noodle but he is far too wise to put his head in the lion's mouth. No no fun to be a victim of a thunderstorm."

"There won't be another tornado I'm sure" declared Dorothy. On the contrary it is my intention to go further on to see if somewhere is not some trace of the wreckage of Jameville, as well as all valuable property and bring them back to So. Falls."

1747 "Impossible. Your audacity takes my breath away Dorothy" I exclaimed. But the adventure has its charm I must confess. Were I not so short and stout I'd agree to your plan at once, and could probably discover all by so long a hike from here, even without assistance at all. But I grieve to say that I'm short and stout, and not in good hiking trim. As for your determination to do what I admit I can't do Dorothy Dorothy I fear you forgot that you are only a girl and rather small at that.

"No I do not forget that" was Dorothy's reply.

"Then please consider that you, and Angelina, and I and all the rest of us are in condition to make that sort of long distance search. We could attempt it of course but maybe the relief workers beat us to it. Come think only of this mystery we want to solve. I'm a good professional at it. Eh what do you say?"

I said Dorothy was a little embarrassed how to reply to

to these arguments which 1748 we all knew I considered myself very wise."

I said Mr Stanley "it seems the tornado has done away forever with Zaneville. I had expected anything but this. Despoiled of all its wealth, its houses all swept away, sewers fire hydrants its aspect aspect torn away and all its people flung into eternity, what likelihood is there that any one might ever again hear of the desolated town?"

Filled with anxiety at this sort of news I looked over the whole territory, with my field glasses, searched through the entire ground, looking at the railroads, at the distant stretch of the river which flowed from the northeast here and every other possible place, any trace of the wreckage of Zaneville might be. I tried one of the remaining fire hydrants and found it loose enough to swing back and forth on its pipes so with growing uneasiness I was forced to admit that Zaneville was no more.

With a troubling heart I mused

my companions under the wagon though it was still raining very generously.

"Mr Stanley" I said "do you know what has become of Gamerville?"

"Gamerville" exclaimed the weather Scientist giving a wide yawn and rubbing his eyes to get the sleep out of them. "Have you lost any trace of it in spite of your search?"

"Yes" I said. "I have searched every where over this territory with my field glasses. I cannot find anything."

"But why bother about this before the rain lets up" inquired the janitor. "Gamerville is a thing of the past and no one makes a move to clear the wreckage or restore any of those places, not even La Salle."

"But stay, make only La Salle will recover in time."

"La Salle!" I cried. "What do you mean?"

"Why this morning explained

Mr Stanley? was awed - 1750 and by this thunder storm, and saw a big lightning while under the wagon. As the noise of the awful loud thunder disturbed me. I thought of the tornado between the two big thunderstorms. I did not know what it was that I feared and I was too sleepy to care. I probably it did happen to Gamerville since it is now missing."

"Then" said I in a departing tone of voice. "This tornado has ruined me as well as the others. Mr Stanley, for in that town was concealed the main National post office which protected La Salle from dangerous loss."

Mr Stanley's face became very serious when he heard this and he uttered a low whistle of surprise and regret.

"Why on earth did you not warn of this?" he demanded. "And why any one keep such a post office in that town, and why did not they build it in La Salle? They were very wrong. Henry in not coming in La Salle the secret for in that case the post office would not now be lost."

1751 To this no one had any answer. As for me? Not under the wagon with hanging head utterly disconsolate and see this Stanley had pity for our sorrow.

"Come" cried Mrs. Stanley, "let us go out at once rain or no rain and look for the site of the post office. It must even now have sort of left an even foundation"

His suggestion roused us to action. I at once drew myself up from under the wagon and rushed out into the open closely followed by Stanley. The others remained under breath especially the little girls. But although we looked on both sides of the city remaining grounds and in every possible place where it had once lodged we failed to find where it once stood.

After a half hour's careful search, where we almost got wet I said sorrowfully.

"The tornado must have taken it away, and no one knew of its value. To us all this will be a dreadful misfortune for we are surrounded by dangers from which we have

now have now no protection. Luckily we got here 1752 nevertheless so all is not lost."

Then he told Mrs. Stanley in a few words the strange secret about what the post office contained and how he had hoped to recover them from there and bring direct to So. Hall, and they would have enabled him to prove what the tornado was. Mrs. Stanley was much surprised or astonished and when the story was concluded he said to me:—

"What would you do if you had found it?"

"I don't know. This is terrible."

Dorothy wailed, ready to weep at the loss. "We are now absolutely ruined and at the mercy of the wet weather. How shall I be able to win on this mystery?"

"Well" replied Stanley leaning against the wagon wheel and looking quite solemn, "the thing is certainly unlucky in any way we look at it. I suppose the storm carried it away. I believe therefore we must

1754.

no depend upon our wits to get out of the scrape we are in"

"Shame on old Mother" said the janitor to allow a twister to drive out of existence three beautiful towns. Why do such things happen?"

"There is no warfare of the elements can fight against the powers of tornado" returned the Engineer.

In a positive voice. "This past tornado was either something supernatural, or under the protection of its most powerful strength. Its defying our attempts of investigations here, no place escaped, the same terrible power of it, that blew Chester Brown and Chestershire to smithereens.

Had swept zone ville off the map. There is nothing here to investigate by."

"But all tornados are elemental causes" cried the farmer tauntingly.

"The tornado was no coward" said the janitor. Mother nature is. She has since the world began killed in disasters millions

of people by the might of 1753-ly earth quakes, hurricanes, typhoon volcanic eruptions, by the might of tornados, disastrous freeze rain and big blizzard storms but also by

the might of earthquakes and disasters. Our tornado she has devastated many nations since the world began. People have feared and hated her.

But no elemental warfare could even withstand the tremendous power of this tornado which even wiped out all source of investigation at J. Jamerville. It would be folly to even imagine it. But there is some way to conquer the mystery.

By some stratagem I shall manage to solve the problem."

"We can go ahead if we like"

I replied "But how can we succeed where a skilled person like me cannot even make the attempt?"

In spite of this assertion I was not so sure as I was convincing. For four days I had thought over this plan and that, and had tried to decide what was likely to succeed. I have never seen a tornado like this one before but had heard so many tales of what it did, from

"1755 many survivors and especially from Tornado experts that I learned and to respect and fear tornado. I had to say this but I was so saddened, and enraged over what this writer did, that parcelly I had lost my friendship with God and blamed Him for it. My friends said that He didn't do it, but for some cause allowed it. My answer was "allowing it to happen to me is the same as doing it, and therefore that's no excuse."

I pinned on by the knowledge that I could not go back to La Salle until the mystery was solved and the remains of Zaneville recovered. I finally decided I trust to luck and my wit to defeat this disaster however powerful it might have been.

I intended to act boldly and trust to chance to win. It is evident that had I known that the tornado left no freaks at Zaneville, I would not have devoted so much time to the simple matter of trying to solve this mystery, but like all others

I bridge before mentioned and 1758 with out pausing where it might lead her crossed over the river and proceeded madly on its way.

I was impressed by the 1756 marvelous exhibition of unusual power it had shown in its devastation from La Salle to Zaneville and had no reason to believe any tornado could be less powerful now. This is what my imagination was.

The tornado first heads for Chesterchire and starts to burst through. Then it ran to the head of the town. The funnel dashed forward and crashed on so fiercely that poor Chesterchire doubled up and went flying to pieces. Its great fl. fury flung whole districts into fragments and in turn struck the next district so that in an instant the whole

is that we try to solve one of these mysteries at too long a distance at a time. When we solved the cause of its bee line

1755 many survivors and especially from Tornado experts that I learned and to respect and fear tornado I had to say this but I was so saddened,

of Chestertown was erupting into 1755 clouds of debris in all directions where all wreckage was undrained everywhere along its course.

Then it struck out so viciously that it freed itself from Chestertown and dashed insanely towards Zaneville screaming its wild rage to hear.

The storm was now so wild and fierce that nothing in the open country could stand in its way. According to some witnesses farm houses were on its path and the tornado sent them sprawling hundreds of yards upon the ground.

coursing across the fields the tornado took every thing away with it. It devastated the rail-

no freaks at Zaneville would not have devoted so much time to the simple matter of trying to solve this mystery, but like all others

bridge before mentioned and 1758 without pausing where it might lead her crossed over the river and proceeded madly on its way. It was now madder and more savage than before. A few moments later another great and most beautiful town stood in its way. It was Zaneville. The storm was in its wildest fury, rushed on without slackening its speed.

It was at this moment in its mad dash from Chestertown, headed for Zaneville and struck it with great force.

The town seemed to sail through the air and landing in shivered fragments on the ground. Then the storm continued its rush rather blindly, and soon the town and its people were no more. And this sort of devastation spoiled all chances on the mystery.

"Our fault" said Stevens is that we try to solve one of these mysteries at too long a distance at a time. When we solved the cause of its bee line

course the tornado left
1759 no clues and now we came
here, it has outwitted us
again.

We now rounded a point where
we believed the city had been
built and noticed that the river
shore near the lodge was lined
with fragments of the bridge.
This was probably because that
section of the bridge had been
totally torn up. The shore of
the river was uneven and we
were puzzled to decide which ter-
ritory we now viewed was the
spot where the city once was
located.

First we thought it was this
territory and then we guessed
it was that no considerable town
was lost through our un-
certainty. For more than an
we searched for signs of
debris way eastward of there
without finding any trace
of it and we now believed
we had gone too far to
the north and must re-
turn southward.

Once again we went south

eastward until we thought
we had reached the right place.
By this time it was
growing dark for the entire
day had been spent in the search
of traces of the missing town,
and we thought as the rain spell
had gone, it was better to spend
the night in the wagon than
under it. None of us realized
at this time how fatal this
day of search had been to our
plans, and perhaps if we
had realized what was going
on we'd continued our search
by night rather than quietly
remain in the wagon until
morning.

However knowing nothing
of this we cheerfully at our
evening lunch. In the even-
ing the stars came out. All
around us was delight-
fully still. We decided to go
to sleep that we might rise
early in the morning so
we all reclined upon the
inside bottom of the wagon
and covered ourselves with
blankets which we took along
for such occasions.

After a hurried breakfast for?
was eager to solve this mystery
we again started reaching of
evidences of the town. Eastward
after an hour we found the half
remains of the side of a wooden
house and the jamitor declared
we must be near the scattered
re mains of the town, so we
rode further north east ward.

Zameville did not border on
the shore of the hollow river
from which it is separated, by
Chester chine.

Beyond Zameville were many
rich farms and there fore we
decided to inquire at the nearest
farm not touched by the
storm. The farming districts
beyond Zameville is very
large in extent and there
I believed one of the nearest
farmers could give us some
information.

The little girls do didnt like
to undertake the long out
of the way journey. towards

the farm but they did
not complain. We traveled ¹⁷⁶²
as fast as the mules would
go and by noon finally
reached a large handsome farm
building of brick, added by a large
red brick barn, and four high
silos. As we dismounted from the
wagon we saw a woman, with
two little boys sitting on the
large porch.

"My husband is busy in the
fields with his hapers" she
said as we came up to the
porch. "And I know what you
come for. You want infor-
mation about the town of Zame-
ville but we cant give you any.
There's no Zameville"

"There was suppose to be and
I intend to find out the truth
of this astonishing mystery" I
firmly said. "No Zameville at
all?"

The good woman stared
at me I suppose wonder-
ing at my audacity.

Yes sir you have come here
for information about the town of
Zameville and I must convince
you that the power of that town

1763 power was too mighty for
even a hill side to oppose. It
took a part of that away too. I
am told you are a head official
of the committee of relief in both
Chester Brown and So Falls, and de-
pend upon them to aid you and
follow your orders, but you must
know that tornados are not
hurricanes, could cut through one
if both collided, so if we are
obliged to fight science with
science the chances are that
a tornado is a hundred times
more powerful than the strongest
hurricane can ever be.

So why do you expect to
find the city of Zaneville?
It's not on the map. The
tornado has seem to that I think
this over carefully my friend,
and try to realize that Zane-
ville was in its most power-
ful force. The kind of build-
ings Zaneville had made
this disaster seem impossible.
I do not believe you can
get my husband to tell
you how many dead people
he found in his fields
for he was too richened at

the night and horrified 1764
to count them. It took him
and all his hired men two days
and night to gather them all
up. They were buried in a long
grave. I and my kids also helped
making that grave. I do not be-
lieve you can force me to say
Zaneville is there when it is
not, and I know you cannot
coerce coax me to do so for
I'm giving you my promise the
tornado took it away. Therefore
as I do not wish to lie to you
I ask you to speak to my good
husband about it when he
come back for supper. And
my hired hands will tell
you plenty too. Why not let
the matter drop and forget
the mystery. No one can solve
it. The tornado erased all
evidence. I ask you to for your
good to leave the mystery
alone."

"Forgive me if I do not agree
with you madam." I answered
"However difficult and dangerous
may our task be I cannot
leave this territory until
every effort to solve this

1765- strange mystery I had
left me. faced and left me
completely discouraged."

"Very well" said the woman and -
entirely amused I like your spirit -
cannot entertain you properly
until they come at you may
stay with us for dinner and
we will talk about this again."

This seemed fair and very
courteous way to treat us who
were strangers so we politely
expressed the wish that things
would be better, and we were
given chairs to sit on the porch
until her husband, and the
hired hands came to dinner.

During the dinner the farmer
who was good, kind and social
but somewhat of a talker said:

"You are able to protect your
lives and persons I freely
admit; but I firmly believe
you have no power, even if
it was magic or otherwise to
solve the mystery of Zane
ville disappearance. It could
be a great discovery if you
could do so. This awful winter
transformed this little city

into nothing, and since 1766
that awful August the fifteenth
no trace of Zaneville has ever
been seen again. A most dis-
gent search has been made for
scores and scores of miles of the
course of the storm, without result.
We knew the towns population
correctly.

One one third of the bodies have
been found, the most in my
fields yet missed by the cy-
clone. But I am well assured
that the city of Zaneville has
been absolutely disengranted into
nothingness, all of it sucked into
the sky and flung out of
sight."

"De me modam" I said "why
have you never told me this?"

"What would be the use?" ask-
ed the farmer and wife.

"The use" I repeated puzzled.
"Yes that's the trouble" said
the farmer. "It is the most

powerful destruction of a town
ever accomplished, and the tornado
is now out of existence and

all its strange mysteries lost.
Without intending to say anything
wrong I doubt even St. Michael

1767 the Archangel with all his supernatural skill cannot restore Zaneville to its recent spot without God's intercession. Only God could be able to do so and if you all wish will come with me I'll show you the long grave into we buried all the dead found in my fields"

This was willingly agreed to. We were surprised by the double rows and such long ones. Each one was more than an acre long but flattened nevertheless. I asked him how many bodies were there and he said he did not take time to count them. But it took two days and nights to gather them, and two more days to bury them all.

He said he and his wife took charge of the burial. Mrs. Stevens first questioned the farmer long about and earnestly about the manner of the destruction of Zaneville since he had been a witness and the action that was from the twister that swept away Zaneville. At first the farmer protested that he

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did not want to describe any thing about what he saw, 1768 saying that he has not yet over the fright and horror of it yet, and besides it all happened so quick he did not have much to tell. But Mr. Stanley pointed out that any other person who ever saw a horror like this was liable to suffer a similar fate. and assured him that this awful misfortune he witnessed would make him better beloved and more important by his friends when he would at least tell all he knew.

The farmer was finally convinced of the truth of this assertion and agreed to submit to telling what he saw. We knew we had a hard task before us about the mystery and we were not at all sure we could succeed. We knew that this tornado was the most complete type of destructiveness which had ever existed, and we were wise enough to guess guess that the tornado had a mysterious power that would puzzle any tornado or weather scientist to

1769 solve therefore the farmer
had given the matter much
shrewd thought and hoped by
his description we would con-
ceive a plan that would succeed.

But as we ourselves were not at
all positive of success he would
have no one present during his
description of what he saw ex-
cept us and his wife.

He began:-

"The world will never see or hear
anything more about Zaneville, be-
cause its disappeared, and also it
seems as if Chester Brown is now
cut off forever from all the rest
of the world I do not know what
was going to happen. It was too
much of a cloud-burst for me and
my men to work out that day and
even when it stopped a little
after noon we stayed in. Our
dinner was late that day and late
being finished. I and my wife
washed the dishes she drying them.
She had finished and she
said to me "Buster look how
dark it is growing out side." I
didn't pay any attention to her
remark as dark clouds had

no attraction or interest to
me. I only answered "It's going to
rain again. Our river will over-
flow if this rain keeps on."

My two little boys excitedly
enjoy thunder storms they are better
than any shows to them. My wife
is not of scared of them and so
am I. Soon it got much more darker
than a thunderstorm is supposed to
be and seeing nothing else yet
however, it began to rain, not
rain water mind you, but a shower
of tree limbs broken parts of houses
and such.

If you was to draw your gun and
threaten to shoot me, I for to save my
life could not describe the awful noise.
I soon was hearing coming towards
me. The sound was five miles or
so away but it surely made our
windows vibrate and the sash
rattle and bang. My wife will
tell you the same, The kids
ran to the window exclaiming
excitedly to each other,

My wife was scared thinking
it was an earthquake and with
a shriek of fear ran out into
the ground beyond the house.
"It's no earthquake" I shouted after

"I know what that damn thing is, and if it comes for us we'll have no farm, you boys?" cried the elder with you? "Oh, for the elder cried in horror? It's heading for Zaneville. I'll kill every body." A few minutes passed and some big shroud enveloped Zaneville and my fields of low crops. Zaneville seemed to go into hundreds of loud volcanic explosions like a drum drum cannon fire mingled with a tremendous million of clattering grinding and slamming and straining sounds. The wind noise in the shroud sounded to me like the howl and shriek of legions of demons and shook our house so that pictures fell from the walls. I believe about a minute and forty five seconds passed and when the shroud passed on towards the northeast there was no Zaneville any more. You wouldn't believe it, all those bodies we found came down from the sky."

"Animals from owners and pet shops were found among them. We didn't stop right a day

until we had them all buried for fear of decomposition. It was a tough job gathering them all up, digging the trenches and throwing them in and covering them up. Yet at the night we got so we couldn't eat a bite for a week" concluded his wife."

"You wouldn't even believe this" continued the farmer. "I here even came down skeletons of all sizes. The twister must have sucked them from the graves. I didn't bury those. We kept them in my smallest barn as proof."

He took me and my followers to the barn. It really was the smallest of his barns, but yet being far a from small. As we entered I saw lying in neat rows, very long rows of skeletons. The skeletons of children were laid by themselves, the adult ones by their sizes. He said I found out by investigation there did not come from Zaneville, but from So. Dale, Chester, Iowa, and Chester, Ohio."

You mean they came from the sky? Didn't you? I asked incredulously.

1773 "You don't have to believe it. But there's proof I've even got the written proof in my house. There is another thing I can say and prove by showing you my fields where I raised crops such as cabbage, radishes, cauliflower, and so on were wiped out. My grain wheat and barley were not in its path. But think of it. The field which I raise spinach was also missed. That'll be good bad news for all who do not like it."

He showed us his fields of all the type of low crops were swept bare and ploughed three, three feet deep. All rail fences were gone. Not too far away was three acres of ground, all having rows of spinach full grown. The man was very of it. But I am crazy for it, and told him, so a corner of his cornfield was also ripped away. Fortunately his live stock was in the big barn at the time. He took us to some other spot where he showed us some other graves. There were four of them.

"There are not persons last

birds and animals" he said. "One is a caraway - one an emu. The other is a horse and another a tiger. The tiger was skinless and the birds without feathers and broken necks and legs. What's the matter don't you believe it? I'll uncover one to prove it."

I don't know how I looked, but my companions looked queer on hearing this. Recovering myself I asked,

"Any zoo in Jamezville?"

"No."

"Any in Chestershire?"

"No."

I was more perplexed than ever. Did these come from all that distance from Chesterbroom? The small zoo in St. Ives was not in its path.

"I know how you feel" he said. "When I came across them I couldn't believe my eyes. I was told they came all the way from the zoo at Chesterbroom. I've also got a large Blessed Virgin statue in my house. Where it came from I do not know. Its life size. There's a name Sacred Heart

1775 Convent, Chesterbourn on it.
Come in the house and I'll
show it to you" him into the
house and into the ~~room~~ living
room. It was standing in a corner on
a pedestal. It actually had those words
on it and was more than six feet
tall and beautifully designed. It
was somewhat damaged however and
the left hand missing. He
said he found the Rosary and
its hand, each a distance of
four hundred feet away. He
had nothing with which to
replace the hand. He showed
them to me. I couldn't help saying
almost jokingly because I was so
astounded.

"It's a wonder the tornado didn't
take an elephant to your farm too."

"It did."

"What?"

"It did. We are worried about it'll
decompose as it's so large we cannot
move it into the big hole we
made for it soon it'll stink us
out. We tried to cremate it
without success. Come I'll show
you."

Why didn't the earth swallow me up.

It was an elephant and
a bull one. A large deep hole 1775
was along side of it. There was
complete evidence that attempts had
been made to cremate it. I was
going to say "why didn't it bring a
whale?" but checked myself fearing
I really would see that next. Good
thing there were none at Chesterbourn
or Buffon either. I might have seen
them here. What a tornado.

A great big heavy animal like
this carried so far.

I could see by the position of its
head its neck was broken. Its body
was mutilated and one leg broken.

Its tail was gone and a lot of skin
ripped from it. It was already be-
ginning to smell. I was now think-
ing. With us ~~was~~ the farmer, Janitor
Engineer, Mr. Stevens, Henry and I. I
asked him:

"How many hired men have you?"
"Six."

"I thought -"

"I know what you thinking" he said.
"I had all my neighbors to help me.
Even you and your helpers couldn't
do any good. That Elephant is too
heavy. All of us couldn't budge it
an inch." We were going to try to blow it

1776 to pieces when to the art
pleasures we sent for arrives. Then
we'll enjoy the fragments."

The elephant was lying on the
ground of the devastated part of the
corn-field. The smell from it when it
gets good and strong could ruin all
the rest of the corn that was not
hit.

I was surprised it wasn't doing it
already, but I believe attempts to
cremate it held that back. A lot
of burned wood ashes were all
around it, excepting the holes
edges. Burned skin gave a peculiar
odor.

"Here another thing I've got to show
you" he said. "Go over there among the
corn also about fifty yards
away."

We followed him. There stood
among the corn some thing like a
huge round building with glass
all colored walls and a high glass
dome which glittered brilliantly
in the sunshine. The glass
was badly cracked but not
broken.

"This wasn't on my farm before"
he said. "In the other things I'm

going to show you. Come 1777
this way to another acre of my
devastated crop field."

We followed. We came upon two
long tables with table cloth wrapped
around them like thread on a spool.
One was lying on its side and
another actually standing up as if
ready for a feast. The one lying
on its side had broken legs
and a part of its top was shattered.

"All of us couldn't lift one end"
he said. "I wonder where they came
from? I know by the number of legs
they're different tables connected to
gether but wedged tightly."

"I can't say for ^{sure} but from the
description of them I believe these are from
the dining room of the Chesters Brown
Sacred Heart Convent, and the round
glass outfit the dome of its chapel
roof" said Mr. Stevens.

I didn't say a word. I was dumb.
I was wondering from what I saw
if I was having delirium tremens.
Some of my men more composed
were taking camera shots of every-
thing. Though scattered far and
wide lay scores of broken
chairs and countless broken
dishes and other dining room

articles - and far from the
1277 tables we saw what still
more puzzled us. Here and
there lay a mass of great cog-
wheels, chains and pulleys all in-
terlocked and seeming to have come
from a huge machine. What puzzled
me how such great weights as
these could be lifted, carried this
far and thrown down here even by
this tornado.

It was a wonderful thing too
even for all those skilled in the
art of weather scientific wizardry as
you may call it to realize that
even this extraordinarily most
violent tornado could carry this
stuff with these immense cog-
wheel wheels so heavy that even
a dozen strong men could not
budge one end of, yet this is not
all I was going to see. Yet there
could be no doubt of the fact, Zane-
ville was lost. That town had
completely disappeared & no one over
the whole world knew what
had become of her.

Even some distance beyond this
many farm we had searched
for some trace of its debris and
the faintest faintest limits

of other farms which were 1278
quite extensive but no where could
we find a trace or evidence that
she ever existed. The face of
my followers looked troubled, for never
before had a tornado caused any town of
this size to be a thing of the past.
Zaneville was gone however and
only this one farmer had seen the
strange occurrence.

"Nobody said they seen it going
anywhere with the winter" observed
Angelina.

"No and that's the strange part of
it, there were no witnesses" re-
plied Dorothy. "We could usually
know everything a tornado does"

"Why not look on the map?" sug-
gested the farmer we were visiting.
That will tell us where the town
might have been blown to in one
second.

"Of course" cried Dorothy. "Why
didn't we think of that before?"
I searched the map, then I
stared in amazement. The
town was really gone. The
map proved where it had ex-
isted and it was not here.

We found the spot however
where the very famous great record

1778 book which had so myster-
iously disappeared had been
found. Mrs. Gile had been much
grieved when it had been
gone. By the weight of that book
and table I wondered at that time
how the tornado could have done
this thing temporarily depriving the
administrator of this great book of
records.

Then it comes to my mind if
the tornado carried that large ele-
phant, and those two heavy din-
ing room tables it could
with the Record book too. I could
see evidence where the rescue
workers had found them, as
well as scattered here and
there the medical instrument
and rare chemical compounds.

I tried to think how this most
extraordinary thing could have
taken place.

It was evident this tornado was
some unusual whirl wind of very
great record breaking power in
this carrying of such heavy
objects could never have been
accomplished. And especially
that big house dashed against
the cement and the two boards.

hundred foot long windmill 1279
framework wrapped around that big
barn. Yet what sort of a tornado
was this which of all the twisters
ever known was powerful and
skillful enough to do this awful
thing? And which having the power
could have an object in defying
the laws of nature and become
the most dangerous tornado the
world has ever known?

I and my followers and the two
farmers thought over the perplexing
matter for a full hour at the end
of which time we were still
puzzled how to explain it.

Really said Dorothy looking
solemn solemn, "this is very serious,
none of us can find even a shadow
of a clue. If the tornado took it
with her."

We were sitting on the porch
of the farm house with the
farmer his wife and two little
boys.

"Perhaps said the janitor 'the
twister sucked a clue away'."

"Oh it could never do that" ex-
claimed Angelina.

"And throw all these heavy things
about so we can see how

1780 strong it was " added the
engineer, " " at

"Why every one loved that town -
there isn't a person in all the United States who will believe this really happened"

"Nuh" replied the first farmer.
"You don't know every part of the
United States"

Why dont ?"

"It's a big country" said the farmer. "There are sections in it that even the President doesn't know of."

"The farmer, just daffy" declared Angelina.

"No hes right about that"
replied Dorothy thoughtfully "There
are lots of people in this
country who never come near
the Capitol at Washington or the
White House. I've seen some
of them my self, but I have
not seen all of course and
there might be some who
never saw a cyclone or know
what one is, though I think
many places have been
destroyed by them"

Just then the farmers 1781
eldest son, a man about 25-
years old, came up.
"Hava you found game ule" he
cried when he stopped before the
steps and then started up

"Not yet" said Mr. Stevens "Does not any tracer know where she is?"

Not only the orphan Asylums
administration Book of Records have
been found here some days ago
and brought to S. So Sala. The
Tornado sure had brought them
here."

"Goodness me" exclaimed Wor-
othy in alarm. This is the
biggest freakish tornado I ever
heard of. How fast do you think
it blew? "Oh I don't know 70"

"I've no idea," he answered. "He turned took things away from me too. I have never seen my block log of money since."

We looked at one another
in amazement

"his thing is getting desperate" continued Mr. Blum all of Zamerville mysteriously gone."

"Do you suppose the tornado could have carried the debris to under it."

1782 distances and scattered it everywhere," asked Angelina.
"I can't say yes or no," declared Mr. Steven, "I suspect the tornado did to Zaneville what it did to the Sacred Heart Convent at Chester Brown."

"How dreadful!" cried Angelina. "The idea of a tornado doing all that. Can't we do anything to find out Mr. Steven?"

"God almighty only knows."

We were very much disturbed in mind and heart. Even I was more quiet than usual and seemed to realize that a great calamity had overtaken us all. The tornado had been one of most immeasurable power and not now all the people in the whole United States as from the outside world looked upon it as a great manifestation of the air.

The idea of once beautiful Zaneville being overpowered by a tornado and dragged away was too astonishing for us to comprehend at first yet what other explanation of the mystery could there be?

"Surely I never knew a 1783 tornado could take a whole town away with it," asserted Dorothy "and to sweep away Mr. Gale's Great Book of Records, or the elephant and those big long tables. I'm sure no other tornado can do this."

"Like this one?" asked Angelina.
"Of course. No one could guess either that it would make a bee line course as it took the Book of Records, Mr. Steven's big show cases and the Elephant and so be able to carry off the whole outfit before any one witnessed it. It must be the strongest tornado ever formed!"

"But how could it be?" asked the janitor. "What the question?"

"If we knew," I replied severely, "we wouldn't be sitting here doing nothing!"

"They say it even in To Galb that Zaneville is lost," said the farmer's son.

"Who says so?" Dorothy asked. "Everybody's talking about it in the city," he replied.

"I wonder how the people found it out?" Angelina asked.

"I know," said the farmer's son. "The Mayor broadcasted it. He also

1284 been asking everywhere if
any one has seen 3 one well.
"That too bad" I observed with a
frown.

"Why?" asked the farmer son.

"There wasnt any use making all
those people unhappy till we feel
dead certain that no trace of Jamar-
ville cant be found."

"Pshaw" said the janitor "I dont believe
the town is lost. I believe we are
in the wrong territory."

"It could be true" admitted Angelina
and yet not so. Its different with
Jamarville. Its been the lost
little town in this part of Ill,
and were afraid that the reason
shes lost is because the
cyclone has taken her away."

"That would be mysterious"
said the farmer son "Do you
know of any tornadoes ever doing
anything like this before Mr
Dargen?"

"No" I replied.

"There's one passed here though"
cried the first farmer. Jamarville
is blown or sucked away, the tornado
stole Mr Henry Galt's table
and big Record Book, only tornadoes
are crazy like this, so this

one is a record Breaker" 1285-
There was no denying the truth
of this statement. I knew the truth
of all of us now now solemn
and sorrowful."

"One thing is sure" said the engineers
after a time. "If Jamarville is swept
away, we out to try and find if it is
really so and expose the tornado."

"There may be a lot of sense to
that" suggested Dorothy gravely,
"and in this State they dont seem
to have anybody left in this
town territory."

"There are lots of shrewd men
in So. Ill." claimed Mr Stevens.
"They have great patience, and may
accomplish something. Where are
they now?"

"They're busy trying to find out
how So. Ill. got hit when it is
said the tornado after unspooling out
the Gleason Asylum was reversing
off its course."

"Then I cant see that they'll do
of much use to us in this trouble"
I admitted reflectively, but if
the tornado had the power to do
that, it isnt likely it would
have missed So. Ill. after all.
So the tornado must have been

1786 more powerful than we thought it would be. There was no denying this argument and although we talked the matter over all the rest of the day we were unable to decide how Zaneville disappeared with all its inhabitants and what force the tornado had to commit the dreadful deed.

We all felt felt discouraged, distressed depressed, and perplexed. Then most of the farmers friends joined us and that evening we all had a long talk together. It was first proposed by the farmer to blow the dead elephant to pieces, and then bury the fragments.

If it was left to decompose it would stink out the whole country side for more than fifty miles. That was agreed to, and to be done when the explosives arrived.

"I think" I said, "we ought to start out right away to morrow in search of if there has been any trace left of Zaneville."

"Yes" agreed the farmers wife

1787
"Some one should search for proof. I cannot go myself because I and the men must work hard in order to get rid of that elephant somehow. We may cut it up into pieces if the explosives dont arrive soon. But if you can evidence of any thing surviving in the meantime and let me know what the tornado did to Zaneville, it will enable the authorities to solve the mystery much more quickly. Jim my husband, and Jim my son will accompany you. They said they would."

"Then we'll start to morrow morning" decided Angelina. "We wont waste another minute"

"I'm not sure you girls will make good detectives" I remarked "but I'll continue to go with you to protect you from harm and to give you my advice. All my best plans has been prostrated so I am now no more a planner than any of you, but I will try to protect you from any hazards we will meet."

1789. "What harm could happen to us here?" asked Angelina. "What harm happened to Zaneville?" I returned "There is still in more chance of other tornados to show up, in this part of Illinois like the one which was able to sweep away Zaneville, and Dr. Gal's Great Record Book, and all his medical instruments, which fortunately were recovered, than some other tornado may come along and sweep us away or do us considerable injury. Zaneville was a small city of very strong buildings, and so was Chesterbrow, Chestershire or So. Hall, yet they were destroyed, but you girls are all models and so are the rest of us, and not cities, so we must watch out for ourselves!"

With the coming of morning we made or completed our preparations. The two farmers hitched the mules to our wagon which would seat us all very comfortably.

The farmers wife came out to see us off and suggest that we

put in a supply of food and blankets and raincoats, in the wagon inasmuch as she was uncertain how long we would be gone. We loaded the back of the wagon with everything we were sure we might need and then we were on our way.

On we went. The country surrounding the territory of what was once Zaneville, was thickly beset with of broken trees, busted farm houses, barn houses, destroyed crops of all sorts and rail fences but no city, or town wreckage and for a while we rode over once nicely paved roads which wound through a once fertile country, but not a farm house or other structure was in sight or trees shrubbery bushes or rail fences either.

In the course of a few hours however we were disgusted.

We came upon a stream unknown by name, fortunately narrow and with farm wreckage we had to make a strong bridge to cross, the storm having swept away the covered bridge.

We came across some farm houses not injured and we asked

1791 every one we met for
news of Zaneville. But in
this district had seen the
town or even known a tornado
had sucked her away. At nightfall
we had again passed where
there had been farmhouse, and
now fields cleared out and every
thing gone. We then were ob-
liged to stop and ask for shel-
ter at the hut of a lonely
sheep shepherd, as an ugly loud
thunderstorm was heading our
way.

The shepherd was a kindly
old man and treated us with
much courtesy. His hut was very
large and accomodated us all.
He took care of the mules
and wagon. Next morning
we had breakfast and we
wanted the old shepherd to
join us in our morning meal.
He willingly consented and
while we ate he said to us:
Because of what the tornado did
you are now about to pass on
through a very dangerous country
unless to turn to the southeast
or to the south to escape
its perils. Its impossible even

by roads. All towns of all
sizes were swept into 1792
one scattered mass there.
"You say what's the matter with
the country ahead of us?" inquired
Dorothy.

"Beyond these torn up fields" ex-
plained the shepherd are the thickly
scattered wreckage of four towns
so thickly scattered that it is be-
lieved that no one is able to get
through or past them. You say you
are looking for traces of Zane-
ville. This debris is not from
there, but from these towns.
Beyond there are no farm fields
left. Even the highest side of a
hill has been torn away."

"What's the name of the hill?"
demanded Dorothy.

"This hill no one has yet
passed the wreck territory, but it
is said the roads are so plowed
or dug up that you cannot walk
them, let alone drive a team
over them."

"How in the world did the
tornado do all that?" asked
Angelina.

"It's a common report" declared
the shepherd. Every one believes it."

1793 "I don't see how they would not" I remarked "as for the tornado taking away the side of a tree, I'll have to believe it, when we saw the wind-mill out fit, wrapped around Simon Segreen barn."

"I don't see how that could have been done" remarked the shepherd, "but I've seen that, and I have a picture of it I snapped with the camera hanging in my room. Remarkable freak that, if you escape these dangers" continued the shepherd, "you might encounter others still more serious before you come to the long turn of the Winkie river. It is true that beyond that river there lies a fine country out of the path of the twister inhabited by good people and if you reach there you would have no further trouble. But the bridges of roads leading that way are gone and the stream is wide to build a temporary bridge across. It is between here and the mouth stretch of the Winkie river that all danger lies for that is

known as "no man's land" for 1794 what the tornado did there." "It may be unusual and it may not be the territory to go to" said the farmer, "yet we shall know when we get there."

"Well!" persisted the shepherd "in a tornado torn country like ours every territory in its path is likely to harbor impassable debris. If they were not wreck strewn the debris would not be there."

"That argument" I stated "convinces me that it is our duty to go straight to those debris strewn places however dangerous they may be, for it is surely this cruel and wicked tornado who on what has caused the disappearance of game trails and we know it would be folly to search through territories not in its path. Game trails may not be blown surely into the skies, but it is our duty to travel to every spot, however dangerous where our beloved game trails is likely to be blown."

"You're right about that" said both farmers together. "Anger don't hunt us, only things that

1795 that happen even hunt any
one and a danger is a thing
that might happen, and some-
times don't amount to much. I
note we go ahead and take our very
chances.

We were all of the same opinion,
so we packed up, and said good
bye to the friendly sheep and and
proceeded on our way. The waste
sterile territory beyond almost
resembled a rolling prairie like
uphill and down hill. There was
a road going slightly southeast
and so for a while we made
good progress, but even a person
was to be met with now and
the farther we advanced the
more tornado like the landscape
became. At noon we stopped
for a "picnic luncheon" as the
girls called it and then we
again resumed our journey.

The mules appeared swift and
tireless.

I remember along this route a grove
of trees of many kinds state
owned on which all sorts of
fruit grew. As I wanted to see whe-
ther this grove escaped or not

we were eager to start so 1796
as soon as the blankets were folded
we all took our places in the big
wagon and set off towards the direction
of the big grove. It had been a really
immense orchard extending for
miles to the right of us. It was
a mile and a half wide. The
trees bore fruit and different fruit
on each long row of trees, quinces,
citron, crabapple limes and lemons,
Golden oranges, apricots, peaches, pears,
plums, prunes and even limes.
There were trees bearing fine
red apples of various types and
even cherries.

There were also hazel and
walnut trees, and other kind
of nut trees. My way on visits
there led straight through the
trees. To my companions I
boasted about this immense
beautiful orchard which by the
state law the fruit was
free to every body. I remember
I had once stopped long
enough to tie a lot of the
apples in one end of a blanket
to distribute to friends at home.
I told my friends what a
delightful orchard it was. I decided

1797 When we got there to get some juicy sweet oranges. We would keep ourselves fresh. Then I would take a sack we had brought with us and fill it with apples.

"We do not know what will happen to us after we leave this delightful orchard" I said. So I think it wise to carry a supply of apples with us. We can't starve as long as we have apples, you know."

After traveling some distance we came to a territory where to a little more to the left of us, probably a little more than a mile stretched a very long row of single trees, with shattered branches towards us. Suddenly Dorothy asked

"Where's the orchard?" and when my companions looked, they too saw only the single line of trees. To the farthest left was a solitary tangerine tree, but no fruit on it. My I felt as if my heart dived into my stomach. I could not help it I bawled like a baby. The others cried too. What beautiful

delightful State Orchard 1798 except for that line of trees wiped out by the tornado. The little girls actually squealed in their weeping. My sorrow changed into a fierce rage. As a road ran northward we went that way until we reached the line of trees.

They were quincys. The irony of it. All branches of the trees towards the south of the line were splintered off, showing the twisted without hitting the main trees tore through the branch section.

Here though as we stopped the mules, a lone man dressed as a state employe came up to us. He was armed. He said: "Dear me what a surprise you have really shocked me. I or no outsider has ever before come to what is left of the State Orchard and I cannot imagine why you have ventured to do so."

"We are looking for Zarnie" I replied.

"Do you see her anywhere around here?" asked the man.

"Not yet sir but perhaps you may tell us where she is"

"No, I have my hands full

1799 keeping track of what is left of this orchard. I find there trees a puzzle. On one side of them are whole, and the other side shattered away. The storm was tremendously strong.

"They don't look much like trees now" said Dorothy, trying to control her sob. "It seems a terrible wind had blown this side of the trees into nothing."

"Just so just so" admitted the man. "They really look that way don't they? Perhaps you noticed that all the rest of this orchard is gone, including a whole lot of the ground."

"Was the tornado so dangerous and dangerous then?" I asked.

"No this orchard yes, but but only because it was so fierce. The storm shook the branches of this side of the trees that those not broken are tangled together so tightly they can't be loosened."

"Why asked Angelina.

"Because as it is said this was the strongest tornado in all the world."

"Perhaps exclaimed Dorothy. 1788. "Don't we know it from 1800. What we've seen, many people don't know how strong tornadoes are. Why we knew this one was so strong it bent around a barn a wind mill frame work like you wind a length of cord."

"But mercy me - its no trick to bend or wrap that sort of thing around Simon Segres barn" said the man. "I seen it happen. I was there. Tell me couldn't the tornado crush a large block of stone was by hurling it against a tree here?"

"No tornado could do that?" declared the farmer.

"This stone was crushed against this tree" said the man pointing towards the ground. "I observed it was so. It had been a very large slab of marble five feet wide and seven long and over a foot thick. We saw by a bent tree trunk where it had struck and shattered."

"This" he said "is very solid marble and much harder than ordinary stone."

I did see that a lot of it was

1801 crumpled like bits of earth.
It must have been flying awfully
swift then. I was so astonished
that I took a piece in my own
hands and tested it finding it very
hard indeed.

"How tell me" he said turning to
the farmer "do you think a tornado
can't crumble?"

"I see it so" said he much im-
pressed by the proof of the tornado's
strength.

"I wonder what could have made
it so strong?" inquired the farmer.

"Something about its formation
between two thunderstorms. That
must have gave it such tremen-
dous strength. Would you like to
solve the mystery?"

"We can't" replied Angelina. "We
tried to."

"Well you can't estimate the
stupendous strength and solve
the mystery at the same time"
said the man. My name is Frank
John Agnew. Since I and my kids
have read Oz books they must
named the "twister" like the
Shoemaker."

"Why call it that?" asked
Angelina.

"Because like him for what 1802
it did it might as well have
been a great magician. Oh by the
way there was a witcher work castle
not far from here. You see this
storm became such a power sound-
about that this witcher castle which
was so strong that a million men
swinging long logs like clattering
saws could not batter it down, was
torn to shreds. By is the tornado
called like the Shoemaker?"

"Why is it called that?" asked
Dorothy curiously for she now really
remembered that party in the
East Princess of Oz Book.

"Because of its almost magical
power."

How far is the damaged Witcher-
work Castle? asked quickly.

"You can see what is left of
it from here" and he pointed.
At a distance was a low hill on
top of which stood what had been
a witcher castle. It must have
been a good sized building and
once rather pretty because the
sides roofs and what had been
domes were all of witcher closely
woven as it is in fine baskets."
I wonder how strong it was" said

1807 Dorothy musingly as she eyed
the remains of the queen cas-
tle.

the.
"7th." was just as strong as if Igu
the magician had built it" an-
swered the farmer. "Even it seems even
with magic to protect it it couldn't
resist the lunatic. The one who built
it must be a man of great
ideas because he did things in
a different way from other people.
It's probb probable he got the
idea of Igu Wicken Castle in
the East princess of Oz Oz book.

"Where he got the material I don't know. Yet its torn up as if it was made of hay."

"Did ^{you} the shoemaker live there?" asked Mr Stevens ~~near~~
sarcastically.

"Why" no indeed. He ~~own~~ character in the Oz book" said Ugh, "I don't remember the name of the man who built it and lived there but I heard her in the hospital on So. 3rd critically injured. It cost \$10,000,000 to build the structure ~~th~~ e did first live in New York. is a very ~~rich~~ rich man but he did

not care to live in the 1804
city any longer so coming here
he went to that two hundred
foot hill, built himself with
the help of contractors that replan-
ed Wicker Castle. He lived in
d with his wife, children and
mother in law. I loath to say so,
but he is the only survivor."

"This is unusual news" I declared.
"I know what wicker stuff is. So
if wicker was manufactured strong
and large enough to make a
strong wicker castle, that castle
was the strongest building in
the world. What happened to it as
we can see, proves there yet
cant be constructed a building
strong enough to with stand
a tornado. I've read the bigger
and stronger they are the worst
they get it. But again why
did your kids call the twister
"Ugu the Shoe maker?"

5 "Because they believe it had magical powers to make things disappear like it did."

"Do you think?" asked Dorothy anxiously "that this tornado would be tough enough to sweep away 3 0 0?"

1805 "And wipe out the Gleason Orphanage and Chester Browns Sacred Heart Convent?"
"And the Great Book of Records of Mr. Gale" asked Angelina. And his medical supplies?"

"Well" replied Mr. Cigarover "I won't say that the tornado was too weak to do that, but it was as you may call very 'ambitious' to become the most powerful twister in the word world and so I suppose it would not be too 'proud' to do all those things which it managed to do."

"But how gameville? How could a tornado make her disappear?" questioned the janitor.

"Don't ask me my friend. The tornado didn't tell me why it did things I assure you."

"Then we must still continue on our way and find some trace of what's left of the town ourselves."

"I wouldn't do that if I were you" advised Mr. Cigarover, looking at the two little girls and the rest of us. "If the tornado has really carried that town

away it's gone for good 1806 and with all the help of the wreckage it would be a danger our territory to navigate. Therefore if you are wise you will go home again and forget all about gameville. But perhaps you're on the wrong trail and it never hit gameville."

"The only way to settle that question" I replied "is to continue on our way and see if it is some where else. If she is and after all was missed, we will report the matter to the Great traversing Committee in Se. Hall and Tom pretty sure they will find a way to prove her true location."

"Well do as you please" said Mr. Cigarover "but if you are trapped in the delus, and can't get loose without help don't blame me for not warning you."

But we were resolved on the venture and again went on but through where the Orchard had been.

Mr. Cigarover wanted to come along and we agreed.

"Dothy asked 'Do you know that

1807 Zarnville has really been blown away?"

"I was not aware that Zarnville was that delicate a town as it had many unusually strong buildings so of course I couldn't know that she was disintegrated."

"Well it has all the people know of it" explained Dorothy. And she has been swept away. Aren't you angry? Aren't you indignant? Zarnville has possibly been blown away."

"That is queer" remarked Mr. Cigarover thoughtfully. "Making towns completely disappear is a thing practically unknown in the United States, yet this town has been taken away, and the State Grand Orchard is torn away ground and all. I've traveled all the way from Springfield in order to get proof of it?"

"I don't see any connection between the town of Zarnville, and this Orchard?" declared Mr. Stevens.

"They've both been disintegrated haven't they?"

"True. But why can't we think of something else besides Zarnville?"

1808
"Why can't you restore or grow another ^{town} ~~orchard~~? Suppose you prefer the town which is lost and my friend wants the restoration of this Orchard, which had all the fruit trees that ever grew."

All different fruit trees?" exclaimed Mr. Stevens. "There is a link that connects the two disasters, anyhow, for it seems that all the properties in the State of Illinois, from the Gleason Aylum to the Wicker Castle was destroyed within a few hours, whether in a hall, or Chester Brown or to here seems mighty strange and mysterious, does it not?"

To continue on the course we were taken we would need to pass the Wickerwork Castle.

"Now then" I said. I said "let us talk the matter over as we ride on and decide to do when we get to this Wicker Castle. If it was as strongly made as it is said it was, then there is no doubt that the tornado was a more powerful twister than we thought to destroy it, and its powers have been increased a hundred fold in traveling this far."

A storm which could devastate so

1809 strongly a made place as
this and a tornado with all this
power at its command is one that
never formed before. therefore
to prove this we should plan our
actions of safe travel before we
venture too near this castle. In my
judgment we cannot decide how
it looks untill we get to the
Wicher Castle. So let us go to it
and take a look at it. Then
we will discover what the tornado
did to it.

"That sounds good" said the farmer
apparently "This tornado was not
only an uncommon one, but it was
an extremely tough one. I could
swear one and deserves to be ex-
posed. We must give up untill
we find some traces of poor
Zanerille. So lets first go to
the ruined Wicher castle and
see what the place looks like
since the tornado hit it."

None of us objected to this
plan and so it was adopted.

On going on ward up a
slight elevation we beheld in
the distance the shattered re-
mains of the Wicher Castle.

It had been a good sized 1810
building but the roof and
dormer which were all of Wicher
were gone.

"I wonder if it was as strong as
it is said it was?" asked Angelina
as we eyed the ruins of the queen
castle.

"I suppose it was since an expert
built it," answered Mr. Zanover.

"With Wicher work interwoven it could
have been stronger than made of
stone."

We were stopped by a vast stretch
of burning debris lying across
the road and fields. I saw none
more than twenty feet high at
places, the smoke was a huge
rolling cloud. When we approached
the flames the heat was so
intense that it drove us back
again.

"This will never do for me!" ex-
claimed Dorothy. My dress could
catch fire very easily.

"It wont do for me either."
grumbled Angelina.

"We all strongly to fire," I
said causing the mules to turn
another direction to a safe distance.
"I suppose the hot sun started this

1811 and Mr. Sun thinks there
blazes will stop us. But I am
able to inform you here, a better
road towards the Wicher Castle
and leads nearer. These flames
here will finish what the twisten
left."

We proceeded to advance up the
hill, but we had not gone far when
before us lay sideways what was
once a wall of steel, the upper
part of which was thickly covered
with sharp gleaming points re-
sembling daggers. The broken wall
lay in front of us, other sections
I suppose completely surrounded
the castle its sharp points pre-
venting any one from climbing
it. The partition broken off in
front of us was 150 feet in
length and ten feet wide.

Ah I exclaimed. "If the twisten
did this it surely was strong. But
this is more serious than I
thought it was. I believe this
wall was to keep out tramps
robbers and thieves."

Yet all this while we had
been getting farther up the
hill and nearer to the Wicher
Castle. Now continuing our advance

we expected something else 1812
to oppose our way but to our astonish-
ment nothing happened and pre-
sently we arrived at what had been
the Wicher Gate, but it was not
there nor the Wicher fence either.

What we saw also prevented us
from getting within the castle en-
trance. And we saw some distance
lying down on the hill slope two
big gates with heavy bars drop-
ped across them."

"If we were flabbergasted at
what we saw it was evident
it might be dangerous to gain
our way in to what the tornado
did to it, even though our first
duty was to attend to the errand
on which we had come and
seek distant fragments of game-
rille whom we believed was
first sucked into the great cloud
above the funnel and scattered all
over the countryside.

We had come upon a square
courtyard from which an entrance
led into the main entrance to
the castle. We couldn't get in.

It was unpassably blocked by
an enormous mass of Wicher debris.

1813 Each strand of wicker was five and a half inches wide and two inches thick. all of us together tried to lift one end of a strand and couldn't budge it budge it one half an inch. Beyond we could see a large open hall, circular in form, but its high wicker dome was gone and its walls badly torn apart and shredded. An enormous very long enormous chandelier lay bent and twisted on the floor.

Despite the difficulty we by another entrance managed to enter this hall. I went first, and Dorothy and Angelone, and the men folk.

So it was us who caught the first glimpse of what was left of the big domed hall and gathered in a wandering group just within the entrance. In what was left of the wicker walls was sections of beautifully colored pictured windows.

Upon a large raised platform at one side large strands of lichen on torn and twisted wicker wood work. What made things worse, on the remains

remains of a wall over all 1814 this hung a big picture of a tornado heading for a city - 7 swas. And in a far corner lay a large doll its feet extended, its head broken off. Near us lay a sort of cage seemingly made of gold bars set wide apart, and at the dolls feet reposed some sort of a diamond studded diaphan lying bottom up.

This big hall was a shambles. "Very well" I said while the rest of us stood in silence for a full moment staring about them. "This is something very unusual I assure you I did not know where we were coming to see this, and neither now do we know why we came here, for we cannot use this scene to our advantage, but as we have insisted on coming, I hope we will make this afternoon call here as brief as possible. It won't take long for us to transact our business with this place. We are looking for distant debris of Zaneville, and my reply will be that we may not find any of it here. This house was an

1815 unusual very strong and extremely dangerous one to do this to this sort of building. It seems impossible but seeing is believing. I suppose because it has wiped out Zaneville and all the towns of Northern Illinois, it turns out the most powerful of all tornados!

"Yes" said Mr. Agarner, slowly filling his corn cob pipe with fresh tobacco from his bag that is exactly what it was. I will do us no good to doubt this. Look at the strength of this wicker material. We can't lift one end of a strand together. No one can tell where the owner got this material and who were the contractors and we can't guess in a thousand years. He was this was understood as a strongly you'd never think a tornado could do this neither can it even be restored. I am not so foolish to think it could be. But bear this in mind. I mean to investigate this damn tornado myself hereafter, and I defy anything to prevent me. Zaneville

is still missing where - even the tornado has scattered her. And bear this in mind we intend to find traces of her in time but our first duty and pleasure will be to expose this tornado to the whole world?"

"Well we should have gone on ahead on our errand then instead of coming in here" said Mr. Stevens. "Other wise how can we do it?"

Now although he had spoken so unusually we had at the moment no idea how we might find any fragments of Zaneville. We knew that into along could not avail against what a tornado could do. But something ought to be done right away and we didn't know what it was.

While we were considering this perplexing question and the others stood looking at me as their leader a queer and shocking thing happened. The flooring of half of the great circular hall began to tip. Instead of being flat and level it became a slant and very quickly the slant grew dangerously steep. It was evident that half of the vast room was quickly turning.

1817 upside down. The turning movement now stopped suddenly with a great strange twisting noise and that part of the room now was stationary. The big chandelier had slid down the wall to what was once the ceiling.

Something had given way and we been there we might all have been killed.

We surely were not slow in getting out of there for we found the place extremely dangerous.

When some distance from the wreck I sat down on the grass the others following suit. And now I announced:

"We will for hold a solemn conference to decide the best manner to make a last attempt to locate the remains of Zaneville."

Mr. Stevens was the first to address the meeting.

"To begin with," said he "word came to us that Zaneville was really blown into the next County north east of here. Also that there was no money and power enough to make this dangerous journey. Naturally

Mr. Wager the head of the 1818 & Co. Ball relief Committee wishes to undertake the journey and adventure of locating where Zaneville has been blown to, but we have already come this far from Se. Ball, and it seems we could not easily find any way to cross fields of town debris and especially in spot a lot of it is burning fiercely near here. Also a devastated orchard and Wickerwork Castle. Finally we went in there and narrowly escaped with our lives. On our return we like to admonish the builder of the Wicker Castle.

Then the engineer spoke "Why should you admonish him?" he asked, "He has done no wrong?" "No wrong!" cried Mr. Cizarov "Don't it was wrong to build such a queer place without Government permit?"

"He was not the designer but only its owner" replied the engineer "It had been there for more than fifty years. It was the Contractor who did wrong. The Government authorities claimed by what it is made of

1819 it is a very dangerous fire hazard. There the building of it was opposed."

"This is news to me" I said very thoughtfully. I had supposed the owner wall to blame in its construction.

But in any case lets forget the wicker castle and plan our trip."

"This tornado was a very wild one" declared Mr. Cagamer. "If it had skipped our Orchard, Zaneville too would have been spared, then no one would have cared.

But all was in the path of this powerful tornado, and all are destroyed."

"Then I said the town did not get spared and we must hunt traces of hettow far as the next county?"

"No one knows exactly," replied Mr. Stevens. "Yet if we wish to find traces of Zaneville we must go into that county also where the tornado raged all powerful and there for it will be a dangerous undertaking indeed."

"But for the sake of solving this mystery for the authorities"

said the Cagamer we ought to do it."

"We shall do it" replied 1820 the janitor "although it requires a lot of courage for us to fight our way through. But we must find a way to bypass that fire."

"Then I said" we will arrange to resume of journey at day break to morrow. And in the meantime we will rest and prepare ourselves for the journey. Inspecting that ruined Wicker Castle delayed us greatly."

That night we set slept in the wagon, though the glare of the burning wre chags in the distance bothered us some. But before day break every one was awake and stirring and soon as adventures were eating a hasty breakfast still being in the wagon.

It did not take long to finish the meal, and then the mules were harnessed to the wagon and we were ready to start for the next country, county. So we started along the road just as day was breaking. and by the time the sun came out.

1821 we had made good progress towards the road we decided on to by pass the big debris fire, and which led into the next county. The road led through a devastated farm country most of the ~~was~~ wheat and grain still left also burning catching from the flaming debris. We could not steadily advance.

Our cavalcade was very slow because we were here and there being blocked by burning wheat and other fields. There was not any farm or other buildings in sight nor country trees either on rail fences.

Dorothy began speaking and every one of us listened intently to her words.

"Mr. Stevens," said she "I'm sure because of these burning fields we can't pass by here. I'm sorry we came here. The fire is spreading. I am asking you to release us and let us give up the adventure."

"Oh no you are mistaken miss. I have nothing to say about that."

But the fires are spreading

all over and so that's wrong" 1822 said Dorothy. "According to the crazy law of nature we can't oppose" then said

Mr. Stevens eyeing the clouds of smoke and spreading wheat fires. "If we had the proper equipment we could fight our way through by a rear and flank attack."

"The fires are spreading right on through," declared Angelina. "For the fire cannot be stopped now no matter what we do. Old Mother Nature is cheating us, for she wants to keep us back."

"It's not our fault what Mother Nature does," said Mr. Cuzanover. "I gave my self no expectation of this, of seeing this wheat and grain field conflagration. I will even destroy what is left of the Wicker Castle if it heads that way."

"Then how could it leap up that hill with only green grass on its slopes," asked Dorothy.

"Easily enough" was the reply. "Wind heat and sparks."

"But how then are we going to get through?" asked the farmer who was much distressed

1823 by the swiftly spreading field
fires.

"We got to get through some
way" said Mr. Stevens.

"In what way?" I asked.

"By waiting until it all burns
out" said he.

"To fight our way through that is
cruelty and suicide for us" re-
marked Mr. Stevens. "That we

cannot alide. We have to trans-

form ourselves into spirits to

go through that. The fire is

scattering through other various

fields now. I instead of being

obliged to fight our way through

we better wait until the

conflagration burns itself out.

The farms are anyway in this

district wiped out by the storm."

"What a dreadful fate is for

these farms" exclaimed Dorothy.

"And the surviving farmers are in

great need of their grain and

wheat. I only rain would

come. We have quite a number

of men here. If you will

cut our blankets and fight

our way through the sea,

we may get through."

"Suppose we intend to. Where
are we going to get the 1824
water. There, no stream, pond
or lake here about that I refuse to
go back."

Then "said Angeline" firmly "we
might as well wait until it burns
itself out."

We all must have looked grave

if it did not rain again soon, a vast

conflagration of grain, wheat, and also

barley will soon extend for miles

over the country side and already in

every direction before us were fur-

naces and forge like fires glow

ing brightly showing the ground

of these farms consisted of heat.

Before a northeast corner of a road

not in the twistens path were a

lot of trees elms, cotton wood, birch

fruit, fruit, or eucalyptus, also

willow and poplar.

They were threatened by the fire

as there was a woods of these

trees. Although this tremendous

farm fields conflagration con-

sisted on wheat and so on, it

was assuming dangerous proportions.

"Thus said the farmer is a

small part of what the fire is

now compared what it will be.

1825 later on. It, a small part
of the conflagration. "What
will it turn out to be if there
is no rain soon. This fire even
now is too powerful to oppose".

"Then said and discouraged I
turned to my followers and said:

"It would be foolish for us to
fight our way through this fire
without the proper equipment.

"For if we were trapped we'd all
be destroyed I'm sure I do not
know what to do in this great
emergency".

"It seems to me" said Mr
Stevens thoughtfully "that our
best plan is to wait until
it burns out, since it now is
too great a fire to oppose".

"This is the most sensible
thing any of you have sug-
gested" declared Mr. Stevens.

"It's folly even to threaten to
fight our way through the
fire. If we wish to accomplish
anything then try God because
He is so kind hearted that
He cannot stand coaxing
or wheedling. If as I say again
you wish to accomplish any-
thing by our journey, you must

try and coax God to send
us rain."

1826
Very well "I said more cheerfully.
"Set us try it and talk this over
with God in a friendly manner.

But will he grant it. I've been very
angry with Him because of this
tornado disaster. But are you sure
that in spite of that He won't
refuse?"

"To be sure" they all agreed
together.

"I'm very anxious" said Angelina
to be able to continue on our way.
Tell me now how this may be
accomplished by prayer."

Mr Stevens remained thought-
ful for a moment after which
he asked "Do all of you have
the faith in them?"

"Yes indeed we all answered,
eagerly.

"We must not fail" I cried very
encouragingly. "Having come all
this distance to learn about Zane-
ville, it would be weak and
most cowardly in us to now
abandon the adventure. There-
fore I will lead the prayer.

We'll say the Rosary and the
Litany of the Mother of God."

1827 We repeated this three times and then waited. Of course I'll admit this the

cloud had been all day threatening up to the time of the prayers but still no rain was coming. Later on even the sun began to come out and hot too. We remained thoughful for a moment after which Mr Ciganover asked:

"Is it true you were on the out with God over the storm?"

"Yes but not now. But yet I do believe that the reason he did not pay any attention to our Rosaries and Satines."

"Aw lose and poppycock. He'll answer yet. Yet why were you mad at God? He didn't will or make the tornado. I thought for some cause he let it happen."

"To me its the same as doing it" I retorted.

"It seems maybe so, but its hard to explain. Maybe if he interfered with everything that old Mother Nature does it would be still more disastrous. All storms run their course

no matter what. Are you 1828 willing to take a few chances and risks yourself in order to prove your idea is wrong?"

"Yes indeed" I answered eagerly. "Then" said Mr Ciganover "I will make you this offer: you shall go alone and unattended into some Catholic Church in So. Baltimore, when we return there again and examine carefully all the Holiness that the Church contains. Then go to a priest pronouncing Oh Mary Conceived without sin pray for us who have recourse to thee and tell him your difficulties."

If any one of the priests, or more than one, prove to be of any help to you, then you will be instantly restored to your better self and may leave the Church without any objection whatever, feeling better and be reconciled with God. It is possible for you in this way to free your mind and soul of this slight anger with God, but if you do not get through this difficulty correctly, and you feel no reconciliation, then each one of us may in turn enter the Church and for intercession have the same type

1829 of privileges I grant you"
"Oh thank you thank you for
this kind offer" I said eagerly.
"I make one condition" added Mr
Czarover.

"What is that?" I inquired.

If whatever you do does not prove
to be any reconciliation with God,
then instead of receiving His
Grace, you will yourself become
a lost soul in time as you'll turn
unrepentant. This is only fair
and just, and so if you still
stay mad at Him it is then
the risk you declared you
were willing to take. Remember
justly, and considerately, that it
is said God has nothing to
do with the formation of these
storms frightful as they are, and
therefore is not responsible. He
won't either interfere with nature
because that would be still
more dangerous for us. God knows
best so He allows them
for safety reasons. So you
are wrong to blame God for
this calamity, and be on the
outs with Him. It wouldn't
prevent or change things any-
how. Not God but Old Mother

is to blame, and even 1830
she costs Him. She alone is
our worst enemy, as we are to
her. Blame her, not God"

Seeming this condition imposed
by the Government State man of Spring-
field Ill. I became silent and thought-
ful and all the rest looked at me
as if they approved.

"Don't forget to do it" exclaimed
Dorothy. "I wouldn't lose my soul
over what an old tornado did? If
you do you will be enslaved for-
ever to Satan"

"But I shall do as he suggest".
I answered "Surely I ought to be
reconciled to God, and if I do
I shall be free from this ter-
rible sin."

"What if we fail in this jour-
ney because of this wheat field fire?"
"I would look nice if I was roasted
alive wouldn't I?" inquired Dorothy.

"We must not under any condition
fail" cried Angelina courageously.

Having come from So Ball all
this distance to solve the tornado
mystery it would be cowardly
in us all to give it up now.
Therefore if this prayer is not answered
because of my past sin of anger with

1892 Our God. Therefore I will accept
God's Will and wait until either
it really rains later on, or until
the fires before us burn out."

After our first examination of the
conflagration before us, I began to
wonder how it could have spread
so fast, and none of the farmers
or their hired hands were out to
fight it. There was nothing to
guide us, for everything seemed
afire and things were really
much worse than the
old shepherd had said.

I realized how dangerous was
our task and how likely we
were to lose our life lives
if we were cautious and very
careful.

But we having undertaken the
advantage would not abandon it.

I saw a very unusually large
bronze candelabra that had
twenty branches lying near
us on the road. So one
of us picked it up and laid
it in the back of the wagon.

Also Dorothy picked up a
large china lamb and holding
it in her bare lap looked

it over. Trying to avoid 1899.
the fire we went down a
road going north west. Here
lying on the ground scattered
about were cluttered ornaments
of every description, seemingly made
out of all sorts of metals, and
figures of men women and children,
and animals and broken graven
platters and bowls and mosaic
of precious gems and many other
things. Big pictures too were
on the ground.

It took us some time but we
gathered up all we could find,
and placed the big sack full
in the back of the wagon.

The big pictures of men and
all were intact and we put them
standing back to back against
the side of the wagon. We
found the image of a pig
with a whistle in its rear where
the tail should be. We also

found a dozen ornaments of
a royal purple color. There also
were green ornaments, orange, black,
yellow, red, chrome and others.

Even an ornament of a gray
horse horse, and lions leopards
leopards, and tigers. There were

1835 a purple button and a purple
dog and ornaments of various
kinds of birds in all gorgeous
colors. A yellow hen and a
large emerald grasshopper.

"I think we are foolish to waste
our time on such stuff" said Mr
Stevens.

"Maybe" I answered, "but I do really
believe these are the ornaments that
belonged in that magnificent room
of the Gleason Orphanage." "They fit
Mrs. Gale's description. I'll turn
them over to the Salvage de
partment when we return to
So. Falls. And the Candelabra
too. Also these pictures."

"If it's true what you say the
tornado surely blew this stuff
far" declared the farmer. "Why
didn't we find them all at
once instead of picking them
up one by one?"

"Well there were those of many
other colors however" I said the
purple ones were scattered here
and there and were of many
different sizes and shapes. Two
were of solid gold. Also we
had found a large purple foot
stool. I firmly believe all

this came from that 1836
room."

We drove on a little further
passing a turn in the road by
a big hay stack and we all
stopped and stared into the near
distance with faces of astonish-
ment and dismay.

On this road side for some dis-
tance looked like a hastily dug
grave filled with bodies of men
women and children not completely
covered. And a very strong smell
came from them.

"Back up back up!" I commanded
the mules and believe me they
needed no urging. At a distance
to our right now the wheat
field fires was most dread-
ful to behold. The number of
dead lying in this trench like
grave must be of great numbers.

The grave was three hundred
feet long, the bodies lay like
in ranks.

Dorothy had gone further back
into the wagon to one side, where
we came across this scene. She
stood holding Angelina's hand while
two of the men stood upon one
side and Stevens on the other.

1837 Strangely there was found near the long grave a large whistle in the shape of a fat pig made of metal and colored green. The whistle was in the tail of the pig. This was the ~~same~~ second one found also found was a beautiful necklace of pearls and sapphires. One of the girls picked these up. Twenty six gold medals set with precious stones were found, an axe was found with handle studded with diamonds and a jar of complexion powder.

We also found two bracelets set with eight rows of very clear and sparkling emeralds. Then there was a jeweled platter and two golden platters. We even found very large jeweled chandeliers which we placed in our wagon and a large expensive sapphire bell clack. It was still in very good condition.

Strange as it was further on we found a strangely formed image. It shaped like that frightful monster Quilon in the book of the Giant Race of Og. No sea serpent was even uglier than this Quilon like image.

It was made of bronze 1838 and in standing was twenty five feet tall. He had long head, scales and talons of a dragon and the long serpent hideous body of some imaginary creature called a giant "fear fish".

"Shall we take it along" Stevens asked.

"We have to damn it" I answered. "I suppose it came from the Ornament room of the Gleason Ophthamalgia they had this horrible image I don't know."

It was laid on against the side of the wagon. Good thing our wagon was a big long one. "We'll move him to the Salvage Bureau when we reach Sa Sallo" I continued. "It's a strange glistening dragon of silver and bronze. I wonder where it was manufactured?"

More strangely yet found lying whole and entire and not discolored among some burned out wheat were two other strange images each having the head of a lion, the body of a monkey, the dragon wings of an eagle and the tails of wild asses with knobs of brass on the ends of them. They

1839 were four feet in length and took four of us to lift them into the wagon. The hoods were yellow brown, the bodies red brown and the wings and tails intense black. The knobs of the tails were red.

"What in the world are those crazy winged and sort of ornaments were they used for?" said all of us together.

"I believe they resemble some thing called 'Si-mon-eag' that are sold in antique stores," I replied, "From what they look to be made of I believe they sold at a grand each."

I am sorry to say or write this.

Fewer wheat wheat and grain fires and other conflagrations were burning through a delightful country side. Far off beyond this scene of fiery destruction and the tornado's wide path of country ruin were soft and pretty green hills. It was laid out in the distance into lovely farms, with pebble paths leading through them, and groves of beautiful trees dotting the landscape here and there. There we were orchards too bearing luscious fruits. Alluring brooks of crystal water flowed

sparkling between them 1840 flower stream banks while scattered over the distant landscape were dozens of the quaintest and most picturesque farm houses and barns we had ever beheld.

None of them were in clusters such as villages or towns but each had ample grounds of its own with orchards and gardens surrounding it.

But all this that we consumed in silent admiration of its beauties, was marred by the tornado devastating path through this exquisite scene, and the vast stretches of burning wheat fields and other fires.

And the weather was hot and very humid.

Then we noticed two very singular and unusual facts about this territory. First not a single farmer's windmill was seen.

The second and more singular fact was the absence of any inhabitant of this splendid place. We were on a slightly elevated position where we could overlook the whole territory but not a single moving object could we see. All appeared very mysteriously deserted. But about

1841 everywhere else within close view was the flaming fields and the wide deviating path of the river. The nearest farm house to our left was still some distance away.

"If it was for this devastation going through here I wouldn't be so bad," I said gazing around me; "if we were obliged to live here always. We couldn't find a prettier place in sure."

"But where are the people?" asked the farmer.

I shook my head saying:

"I can't imagine John. Maybe the tornado scared them all away."

"We still couldn't go onward much because of the fires. As we again halted we found on the road a powerful telescope. Printed on it was "The Gleason Home".

Then scattered over a beet field badly torn up deep, we came upon some strange objects. Their bodies were round, their legs short and their arms extraordinarily long and stout.

Their heads were too big for their bodies and their faces were

most decidedly ugly to look upon. Some had long 1842 curved noses and chins small eyes and wide grinning mouths. Others had flat noses, protruding eyes and ears that were shaped like those of an elephant.

There were a few other types indeed scarcely two being alike but all were equally disagreeable in all appearance. The tops of their heads had no hair but were carved into a variety of fantastic shapes, some having a row of points or balls around the top, other designs resembling flowers, or vegetables and still others having square that looked like waffles cut cross in their heads.

They all had fastened to their wooden bodies not wooden or iron fastened by means of wooden hinges with metal screws. When examined we found they were more than four feet in length, and all varnished none was injured, except for a few splinters from their noses and ears, and the varnish scratched. If this came from the Gleason Asylum who had all these crazy stuff and why? Nevertheless

1842 We would have plenty of room.
by standing this crazy junk
against the back of our long wagon
we took it along. Some time
later I called these horrid wooden
images "Gargoyles" and strange to

say I read around the year 1930
in later an Oz Book called "Little Donalby
and the Wizard in Oz". They had
to fight something like these things
also of wood in a wooden country
and alive, described from Chapter
Eleven to Chapter 12. Its titled "They
met the Wooden Gargoyles". I've read
in the Bible that those creatures do
exist and the Eals too mentioned
in the "Emerald City of Oz". They're
most high Class Demons, and
Saturn and Beelzebub are their
main Chiefs. I called the images
Gargoyles and ten years after
our find we read of these
crazy things in that Oz Book.

I wondered to myself if this is
all I'm to keep on finding instead
of any trace of fit for flying
delus of game rules. I decided if
I come across any more of this
crazy kind of stuff we'll leave
it behind. Our wagon to my
idea is for our comfort and not

1843
a junk wagon. Yet we did
come across crazier stuff than this.
It resembled some of those
crazy & odder objects you read
about in "The Road to Oz".

They were curious images and made
of bronze with differently colored front
and back.

They had the form of men, middle
sized and rather slender and graceful,
its face for it had four faces, was
black on one side in front, white
in back, green on its left side
and yellow on the other. I was
having a black costume made
like a union suit and fitting tight
to its body. The suits on other
parts were similar to the color of
its three faces. The bodies of the
creatures were round.

Their hands were black too,
and the toes curled down like
a birds.

The hair of these images was
fine and yellow hanging in front
across the forehead, of the four
faces and cut close at the sides.

The eyes were small very
round and sparkling and looked
like the eyes of a usual
"What in the world do you suppose

1844. those things are?" asked Dorothy in a hushed voice as some of us had got down from the wagon, and examined the strange metal creatures and after all tossed them into the wagon, as there were only six of them.

"Don't know" said Angelone. It has a face of different colors all around, as well as the suits and also is awfully to look up. I wonder what factory they were made in?"

"How curious said Dorothy. And though they're the size of mudguts, they don't hardly weight anything at all."

"They too came from the Gleason Home I suppose" I said. "Were the people there crazy or something?"

"Then feet shape like the letter T turned upside down" said Dorothy Dorothy picking one up and looking it over. "What were they used for?"

"Similar like creatures like those in that Oz Book beginning on Page One hundred three, Chapter one numbered, were as I need were

called 'Goodlies'!" I had no name for these objects we found and were thankful they were not alive, and could not throw their heads at us, as they did at the Shaggy man in that Road to Oz Book. We also came across a sort of sailmaker boat which had been twenty five feet long and six feet wide. The storm had carried away the sail to the top of a tall but badly shattered tree four feet round where the fragments of it was fluttering like a white flag.

The boat was a mere mass of splinters and caused crushed out of shape. The words Gleason Aylum was on the remaining board. The ship's mast and cabin were also among what ~~was~~ branches was left of the shattered trees. And to our sickening feeling three dead bodies also. The irony of it was and both sides of this scene of wheat fires and tornado devastation, were little mounds of yellowish green away at our right, while at the left waved a group of tall leafy trees bearing yellow blossoms that looked like tamarcs and from pines.

1846 among the grass carpeting the ground on both sides of the wide path of devastation were pretty buttercups, sandy lions, daisies, cowslips and marigolds of all colors. And before us was the mangled ship, devastation and large grain and wheat field fires.

We were rather disheartened by this time for we saw no way to get through any where now, and despite all the beauty where there was something about the fires and devastation of the tornado course and the crazy images we found that inspired us with honor and made us almost repent of having undertaken this journey.

And we were hot and tired. We did not salvage the shullers boat, but we took along the boat's boat sides which had the words on it. The grass to our left was full of wild strawberry plants their pretty red berries ripe and ready to eat. Some of the nearest trees bore apples and some russet pears so we being hungry suddenly

found ourselves provided with plenty to eat and to drink 1847 from a spring near by. We lost no time in picking the biggest straw berries and ripest pears and soon had feasted to our hearts content.

Walking along beyond the line of trees we saw before us again, windows of house debris all fiercely ablaze.

Where did this wreckage come from?

If it was from Zaneville was the fire wiping out all traces but it couldn't be Zaneville had very few wooden houses.

Near the edge of the awful stretch of burning wreckage was a large white sign with black letters neatly painted on it and the letters made these words.

"All persons are warned not to venture upon this debris strewn territory."

For the wreckage will trap and hold fast any one doing so.

This banner crosses the road leading to Ottawa. But no one can go there now.

Signed the
Farmers."

1848 "oh" said Dorothy when I had read this sign aloud - no word one word would try it now when its all afire"

"Then we must even go near it" I answered thoughtfully. But as we cant go ahead in this direction, and theres no use going back what shall we do next?"

"Dont know" said Dorothy.

"I'm sure I dont know either," added Angelina despondently.

"I wish a good heavy rain would come for us" sighed Dorothy. It would quench all this dried wheat field and wreckage fires, so we could through on our journey without a care or worry of any sort. And I hope were on through with finding Gleason and change stuff that is not we are making this journey for. But I suppose theres a good reason why God wont send us the well needed rain."

"Its very good of God if He does," said Angelina. "but there are surely other things besides Mr Wagon having been

mad at Him, that would make me suspect this lack of rain better than the starting of a drought. I'm afraid God does not want to ~~interfere~~ interfere with crazy cruel old Mother Nat-ure"

This did not help to solve the problem and we all fell silent and looked at one another very questioningly.

"Really I dont what to do" I muttered, gazing at the big debris blaze. Its either the hot sun started that big fire, or the farmers set it to burn it up. As it was getting toward late evening the fires became so fierce and glowing we could scarcely bear to gaze upon it.

The heat was so intense that we had crept back tremblingly far away from it.

The wind was beginning to blow towards us from the fire which became so furiously hot that we and the mules had to retreat to a cooler spot.

Finally I said

"It is nearly night time now

1850 so we may as well get away
as far from that head as we
can and sleep in this pretty
place and get rested, perhaps by
morning we can decide what is
best to be done.

There was little chance to make
beds for the children but
the leaves of the trees grew thickly
and would serve to keep off the
distant radiant fire heat so we
piled soft grass in the thickest
shadow from the fires glare,
and they lay down and slept
but fretfully until morning.

Long after the others were
asleep however I sat in the
starlight by the spring gazing
thoughtfully at the blazing
wreaths and wheat and grain
fields, after which I too laid
myself down under a tree and
was soon lost in slumber.

Early in the morning there
was no bright morning sun
shine, and in the smoke haze
we ate of the straw berries
and juicy pea pears.

At this time we looked more
carefully at the log but smacked

boat and saw that the 1851
bottom was modelled or had been
with two sharp runners which
supposed was to glide through deep
winter snow.

The front of this boat had
been pointed like the bow of a
ship and there still was a rudder
at the stern to steer by.

The boat I saw was wedged
against a big copper chest. I was
able to lift the lid and saw it
was full of shining tools of all
of all sorts and shapes.

We managed to get it on the
wagon, in it was a daisy, and this
is what I surprisingly read from
it.

"This living room for the
high rank servants of the
Gleason home is one of the
most handsomest apartments
in the most magnificent
institutions in the world. The
furniture is upholstered in cloth
of gold, with a child's picture
embroidered upon it in scarlet.
The rug upon the floor
is so thick and soft that
you could not hear the sound
of your foot steps, and upon the

1851 walls are splendid tapestries
woven with scenes from the
State of Illinois. Books and
ornaments are scattered about in
provision. At the further end of this
charming room is an open doorway
with a bed room containing more
comforts than any one can imagine.
The bedstead is of gold,
and set with many brilliant
diamonds and the coverlets have
designs of pearls and red rubies
sewed upon it.

At one side of the bedroom
is a dainty dressing room with
closets containing a large assort-
ment of fresh clothing and beyond
this is the bath, a large room
having a marble pool big enough
to swim in with white marble
steps leading down to the
water. Around the edge of the
pool were sets of fine emerald
as large as door knobs while
the water of the bath is
clear as crystal.

I also found in the big tool
box a mother of pearl chest
decorated with delicate silver vines
and flowers of clustered rubies and

on the cover was a silver 1852
plate engraved with these words
Mrs Henry John Gale
His box of ornaments.

The chest was not locked, so I opened
it and was almost dazzled by the
brilliance of the rich jewels it
contained. There were a big golden
watch, with a big chain several
handsome finger rings and an
ornament of rubies for him to
pin upon his breast.

In the chest also was a neck-
lace of pumpkin seeds. In each
seed was set a sparkling corallite
which is considered the rarest
and most beautiful gem that
exists.

Really we were finding every-
thing but the remains of the
asylum. Suddenly the driver backed
up the mules making the
wagon back up.

"Let's get back again" he said
said in a horse voice.

Nonsense "Nonsense" I snapped
"What's the matter old man?"

"Everything" growled the
driver. "The winds changed
direction and is going to drive
some of this fire towards us."

1853 "Never mind we can't turn back here" said the farmer. "We have no room to turn around and we don't intend to stay here anyhow."

"It's dangerous" growled Jim the driver in a stubborn tone.

"See here my good friend" I spoke in. "We have come so far from So Halle, and so far escaped from harm. So as long as we've got big barrels of water on the wagon and big gummy sacks we don't much care what the wind might do. We'll fight the fire if it tries to flank us. Go ahead Jim and what ever happens we'll make the best of it Jim sure?"

"All right" answered Jim this is your excursion and not mine so if we get into trouble don't blame me."

With this speech we drove on. Yet soon we did see that the wheat field fire was trying to flank us to the right. The wind had shifted to the southwest and blowing and hot. From our wagon we were gazing at the most

curious and startling sight that our eyes ever beheld. The fire is flanking us "ex claimed" Jim. and so it was. The ground too was tough loose dry peat and lots of other burning stuff scattered around were hard knots from tornado shattered trees.

There were odd wooden sheds all blazing. The tree trunks were of the appearance of charred wood and the leaves of the trees were burning like shavings.

At one spot was a solid wooden flouring mill it was blazing and smoking. And this was the fire that so far was flanking. Near us was a brook.

"There's going to be trouble with this Jim sure" remarked Jim under those gummy sacks and we'll fight?"

"Jim's right" I sighed. "There's going to be trouble because of the winds change, and the barrels don't hold enough water to fight this through, so we shall have have to depend on the creek."

"What harm can the fire do we're in a wide protected space?" Its only burning rubbish and the ground peat."

1855 Each of these fires driven by this wind could become bad enough to cut us off from escape altogether? answered: And I'm sure the very ground fire means mischief by the look of the way its burning. Even these gummy sacks as wet as we make them can merely succeed in quenching the emoulder on top, and not beneath."

"But why fight at all in that case? asked the engineer."

"So want need to let it surround us?" returned gravely. And if our wagon is burned, and the mules harmed we'll be stranded here. Any way its every mans duty to do the best he knows how, and I'm going to do it."

"Wish I had a fire hose" said Zeke.

"If we had known we were coming to this we might have brought rhytes and scales along" I responded. "But we dropped into this adventure rather very unexpectedly."

"But we were not just talking and doing nothing. We already had some of the fire backed away at a distance, for although we were

speaking in low tones we were fighting fiercely and savagely, 1856 smothering swiftly with the wet gummy sacks. But as soon as we began to smother them again in the crack a wheat field fire with high leaping flames and black smoke clouds turned off its course and swiftly advanced to our rear. And it seemed the wagon was to become the center of its attack.

But we were ready for it and when we saw it coming before the wind from southwest, we we rushed to face it, and began smothering with our gummy sacks as fast as we could. We battered the flames right and left, Angeline and Dorothy handing us wet ones as fast as we needed them.

We fought the burning wheat with such force and swiftness that we beat the flames out frontward and right and left. We fought our way through to the distance of half an acre, so for a moment all my followers thought we had won the fight with ease.

But I was not so confident. "These down flames are impossible to stop!" I said, "and all the damage

1857 we have done to the flames
is to overcome it here and save
our wagon, that can't make the
outcome any better I'm sure, and
its my opinion the fire will soon
renew the attack from other course."

"What made you men get it overcome
so quick?" asked Dorothy.

"We fought like mad to save the
mules and the wagon. Don't you remem-
ber how we beat right and left
with the soaking wet gunny sacks?"

"Suppose we escape to the north"
suggested Zeke. "We have time
just now, and I'd rather face the
difficult travel through the debris
than all these flames?"

"We can't do it" returned Dorothy.
"It won't do to go back for the
fire is cutting us off. Lets fight
it out!"

"That is what I advise" Zeke said.
The fire hasn't defeated us
yet even if we are not a whole
army against it."

But the flames did not head
from the same direction or towards
the wagon this time. The wind
was shifting south. The fire
advanced in a long great wall of
blazing fury having been joined

My life history 1858
Our better defeat.

by many more blazing wheat
fields, and the conflagration ~~burned~~
burned on towards our complete right,
throwing terrific heat & with my leg
drumming gunny sack soaked wildly
in every direction with all my swift-
ness and strength into the throng of
the conflagration, followed quickly
by the rest.

We tore our way through so savagely
that we beat it all out along our
front but a part of the storm of
fire tried now to close in on our
left. This time worse we were
fighting like mad men, but we
were now causing no more damage
to the conflagration except to beat
our way through the flank of it,
and so we were no nearer to
victory than in the beginning of
the desperate fray. The fire was
beginning to drive us back.

"What shall we do now?" asked
Dorothy rewetting a gunny sack.
"Lets attack on front and both
flanks" said Zeke.

"And fight like hell" at the
same time" added Jim. We will
get near the road, so that it can

~~1859~~ be a great help to us
and each one do the best
1859 he can. I'll use my double
gummy sack although it isn't
much account it in this affair.

Dorothy and Angeline will keep on
wetting them. I have not any thing
for you Jim."

"I'll use this broad board" said
Jim and pulled it from the wagon.
Jim was strong for his age having
always worked on a farm so he
was likely to prove more dangerous
to the fire than I was.

We were of course conversing, but
still fighting the fire like mad.

This was slightly checking the
fire on our front, but were getting
tired and out of breath. Also the
blaze was advancing in a zigzagging
for field of fire against our right
and left, and the air was
filled seething flame and smoke.

Jim with even his double
gummy sack though he battled
like a crazed demon could not
even hold his ground.

Zeke beat savagely in all di-
rections, until he had gained
some headway against the
flame, but it lost

the conflagration threatened 1860
to get around his rear and left,
so swiftly that he no longer
had room in which to swing his
wet board.

To avoid being trapped by the flames
he had to give up and hastily
retreat. The others performed some
wonderful work and even with
their clothes all soaking wet the
two little girls with gummy sacks
beat right and left at the flames
like wild cats.

But all this bravery and desperate
fighting amounted to nothing at
all. We were hastily driven
back to our wide open shelter
by the heat and dense clouds
of smoke which nearly suffocated
us. We were cut off now in
all directions by the fire.

"What an awful fight!" said both
girls catching their breath in
little gasps.

"Oh I don't know" declared
Jim, we didn't managed to whip
the fire, and the fire didn't
get us."

"Thank goodness for that, even
if were we are prisoners here
for a time" sighed Dorothy.

1860 "Thank Heaven we are still
altogether, even if the fire did
whip us" declared Angelina.

"I wonder how the fire so
quickly outflanked us on the spot re-
marked yet who had broken in big
long band in the struggle."

"It was that tough southwest wind
scattering the burning stuff every-
where" I answered reflectively "but
there is no doubt, the fire may
die down after while."

"I wonder what makes it look
so much like rain and none comes"
said the engineers.

"The angels of Lake Paradise are
probably keeping their sprinkling
arms for some ceremony" I ans-
wered sort of sarcastically "but
there is no doubt they intend
to sprinkle us when the fires
are burned out and the fire
intends to have 'burn out us dead
as possible in a short time a
week from to now."

"What would be a long time
wouldn't it" Mr. Sarsam? asked
Mr. Ciganov.

"Yes. But we have no need to do
any worrying about that just
now. We'll have to stay here

until it burns out. Set 1861
to examine the situation and see
what it is like."

The little nose of ground we
were on, or stood beside the wagon,
permitted us to see all around the
burning territory and we looked with
much alarm at the conflagration spread
out beneath beneath us.

Everything visible even sheds
and roads made of wood was burn-
ing and the scene was disastrous
and seemed extremely unusual.
The nose of ground on which we were
on was circular in shape but very
broad and clear ground, and now all
around its edge was the burning
grass wheat and rubbish, and ground
peat.

"What sort of a territory is this that
from yonder farm houses no one
seems to see all this fire?" asked
Angelina trying to see more clearly
through the smoke.

"I cannot imagine I'm sure" I
answered also peering through
the smoke.

"Wough" said Mr. Ciganov "this
smoke'll get us yet. It's like
being in Hudson. Don't you see how
the winds blow it towards us?"

1862 - Mr Ciganover known more
about these fires than we do".
1862 whispered Dorothy. Tell us Mr
Ciganover what the fires are doing" she
asked addressing him.

"I simply can't describe what it is
doing", answered Mr Ciganover. It's even
burning all the high weed and brush
yonder. If it hits that big hay
mound there'll be something."

"Where is it inquired Angelina.

"To over yonder about three hundred
yards. Oh comrades you can't image
what horrid consequences it'll be
It'll be really be very dangerous.
We'll be in an awful situation
than ever."

"From one of the remaining
telephone wires I sent a call to
La Salle for help" I said. "They said
they'll send hundreds to help us
fight the fire and save the other
farms."

"But we'll have to be careful
nevertheless, to save the rest of
farms for these neighbors" said
our first farmer friend Jim.
"As a matter of fact I don't
believe a thousand men could stop
this ugly conflagration now
when we couldn't, at least with

all this tough southwest 16
squall and I'm sure some - 1863
thing tells me, this is the worst
farm fields fire in all the world."

"What if it would rain, just as the
fires are put out said Angelina.

"Old Mother Nature is just crazy
enough to do that." I retorted.

"Why it's getting worse" said the
janitor.

"No" answered the farmer. "worse is
not the word for it. You are wrong
about it. I'm getting to something I
could say that's not in a prayer book
or Dictionary. We hope the keep
from La Salle will get here soon,
but just now we're only hoping."

"What's that?" asked Dorothy gazing
fearfully at the great field con-
flagration, the great clouds of
smoke almost darkening the sky
and the thick smouldering ashes.

"We're not too sure when they'll
come as La Salle is a great dis-
tance from here. I answered "I
got word we're not allowed to
do anything further until they get
here. They are a long way off
as La Salle is quite a way from
here. but they said over the phone
they'll be here some time to day."

1864 They've got equipment very powerful and important.
"Where is the train they took?" asked the other farmer anxiously looking westward.

"Train?" I related. "The only trains running into La Salle are from South and West. The storm cut off all other train communications. They'll come by wagon and mule team. They'll have to go south of us to get here. If they have good luck they will bring all sorts of fire fighting equipment, or perhaps a few dozen barrels of wet mud to stay the flames."

"Oh are you sure?" enquired Dorothy drawing back because of so much heat and smoke.

"Yes" I said.

"And - and will the mud help?"

To be sure when they throw it on. But it'll be put on in advance of the flames, and we'll usually have to be content with other equipment when they come."

I answered in a hopeful tone.

"How many fighters will there be?" enquired Dan who stared at the increasing conflagration as if fascinated.

"Quite a number I believe to 1865," say, and all of them are well picked men. If I remember rightly there will be one thousand and one hundred and sixty six, I was informed."

I answered.

"But that is not enough to combat this fire," said Mr. Eben Stevens.

"No" I drawled. "That is all that volunteered I was told. But they'll send me two thousand drafted men, if possible. But I can't be fussy you know. I'll have to be content with the number that comes."

"I think we should be" agreed Dorothy. Then after a moment's thought she asked: "Are they good reliable experienced men."

I mean will they be good strong swift fighting men, or do they intend to back out if they see the fierceness of this fire?"

"As for that I'll get the Commission papers to be in charge of them, Dorothy, and it would be unfortunate if we have cowardly ones among them."

"If they choose to back out we will make an example of them, but otherwise everything will be quite safe" I said.

There was a pretty hopeful account

1866 my voice and at the words
the others sighed dramatically.
Dorothy felt relieved.
How long will it take for them
to arrive?

"I took a moments leisure time during
our fight to call up So. Salls," replied.
They may get here this evening.
The So. Salls Authorities know what
they're about, but we must not make
any ~~error~~ mistake now, and we
won't probably do that."

"No indeed," said the little
girl, "We don't wish to be ~~whipped~~ whip-
ped by this such an awful fire
a second time."

"Permit me to say," returned
Jeb, that you are reckless at your age
to think that way, knowing that
we cannot do anything until
they get here. They consider them
excellent fire fighters, fighters,
for I've been told so and the
Authorities know. And they are of
an excellent sort and have the
same experience of fighting even
forest fires.

They also are of an excellent
branch that can challenge any
other fighters to equal as they
extend back about twenty years

to the time of the famous 1868
~~forest~~ forest fires in the west
when wheat field ~~fires~~ fires have
never been ~~confronted~~ confronted. Can you match
that with them little girl?"

"Well said Dorothy, I was born in
Lincoln Illinois and I guess that's
being just as 'spectable and courage-
ous as fighting a field fire like
we did. If it isn't I'll have to
stand it that's all."

"Yes it helps better," murmured Jeb
gazing at the storm of fire. Being
reassured by the fact that a lot
of fire fighters were coming, we
stood up under the wagon and took
time to examine the conflagration
more closely.

"It seems to me," I said that
after all its going to pass that big
mountain of hay."

"It ain't in no hurry," said Mr
Stevens. "If it does hit it, that
hay hill will make some fire sure."

"You may be right," I replied
but we're ~~for~~ a little particular
about that situation. Will you kindly
tell us whether its devastate the
whole territory because of this
wind?"

"That is not a fair question to

1869 me "declared" Mr Stevens
"on if I told you truly things
could really happen and if
told you something, I know nothing
about them what?"

"Then" decided Dorothy "we must just
wait and see what happens that
way we'll find out the best we
can"

By late afternoon the first of them
began to come. First came a long
flat wagon loaded with barrels of water
and gummy sacks and two drivers
with four horses pulling the wagons.

Just behind this came three
more long flat wagons also
similarly loaded but with dozens
of men. These wagons were drawn
by mules. In another wagon but
not flat rock men, the wagon
also having barrel of water and
gummy sacks.

Following this came more long
flat wagons crowded with men
with water barrels. Behind them

came an old fire department
horse cart. Then came a pro-
cession of wagons loaded with men
and fighting equipment. Some
more old fire department horse carts
came with a crowd of men and I

1870
knew they were courageous
and skillful. They also had
all the equipment necessary. Taking
altogether this procession was a great
welcome. A man among them knew me
and handed me the papers authorizing
me as their foreman and director.

"What shall we do now?" asked
Jim, with a sigh, for the spread of
the fire had cast a gloom over all
the company.

"I'll summon the head men
of this large assembly to meet as soon
as possible" I replied. "I will do
the planning and their leaders will
decide."

"What will happen even with all
these these we can't stop the
fire?"

"We must" I answered "we will
ask the leaders to concentrate
against the fire from all directions
and I'm sure they will do their

best to fight it with success,
and the two farmers will be our
instant foremen because they are
so learned that no trick of the
conflagration can deceive them."

"In the first place" I now said
to the leaders of the men we
cannot now fight across the fields.

1871 at this time in the face of this occurred wind, and if we dared, the fire then would flank and trap us, and render us all helpless. Had it not been for this gale we might have some chance of defeating the fire, but the wind is spreading it everywhere.

Having decided to conquer this conflagration to save the rest of the farms and you leaders will have to plan ways to do away with this dreadful fire. If we wait until this damn wind dies down we will be able to accomplish it.

We'll probably have to wait till midnight then I want you to march a good number of men to and around that hill of hay and head off the fire from there. Do you ~~can~~ think you can do this.

Mr Crumple,

"Positively"

"Do you not tremble to take such chances against this holocaust?" I asked.

"Oh no" he said calmly, "you want us to conquer this fire and we are the ones who can conquer it. But if my followers do as I tell them there will be no failure. I be

trouble is that we have to 1872 think carefully enough. We must not go ahead and face front to the conflagration and get defeated, driven back or defeat trapped. We'll have to attack on its rear and flanks. And far swiftly in front wheat must all be mowed down and quickly carried away so the fire can't leap the gap. We have a host of men to do that. We are going to attack a conflagration and a mighty big one too. So far we can also prevent it from reaching the hay hill. But yet even without any wind it will be no easy thing to overcome this conflagration. It has had such a good start.

You have over two thousand men" I said proudly.

"Yes but they are so. I all citizens not trained fire fighters," remarked Mr Crumple. "Yet they are volunteers, but not too strong on this. When you lost the fight this morning the greater part of your own power was taken from you. Without our help you and your men had no chance at all. Why did you risk it?"

"To prevent ourselves from being trapped. Didnt I do right?" I asked.

1873 "Not exactly," said Mr Cringle.
"Especially in all this hurricane."
"What do you propose to do?" I
asked.

"I propose to wait until morning
as we got the power we need" answer-
ed answered Mr Cringle "There are a
good many wheat fields, as well as
grain and barley on fire, and heat
ground, and that blazing sea of
tornado wreckage over yonder which
are burning like they've been fed
with kerosene or turpentine, sufficient
to destroy all the fields in all this
country here. We will have concen-
trate on this fire, by employing all
our men all together, and then take
the conflagration by surprise. It is
all very simple and easy when
you know how. Alone you were
helpless this morning but with
us and we can summon we shall
easily succeed."

I was delighted with this idea,
for I realized how clever it was.

"Surely Mr Cringle you are the
greatest ~~planner~~ planner I ever
knew," I exclaimed. "We have to
wait until the wind dies down,
or start the fight in the early
morning and in the mean-

while I'll get ~~ourselves~~ ourselves 1874
ready to join you."

"I thought you'd agree with me Mr
Darger," replied Mr Cringle, "I'll
start this very evening to get things
ready too."

"I know perfectly well that if
Mr Cringle failed in his plans it
would be disastrous for us. Yet
I was not all anxious or worried.
We all hated to see all the farm
fields go up in flames and the hills
of hay also. Therefore he had
accepted this dangerous position quite
willingly, feeling sure in his mind
that he would be able to do a lot
of mischief and finally conquer
this great conflagration of wheat."

Yet I too determined to be careful
and to lay our plans so as not to
fail. I argued that only careless
people fail in what they attempt
to do.

Zeke had been scouting around and
when he came back I decided that
something must be worrying him
because he looked troubled, yet
Angelina seeing him look so very
anxious asked:

"There isn't anything wrong with
the spread of those the fire is there?"

1875 He shook his head.
"Not yet" he said "but I'm
afraid the time has come when
I must tell you some very news
little friend."

"Oh what is?" cried Dorothy.

"Do you remember that bare field
of burning wreckage yonder?" asked
Zeb.

"I remember it very well" she replied.
"Not far off are two long barns
or sheds filled with high explosives"
said Mr Zeb and if the heat sets
them afire this whole country side
will be blown up. I had ordered
some of those men to contest that
wreckage fire and I'll march
a host of men right there to
flank the fire. If otherwise there
is a big explosion it will destroy
our beautiful country and the
shock will do a lot of damage
to La Salle."

"We were all surprised and alarm-
ed to hear this. "How did you find
this out?" she asked.

"I saw it through my field
glasses."

"Oh course" said Dorothy "I might
have known that. And what are
we going to do?"

? cannot tell" was the reply 1876
Pook "cried the farmer. We're not
afraid of the fire reaching the sheds."
"A bunch of men ~~and~~ ~~stop~~ can
stop it. It don't burn forward like
the wheat fires."

"Well that's true enough" I myself
exclaimed, "that big wreckage blaze
is stationary."

"But you don't understand all of
the situation" continued Mr Zeb. "Beyond
the wreckage fire are more barren
fields. Mr Cringle is clever though
and he knows the situation so he
has bargained with a number of men
to contest it as soon as they can
get there. These men are not afraid
of the explosives or anything else
and they are very powerful fire
fighters. So Mr Cringle will be
sending them through that
territory first, to conquer and destroy
the fire and then others will
follow after to flank the barns.

"But what if the fire hits the
barns the same time they got
there?"

"We were all startled to hear
this and I saw every face was a
troubled look.

"Is the fire from the wreckage spreading?"

1877. asked Angelina, Mr Stevens said, one word this afternoon, that there is danger of it spreading towards the grain. When it spreads to the grain the flames then will head off for the sheds east of here. I offered to gather an own team and march to Cingles assistance, but Mr Stevens said no. I wonder why asked the engineer. "She answered that all the men we have gathered together were not powerful enough to fight and overcome the big debris blaze. He said we will overcome the wheat field fires but not that, I therefore he refuses to join in the fight there." "But if the sheds blow up they will ruin all this lovely land and probably by the shock wreck So Salle" exclaimed the farmer, greatly disturbed by this statement. "I fear they will," said Zeb nervously. And I also fear that all farmhouses in this territory as well as other places will be speedily put out of commission by the explosion."

"What can be done?" asked the farmer shuddering a little at the prospect of this awful fate.

1878
"Nothing can be done gloomily," replied Zeb. But since Mr Stevens refuses my men, I will go with them around the burning wreckage myself. I he least I can do is perish there if I can't arrest the wreckage fire."

This amazing news had saddened us all and all were anxious to start fighting the wheat fields fire right away wind or no wind. So we started without loss of time.

"Poor So Salle" whispered Dorothy with tears in her sweet eyes. It is dreadful to think of all this lovely country being destroyed by this fire and explosion."

As we indulged in sadness, I gave orders for the men to be ready.

"Well," I said it certainly looks bad for So Salle and all of us. But I believe it is wrong to worry over anything before it happens. It is surely time enough to be sad when the explosion occurs and ruins everything. We'll fight like hell, so let us not deplete ourselves of the few happy hours remaining to us."

"Ah that is real wisdom" said

1879 Jim approvingly, "But we'll fight like hell after we are really unsuccessful then we can regret the few hours left to us."

"Nevertheless" I said, "I'll concentrate against the debris fire too."

"Mr. Stevens says we can do nothing to oppose the debris blaze" said Jek.

"And doubtless he is right on" I answered. "Still he will appreciate our assistance and it is the duty of his friends to stand by his side when the final disaster occurs."

Mr. Stevens was preparing the men when I and my party arrived and he greeted us as smilingly and sweetly as ever.

"Oh Mr. Stevens Oh Mr. Stevens I'm so sorry"

Mr. Stevens seemed surprised. "Sorry for what?" little girls?" he asked.

"For all your trouble about the sheds filled with high explosives" was the reply.

Mr. Stevens laughed with genuine amusement.

"Why that not troubled me a bit dear" he replied. ~~I am not~~ I am not.

The Battery 1880
of Gameville.

36

Then looking around at our sad faces he added "Have you all been worrying about those sheds of high explosives?"

"We have indeed" we all exclaimed in a chorus.

"Well perhaps its more serious than I imagined he said. admitted. But I haven't given the matter much thought because the wind is not driving any flames that way but holding it off. But the stretches of wreckage in an actual inferno, and it does lead towards the grain fields near the sheds. Nothing but a change in the direction of the wind remains to endanger it but also as long as it remains as it is now there's a gap that remains to separate the fire from the sheds but if the wind changes the fire will burn through and rush upon the grain fields."

What "What" will assist the debris fire?" I inquired.

1881 "Other field of wheat that
dawn hill of hay and the
fields of heat ground" Mr
Stevens replied - from my field
glasses I was watching to day.

I sent the messengers to summon our
men to assemble at the readiness."

"Let us see what the fire is doing
now" suggested the farmer.

We actually saw a wild and most
startling scene. The conflagration was
worse than ever. Whole fields were a
sea of fire and smoke, but still
more directly was heading for the
hay or barns.

Before Stevens stood Mr. Lincoln
and Jim, and Mr. Zeb, surrounded
by their most skillful men.

Beyond every fence and powerful the
conflagration looked, so that even
the experienced farmer friends,
and others who stood at the
ready seemed a bit fearful in
the presence of this mighty
fields hater. Now a still more

fearful formidable person came
up. It was the Engineer.

He demanded the right to
lead his forces, through or
down the only open roads in
advance of all the others against

the blazing debris. He had 1882
been an experienced forest fighter
in earlier days and knew what
to do. A little beyond could be seen
rank upon rank of the fire fighters
twenty five hundred of them, and
fortunately hundreds more coming in
the distance, now standing in
serried lines, while behind them
were more wagon loads of equip-
ment and men arriving.

"Listen" I said "I think we
can hear what they are saying.
So we kept still and listened.
"Is all ready?" demanded the
engineer.

The assembly is finally com-
pleted" replied the janitor.
"How long will it take us to
march around the main flank?"
"If we start right away" replied
Zeb "we shall get around the
flank within half an hour."

Then while Jim moves against
the rear we'll prevent the fire
from destroying the hill of hay
and prevent the burning and
devastation wherever we go."

"Good" cried Zeb. When we
get through with the conflagration

1887 it soon will not make our country side a wilderness so so Balls shall be saved." "and my men go first for nothing on earth can oppose our power," said the engineer.

We all agreed to that knowing the Engineer and the men he did assemble to be the mightiest and most experienced of the fighters.

"Our fighters will attack the conflagration sooner than I expected, wind or no wind. What do you advise me to do?" asked Mr. Stevens.

"It is not too late to assemble the reinforcements coming," said Jim. "They can put up a good fight and repulse the conflagration, before we are conquered."

"There are still more coming and they'll be good fighters too," said our farmer friend. "And so are those I assembled as well."

"We can reinforce the Engineer," I said.

"But I do not feel wial to fight the wreckage delays," declared Mr. Stevens. "No one has a right to take such a risk

near the sheds with 1884 the explosives. However necessary it seems I will not fight there, and will not allow any one else to do so either. It is too suicidal too dangerous. I will not fight even to save so Balls."

"The conflagration is not so damn particular," remarked the farmer. "It intends to destroy all the farm fields of middle northern Illinois and ruin our beautiful countryside. And Heaven won't send us no rain," I said. "And self preservation is the first law of nature."

"True," said Mr. Stevens readily. "To me it is the same, so because the conflagration intends to move towards the sheds, is no excuse to risk my men there. Yet I would like to discover a plan to save the sheds without fighting the fire near there."

"That seemed a hopeless task to us, but realizing that Mr. Stevens was not going to let any one fight the wreckage fire, we tried to think of some means that might promise the outwitting of that fire." "Couldnt we get around that fire?"

1885 and give it a good flank attack,
said the farmer.
"No because the way its spread
the fire may take every-
thing we have" replied Mr
Stevens.

"I have thought of something" said
Dorothy.

"What is it dear."

"Set us use the proper equipment
and attack the debris fire on all
sides. We can throw a lot of watery
mud on the nearest blazing stuff.
Then we'll have it checked if
not over come."

"A clever idea" exclaimed the
engineer.

"That seems to me an excellent
plan" approved Angelina.

"No" said Mr Stevens decidedly.

"The wreckage is throwing such a
heat you couldn't get within a
hundred feet of it without your
clothes starting to smoke never
will I take the risk or put my
men on to such a cruel fate.

But if my country must be
destroyed and woods burned
up I will remain and share
their fate."

"Quite right" asserted the engineer.

nothing I will remain
with you" 1886

and so will I declare the
farmer. "I will stand by Mr
Stevens." For said he "I would be

of no use at all by the wreck
age fire"

"For my part announced Zeb gravelly,
"if our assistant leader must not take
such a risk I have no right to do
so either. What will happen to all
of us if those sheds ~~blow~~ blow up?"

"Mr Stevens smiled upon us
gratefully.

"There's no need to despair yet"
he said, "If the wind stays still
on this direction no fire will
head for the sheds."

"Suddenly the farmer's face took
on a broad smile.

"I believe I have found a way
to save Se. balls to save us all
while we fight" he said.

"I'm glad to hear that" I said.
"We never needed saving more
than we do just now."

"Do you mean to say you can
save the sheds full of these
awful explosives?" asked Dorothy
eagerly.

"I'm sure of it my dear" asserted

1887 the janitor still smiling
generally
"Tell us how" I cried
"not now said the janitor I'm
going to tell my plan to Mr
Stevens alone"

"He's only a janitor" I said to
myself "and I'm not sure that he is
as clever as he thinks he is". But
I knew that if the janitor's plan
failed, we would all be whipped
by the conflagration, the shed would
be blown up by a mighty ex-
plosion, and all would be lost
so I tried to have faith in him.
"Ah!" shouted the janitor, now to
conquer the conflagration"

"He marshaled his picked men
in battle array and at his word of
command they marched down the
north east road, followed by the
wagons containing the big barrels
of water and gunny sacks. The
janitor intended to take the fire
steam on the rear before it covered
more ground to destroy and lay
waste the whole country and
afterwards to conquer the hay field
and the shed.

And he knew the power of
the conflagration was sufficient

to enable it to do all 1888
those things easily. Next marched
another direction, the army under
Zeb. Zeb was a little afraid
the fire may yet hit that hill
of hay but had a cunning plan
to cut the conflagration off by mowing
down all wheat in its path and
secure the victory on his side of
battle.

Mr Stevens now marched his
men through the fields east of
the fire. He intended to let the
two foremost leaders conquer if
possible the fire, since they
insisted on going first, but he
would destroy the conflagration
along his fighting front."

After they had marched on
I and my army started fol-
lowing them all fully armed
with fire fighting equipment.
The loaded wagon train
followed but Dorothy and
Angeline stayed in the wagon
until advised what to do.

Jim I said: "That fire ahead
of us means mischief. It
intends to outflank us if we do
not be on our guard."

I know replied Jim. But the

1889 conflagration is not as clever as it thinks it is.

When we get there take it on the rear and cut it off."

"Good said I. An excellent plan Jim. We'll do it. Then soon there will be no more fire to ravage the country."

So you see there was only one thing that all were agreed up, the conflagration must be wiped out. On and on the vast ranks of fire fighters marched, now concentrating here and there. With a steady tramp, tramp, tramp we all marched and advanced every step taking them nearer to the fighting fronts.

"If we lose out nothing can save this country side," I thought.

"If we fail said the engineer and the boom blow up."

I felt as good as destroyed by the shock already and our whole country side will be a desert."

"Here is our battle front," I said pointing to burning wheat fields to our front and right and in a few moments, we'll be at it fiercely. This time there

are six hundred of us and 1890 not half a dozen like this morning. Set us all concentrate on it and see what happens. The train of water wagon had come along with us."

At once our suggestion was followed. Then at my command they all burst forth, with a sudden rush of fury. So savagely crazily did they fight with the gunny sacks and hurrying big pails of mud, that the rear of the conflagration gave way with a suddenness that was surprising.

I could see at a great distance that other parts of the conflagration was receiving fierce onslaughts.

The other lines of men were not slow to follow and even as they attacked, then others still came converging to fight the fire away and a general battle was on.

Even farmers and their hired hands from near by farms finally took on courage and came to help.

Zeus' farmer rage against the conflagration now inflamed him as fiercely as ever. He turned to order his men to advance and

1891 storm the flank of the wheat field fire, they moved like a line of soldiers and the flames began to yield.

Far in front of the conflagration great sheafs of wheat had been cut down and carried away.

As I and my gang took a rest and others took our place some one said:

"Still if the wind gets worse from this southwest we'll never whip the fire."

"And you're right" I declared. "I myself have been thinking of this very idea and it seems to me there are entirely too many wheat fields here and not enough of other crops. We used to think these wide roads were enough protection but that is no longer the case.

Also the roads fail to protect the wheat fields in other ways. The road ground is hard black peat and fire from one wheat field crosses the road to the other. So I believe during this fight something ought to be done to cut the fire off from the rest of the fields

entirely so that the conflagration cannot spread any further." "How will you do that asked Jim, "I do not know, but in some way all the men with scythes and sickles can accomplish it I suppose Jim you know what is in my mind and that I'm seeking a way to prevent the fire from spreading."

"Yes I know that. And while we were fighting I have thought of a way to accomplish your desire. For it seems to me unwise to allow it to spread or otherwise our fighting it, will be to no avail. We have to make it impossible for the conflagration even to communicate with the other fields in any way."

"Your advice is wise" I returned. "I thank you Jim, for your promise to assist me."

"But how can you do it?" asked one of the men. "How can you keep it from spreading?"

"By having every man with scythe or sickle or other chopping apparatus to mow wheat down all around the conflagration. We have enough men armed with these weapons to accomplish

1897 that wonderful feat and now that we have been warned of our danger from the sheds of explosives I believe we must not hesitate to separate the other fields from all the rest that are burning."

"I agree with you" I said, "you may command this done as soon as you please."

"It's already being done" said Jim. I knew your wishes and gave the order as soon as this great fight started."

"I seized the hand of Jim and pressed it gratefully."

"Thank you" I said.

Yet at a not distance such a fire as then burned among the stretches of undrained wreckage is folly to attempt description. The big clouds of smoke from it spread and rose from it with the most amazing velocity. It was from this blaze more than any other that gave us light enough to fight the field fires.

Fortunately the southwest wind squall fell away and it became calm. Still better for

us it was turning to the east by south. and means the wind was from the houses of explosives which was to save them from catching. Seldom fires burn against the wind or breeze.

I and my men again joined in to put up a fight and started to force the conflagration along my front backward. The fire relocated across the fields, but its left flank began to threaten our line of battle.

A lot of my men had scythes, axes and long grain cutting knives, and other severing weapons so I ordered them to stand their ground and to cut down grain and wheat ahead of the advancing left wing fire storm.

This they desperately started to do. They cut down all fusiliers while others carried it off. It seemed to us that the fire must surely be checked by these gaps being made, and also the welcome east wind did not desert us, but began blowing very strong, raising awful clouds of dust and grit from other fields which were not good for the fire.

1895 I stood for a moment
looking upon the scene and
saw the fight in silent wonder.
Then recovering myself I
shouted in a loud voice.

Again and again, all together my
men "No fire shall defy our might
and burn on".

Again they went at it and since
many more men reinforced us, the
cutting fight brought down all before
it. Then the men with clothing
wetted anew, with their watery gunny
sacks made a rush forward and
fought through the flames trying to
out flank us, which had taxed their
hardest to burn across the gap.

Some one hollered

"We are winning the fight with
the help of this east wind."

Then I saw the wave of men
rushing among the receding flames
beating in all directions with the
water soaked gunny sacks, and
I was much relieved by the
sight. They were battling the
fire to good purpose. These
being not much of this conflagration
more to oppose an advance,
we fought desperately, increased
on a host of more fighters now

appeared we armed with scythes, 1896
and wet gunny sacks and other
equipment. Jim had gone straight
to the front line as he took full
command of the men personally.

The men under his direction con-
tinued their desperate attack more fiercely
and now the conflagration tried to
move on ahead again but all without
avail. The ground was thickly covered
with cut down wheat, which was
quickly carried away.

Then when every equipment had
been used that was available,
I saw these with the gunny sack
move on like an army at attack.
A thousand men accomplished this
feat, and now with seeming ease,
Jim and his men were accustomed
to fire fighting, and they had
carried success against forest
fires.

Not only had they defied this
left flanking conflagration, but
they had beat their way through
the burning wheat, as easily as
if there were no fire and such
an exhibition of enormous con-
centration made the conflagration
yet yield before it.

There was a desperate struggle else

1897 where along jimo line of
offensive to fight through but
finally every fighting man
had gained some advantage. The
wind driven dust storm also was a
great help to us. I could see at a dis-
tance that the janitor had his hands
full.

Yet in sudden anger, provoked by
the sight of the stubborn conflagration
and the knowledge that he and his
men could be in the power of this
dangerous conflagration along his
front, the janitor separated his men
into three divisions, and with one
conducted savage assault front burnt
the right flank open.

Then they rushed on to concen-
trate upon the rear more savagely.
The janitor then moved more
resistlessly followed by his long
double line of fire fighting men.

Then they swinging their gunny
sacks in all directions dashed forward
and attack the fire so fiercely
and resolutely that the big and
hot fire could not resist the
attack and doubled up and
surged surged backward, away
from his men. The strong
southeasterly wind pushed

the retreating blaze just 1898
behind against more wheat and it in-
turn struck the next flaming
wheat, and caused it to hasten
its race forward, so that in an instant
the whole double line of the fires
was beating their way actually
through, struggling and shouting and
in the mix up going through that
wheat field fire like a tornado.

The fires tried desperately to rally
but the onward fighting men were
ready for it, and a second time
cleared their way through, but
now the janitor put into action
another line which fought on through
so viciously that they soon cut that
part of the conflagration to pieces
and dashed onward like madmen.

The fighters were now so wild
and excited that it was not
safe for the conflagration to try
to rally again, or even in their
way.

None of the blazes could rally
and when the right flank
tried to head of the fighters
they wiped it out.

The fighters scanged their way
through without slackening their
speed, being joined by reinforcements.

1899 To the conflagration the
fighters were no common foe
and unless it could outwit them
its reign as a conflagration
was ended.

"Our fault at first" said the janitor
was that we conquered only one of
these conflagrations at a time - when
we conquered the one nearest the
south, the fires retreated across the
So Valle road and then when we
conquered the one near Corogoso
road it fled toward the woods
and each time it converted into a
flank attack on us so that we
could not follow them, how we
have them all at bay!!

My own eyes were now nearly
blinded by a glare of strong morning
flickering light which burst
upon them.

Covering my eyes with my hands
I retreated behind a tree near the
still burning fields, and by
gradually getting my eyes used
to the light, I was finally
able to gaze without blinking
upon the strange glare that
had so quickly changed the
condition of the night darkness.
The windrows of wreckage was

in a very high dazzling 1900
blaze of flames. I indeed most
of it was one monster furnace
and the heat that came from
it was fearful, a withering wave
of heat at once came my way
borne by the strong east wind.

What had started it up like that?
The flames appeared more than
two hundred feet high.

My heart sank within me
as I realized the terrible obstacle
placed by this inferno of wooden
house wreckage. I sent some one
to call upon the fire department
apparatus to come and combat this
blaze and they were soon at
it, pumping water through their
hoses from the near by river.

The fire seemed to absorb
the water. This wreckage blaze
had been raging for two days
and we had hoped it would slowly
burn itself out and not come to
this. This enormous blaze
came on shortly after midnight
and so great was the heat
that the fire department men could not
get close enough to work, and
their streams had little effect.
And even now the fire was beginning

1901 to assume terrifying proportions. It seemed to be spreading to the north through the wreckage and across towards the west where that damn hay hill was. A number of the minute horses and fire apparatus had been already sucked to the fiercely burning zone and the equipment had been mangled for the attempt.

Even this time men swarmed around to help the firemen pouring brass barrels of water on the nearest portions of the debris.

The fire had approached dangerously near the fields of grain stretching toward the sheds of explosives, but I backed Jim and Stevens on their command to keep away from there.

When some said: "Let's go there and fight."

I said no indeed. I don't want any deaths by the explosion. If they must go off let them. I'll decide to go near there."

The flames were making a ghastly sight as they illuminated the many acres of burning fields and army of fighting men.

36
The fire fighters desmally watched the flames eat their way through the wreckage as they fought desperately. Sixteen hoses were pouring water and more were coming but the fire was stubbornly holding its own.

I stood on the seat of my wagon and tried to distinguish how much of the wreckage was burning so fiercely. Around me stood hundreds of men newcomers getting ready to join the wheat field fires. I sent them to help the firemen.

I could not tell how much was burning.

Because of the horse streams a haze of smoke hung over the scene and the angry glow from the burning wreckage was greatly magnified. It seemed jagged mountains of debris were blazing. Whose the piles came from no one knew. It was no debris of gamealls for few houses were wooden there.

Even the most graphic photographs taken of the flaming ruins fails to reveal in comprehensive detail the size of the fire. Whole acres of splintered timbers, upturned broken houses are burning. Debris covers

70 scores of acres also are awfully
1903 fiery. "O to" I exclaimed to myself
"How does it happen that all
this debris would blaze up like this?"

I took on the scene and said with a
putting sigh "Now it won't go out
until it burns out. Maybe I'm wrong
but by the smell there's lots of oily
waste under that wreckage feeding
the fire."

"If that is so" said Dooty as
the mules were pulling us to another
spot "that is a great discovery. Then
all that stuff has transformed the
fire into what it is now, all
the firemen are not only mak-
ing no progress but are being
driven back by the heat and
smoke. But I'm well assured that
in this wreckage blaze is the
main conflagration & what the
use of fighting it too?"

"Yes that's the trouble" I said.
"It's being one of the most powerful
fires ever occurring and even the
firemen and others are being driven
back. Even if I were to recall
the wheat field fighters to fight
this then even with all our
skill we could not get this

the fire department and 1906
he was wise enough to guess
that this debris fire would
round out

under control I don't think 1904
even a good down pour of rain would
even smudge it. I'll withdraw
them and reinforce the wheatfield
fighters."

This was willingly agreed to
and I sent the debris fighters to
withdraw and wait further advice.

The janitor had learned of the
events that was taking place
in this debris fire and became
especially interested, in the failure
to fight it. So he too and others
gave the order for withdrawal.

I took charge of the situation and
all withdrew.

I questioned the fire Captain
long and earnestly about the
manner of the fire's resistance,
and the cere money that had been
used by the men who fought the
fire. At first the Captain pro-

huddled into ditches, team being
one on another in their frenzy
to get away. In fact they were
worried and terrified to see that fiery

70
1903 fiery "Oho" exclaimed to myself

1904 that he did not want to give up the fight saying it would be a disgrace to us in the eyes of the people of Se Ball and of the entire world by being obliged to abandon the fight, and let the explosive sheds go off and cause damage by the shock. But I pointed out that as long as the wind stays east there is no danger, and assured him that there will be no such misfortune.

He was finally convinced of the truth of this statement and agreed to withdraw because they knew they had had a hard task before them and were not sure at all they could succeed.

We know that the fire captain is the most experienced complete fire fighter who was in previous wars and was very much back. Even if I were to recall the wheat field fighters to fight this then even with all our skill we could not get this

the fire department and 1906 he was wise enough to guess that this debris fire would not even yield to a rainstorm and neither would the wheat field fires therefore he had given the matter much thought, shared thought and had hoped he could conceive a plan that would succeed. But because he was not positive of success he had wisely withdrawn before his men got heat prostration.

Fearing disaster yet some of the crews of men were still hurling themselves headlong at the blazing debris. Something exploding and hurled a big flaming plank actually to us for it landed on the ground beside one of the sheds.

Look out roared a man charging full speed for the blazing carbon.

At the sight of what happened such men as were fighting the nearest of the debris fire stopped in horror and astonishment.

Then right and left like like startled hares they darted hurddling into ditches, turning round on another in their frenzy to get away. In fact they were amazed and terrified to see that fiery

1907 ember land against the
shed of high explosives and
when it seemed the side of the
bar threatened to ignite they ran
faster than ever, yes one look
at that blazing plank was enough

to panic any one, and they were
followed by three score fire men and
a screaming fire chief.

"Stop" shouted Jim "The men got
the plank and put it out. There's
no danger stop there'll be no
explosion."

The wreckage at four parts not
fought against any more became four
shimmering sheets of flame the
highest shooting flames to be perfect
except in this whole part of the
country, and there was no more chance
of any one stopping it that a big
barrel rolling down a very steep
hill. The crackling burning and snap
ing of burning woods and the
roar of the wood driven flames
drowned out every other sound.

I'll have to write that the panic
still continued. Fearing the explosion
which you have never seen a more
terrified and bewildered company.

The screams of the men nearly
deafened us. Their tones were
pitiful. They crawled over

leaped and tumbled in a wild
scramble to get away. In a mom-
ent more not one was seen on
that side of the burning wreckage.

"Shall we stop along our battle front
for a while and try concentrating on the
wreckage?" asked the engineer. "There's
a road on the other side of the
wreckage blaze and we could easily
march around it."

"March around by all means and
see what happens" roared the farmer
who had his own reasons for avoid-
ing that blazing hell. "Set some
rain come and do the whole con-
quering by a cloud burst and then
if Mr. Ready still wants to fight
the wreckage fire he can do so
when its under control."

The farmer looked inquiringly
at the engineer and me but
I lifted my chin shook my
head.

"We must conquer the wheat-
field fires first." I declared bravely
and after what property they re-
threatening we really ought to
conquer them first."

"But can we really conquer such
a fire totally gashed one of my

1909 men. rolling his eyes a
bit wildly. "We need an army"
"we already have made some
headway along our front"
roared. "And its not rallying. Come
on Red I'll help you"

"So will I" cried Carter Green wat-
ting his clothes and reaching the
gunnery sack dropping wet. And we
have the dust storm to help us
remember

"I dont know ~~or~~ much about dust
storms but I can cut down plenty
before me with my scythe"
offered Almonat getting ready for
a further assault.

"And if you are set upon it
I'll cut through the center" roared
the foreman "We must whip
the fiery fat fields on to
the assault"

Then we all again went
charging full speed. Again we
beat and cut our way forward.
You can imagine therefore the
astonishment of those of the other
line of skulls elsewhere when
Reddy and his companions and
me and my line of battle
came hurtling through the
burning wheat they were so

unsuccessfully fighting. Our 1910
army fought expert im-
petuously past these fighters and
began carrying everything be-
fore us. These part of the fire
made a savage counter charge at
us burning all before it. We got
it on the flank and after half
an hour wild fight wiped it
out and the cheer of the
others we came to help

We sure were making good
progress.

"See what's coming to our right"
coughed Carter with a warning wave
of his hand towards that way
A long wide front of burning
wheat was advancing upon our
right. If this drove us back good
by hay hill.

"Spincho Gamrin and Spinach"
spluttered the farmer wildly.

"Is that what you call wheat
field fires" panted Almonat and put-
ting his men firmly behind
him he made ready to let
lead a counter attack.

Getting ready with their gunnery
sacks ^{to} Carter took his place
at Carter's right, and the
farmer placed himself at

1911 by left Reddy himself giving no attention to the frantic manual of the fire man the furious advance on his right was fighting it steadily backwards. At first I began to wish I had not persuaded Reddy to conquer the conflagration. How could he even though he was helped by hundreds of men to conquer this high wall of rushing flame?

But Reddy plans were all made. As the conflagration was rushed upon him, as the wheat cutters got in one splendid annihilating along his front and Carter one tremendous surge ahead Reddy led a fierce counter attack, fighting viciously all along the line, helped by the wind driven dust storm. In one half an hour more there was little fire left to resist us.

"And that grunted Atmos rubbing his hands together that is the end of the Garmir and all spinach along our front"

To our left it would have been overcome too, but though not advancing it was stubbornly holding its own. By this

time word of the frightful battle had reached Stevens and his fighting front and he took more courage, and led his line of men more savagely. I and a big number of my men ploughed on to land him a hand.

And yet to our horror we saw fiercely hurrying towards us two great fire fronts.

"They are flanking us" cried Carter "Quick" cried Atmos let us content it it"

So Carter went first, his men quickly concentrated, and the farmer moved forward next. I too with my men turned to face the fire and then we gave it such a fight that the flames stopped short. But they were larger than the other fires we had whipped and they again surged forward and I turned to see what would happen next.

Without stopping an instant the fierce conflagration began to cross the road towards the other fields and I said to Atmos

"His road is wide. My men with their cutting tools will be able to

1917 cut down this wheat and
stop the blaze w from crossing
the road"

So he commanded them to chop
at the wheat and just as the fire
reached the road on the other side the
gap was made and the fire was
halted though it had driven us
back.

"Well" said Carter drawing a long
breath of relief "I see we are going
to have to retreat for a little while
longer and I am glad of it for it
must be a very uncomfortable thing
to be trapped like we nearly
were. The fierce attack of those
flames frightened me so badly
that my heart is beating
yet."

This repulse made us more
anxious than ever to get around
the fire and we fought so
desperately and fast that we
became tired and had to rest
and let fresh numbers take
our place. The flames here were
so fierce and glowing we could
scarcely bear to gaze upon it
and the heat was so intense
that it made our wet clothes so
hot that we crept back across

the unburned part of the 1914
fields. #7 became so fiercely
hot than we turned and retreated
to cooler spots. It looked that
after all our former success we were
going to be whipped after all.

Voluntarily a number of the fire
department men with hoses from the
streets came up to help us but
unlike us, they had no wet cloth
ing and so fierce was the heat
of the forty to a hundred feet of
leaping flames that their clothing
started smoking two hundred feet
away. Therefore they couldn't face
it.

Some distance off from the con-
flagration was a large rounded tree
trunk with nearly all its big and
little branches away. On a remaining
large branch was a twelve or more
number of very large spelling
blocks nearly two hundred feet
long and made entirely of some
kind of metal not wood. But it
was colored like alphabet block
wood on each block was letter of
the alphabet. It was more than
twice wrapped also around the
tree trunk and each block was
fastened together by the same kind
of metal.

1915 There was a little one too very much smaller and seemed to consist of hundreds of rattles wooden spelling blocks celluloid dolls and rubber dolls fastened together with wires. This too was wrapped around the tree.

"Good gosh" I gasped.

The appearance of the tree was so unusually amazing that I was struck dumb. Others saw it there standing as if no note noted to the spot and standing as if fascinated.

"That's the nuttiest thing yet to see yet" I said to myself. "Even on the verge of this conflagration. Some really crazy tornado. What next?"

We really were if not defeated held at bay by this worst part of the field fires.

"How are we going to make any head way against this inferno?" one of the firemen asked.

"What" I returned is now what I am considering. My men are still moving down what and gain some distance in front of it to try and check it. What would you advise?" Mr. Stevens?

Stevens said "I'm afraid we will have to retreat."

"But that would not be right."

I declared I have already 1916 gained so much head way else where that I would not be doing my duty if I called off the fight. I don't think that even

so fierce a fire as this is can leap the gap my men are making."

"That's a fact Mr. Dwyer" commented Jim. "We've got to head off this inferno some how but how are we going to do it?"

"That is what is puzzling me also" Mr. Dwyer said Mr. Stevens. "It may be dangerous for us to try to go against this fire where there field fires burn so fiercely hot and high. I again suggest calling off the fire."

"I'm not afraid" I said with a smile.

"It is not a question of being afraid" argued Stevens. "Of course we know you the main leader and with your knowledge of fighting fires, and we know you've a lot of experience to help you. But Mr. Dwyer in spite of all this we are really in trouble and it isn't right for you the main leader of us to put yourself

1917 in unnecessary danger²⁶
Perhaps I shall be in no
danger at all. I returned with a
little laugh, took the progress the
cutters are making. They'll check

it soon. You must not imagine danger
Mr. Stevens for one should imagine
nice things and we do not know
whether this will be checked or
not. Perhaps with patience they'll
be overcome yet.

"Mr. Stevens is right Mr. Danger"
answered Jim the farmer. "It is true
we know nothing of the progress
of the fighting beyond us except
the men are fighting for all
they're worth and have a certain
number of 80th cutters at their
command. Such conflagrations do
not like to submit to interference
and they are likely to resent us
more stubbornly than we think.
I still say again let's call off
the fight."

"If we had another army of
reinforcements to put into the
fight," added the farmer
"it would be bad, but
no more are coming yet."
"I have the line of firefighters
to the east," said Zerk.

"yes but they ran when 1918
the sheds were threatened by
those blazing embers thrown by the
explorers of the wreckage," said Jim.
"And even they no matter how brave
could dare stay there? led the
flight?"

"What then my friends would
you suggest?" I inquired.

"I advise you to send at least
to the front and let his men
battle this fire," proposed Stevens.
I shook my head to indicate
that the advice was not to my
satisfaction.

"If the flames refuse to give
us what we want?" I asked. "I should
be obliged to retreat and that
would be an unpleasant thing
to do. I am sure it would be
better to hold our own men and
armed with my wheat cutting
men hold the flames back.

Then if they prove obstinate
I could resort to other means
to win against them."

"It's a ticklish thing anyhow
you look at it," sighed Jim. "I'm
sorry now that we started this
awful battle."

"But can't you really realize

the importance

1914 Mr Stevens that I must
do my duty now that I am
aware of my trouble? I asked.
"I'm fully determined to go
on at once and again lead an

attack and prevent the flames
from making any headway. My
cutters are now making a wide
gap. The only question to decide
is whether it is better for me

to go alone with my men
or to assemble those under Jim
and get to accompany me."

"If you go I will go too," declared
Reddy. "Whatever happens it's
going to be fun, and I
wouldn't miss it for the
world."

"Neither I nor Mr Stevens
paid any attention to this state-
ment for we were gravely con-
sidering the serious aspect of
this proposed new assault."

"There are plenty of leaders who
would like to go with you into
this assault," said Mr Stevens.

"But none of them could afford
you any protection or help if
you and your men got trapped.

You yourself are our most
powerful leader in this serious

wheat field fire warfare 1920
although I and Jim both have
more varied arts of fire fight-
ing at our command. However
you have one art that no other in

the world can equal, the art of
winning fire fights by prompt
concentration. For that reason I
believe you can accomplish more
good alone than with all your
best fighters in your train."

"I believe that also I agreed I shall
be quite able to take care of my-
self you know but not be able
to protect others so well. I do not
look for opposition however the
way they're making the breach
with their scythes and other cutting
utensils."

"Aren't you going to take me?"
pleaded Reddy. "You'll need me
and my men."

"I smiled upon him.

"I see no reason why you should
not accompany me" was my
reply. "But we must go against
it at once."

Stevens was not quite satis-
fied with this plan, but could
think of no way or better way to
meet the problem he knew

of my equipment

1921 that I was accustomed to
aside by any decision I had
made and could not easily be
turned from my purpose. More
even he could see no danger to me
in the desperate assault, even if
the conflagration proved obstinate in
resisting me. But Reddy was
not so experienced and might en-
counter dangers that to me
would be as nothing, but to
him would be very serious.
His attacking here was not so
experienced nevertheless and
might possibly be trapped
or destroyed, or swept back
never to rally. Were he not
properly protected these facts
Stevens was considering. Finally
he paused and drew a whistle
from his pocket and handed
it to Reddy.

"Keep this with you until we
either win or lose this fight,"
he said to Reddy. "If during
the fight serious danger threatens
you blow on it. That will
warn me and I will at once
come to your help. But
do not blow it unless
you are actually in danger."

of I being trapped, while 1922
while you remain with with
Mr. Danger I believe he will
be able to protect you."

"Thank you Mr. Stevens," he
responded gratefully as I saw him
tie the whistle around his neck.
"I am going to employ my scythe
men too so I guess I'll be safe
from anything the conflagration
will try to do to me."

We could see the field fire was
burning very swiftly across the
roads towards the north, but had
in a few hours before sort of
slackened its pace.

At such times they had
already burned across the fields
not avoiding groups of trees.

Finally they had reached a
broad low hillside closely and
very thickly covered with high
scrubby brush through which
the flames advanced like a
forest brush fire.

The scrubby brush was like
a grove of small trees for it
reached as high as our heads.

They went up suddenly like
a high wall of flame.

1927 The fierce fire was burning
its way as swift as ten miles
an hour through this-
"Good gracious," cried Zel "is
this really going to burn in through?"
"It is, the wheat field fire did it
and so now I have really declared
war on them. In revenge for spreading
to this I intend to ruin the
entire conflagration and defy old
Mother Nature to stop me. Go
ahead boys attack as you never did
before."

I was very angry now especially as the conflagration against my wedge of attackers took on a wicked and fierce counter assault threatening to drive them back. I have noticed the conflagration had become a wonderful hot fields of fire. Yet I vowed I would destroy every conflagration in this territory. They defied us so I prepared a reinforcing wedge of men with cutting apparatus such as canvasing houses shopping hammers with which they were now having a slashing good time, and they'd also to mow the grass grain and wheat. Even more were I using blades by kitchen

running houses, meat 1924
slices, big slices, scythes and
all sorts of long, bleeding
knives and other cutting utensils.
It was a clever idea worthy of
- brave Reddy but the damn conflag-
ration spread across a road to our
right, almost taken us unawares
and transformed itself into a
conflagration without them all the
rest. The fire crossed another
road and the conflagration not
content with its cruel trans-
formation even concentrated toward
us and completely drove us down
to river which it desperately
tried to cross by means of
wind driven blizzard of sparks.
I didn't do it, but I had a very
strong temptation to curse at Hea-
ven for not sending no rain,
and told of my temptation.
"Then" said Jim thoughtfully
as his men used buckets of
water from the river this fire
must have got headway like
this from some unknown unseen
"sorcerer".
"It seems so" I said, But if
she did exist she is not as
powerful as the Mother of God

Handwritten signature: *Joseph J. Gump*

1925 is not half as powerful
as Christ is, as this conflagration will discover when we
face the fight of this great
battle and destroy this fire"

"It seems a sad story" was
my comment, "and all the
trouble arose because of that con-
sumed debris pile fire"

"As for that" said Stevens angry
over our repulse "I made a law
that any number of men could
beat this fire what ever way
they wanted to. Yet the trouble
was through the debris fire in-
creasing like it did no one
can make me believe otherwise
I assure you I know the ex-
tent of your powers Harry and
I know that this conflagration
so far outflanked us."

I was amazed by this great
effrontery and audacious
defiance of us. But I was
still unruffled. Looked at friend
Stevens and said,

You do not mean that we
are defeated. I might as well say
as 'John Paul Jones' once said "We
have just begun to fight." You
are angry over this early results

and speak unwisely 1926
without reflection. We started
in to prevent this fire from
spreading over the whole
country side and to make some
success somehow. I do not approve
of the conflagration whipping us
in to the river, no do I approve
of yet giving up the fight either.
No one has a right to wash
reckless plans against Mother
Nature, so the conflagration
has broken through our fighting
lines and must be repulsed?"

"If we want to gain a victory" said
Mr Stevens "Get this fire now
on the south flank by the river
and give us back the ground
we had lost. Or otherwise let's
call off the fight"

"No never" I returned I will
not do that for them it
would be unjust and well
those at So Dallas say I will
try the rear attack you mention
This arrangement is just and
honorable and you must agree to
it. There" I continued gaze on
the evil work of the fire demon
and then say if any one can
prevent my smoking was

giving equipment

war on the conflagration.
1927 "fight the fire fight the
fire, fight the fire" granted
Jimm
"I will fight the fire" I ex-
claimed "and if a dozen Mother
Natures forbade me I would fight
just the same"

"Do you dare make such a
decision?" Stevens asked "This
damn conflagration is well estab-
lished, and my opinion came from
the fact it drove us to the
river and is holding us back.

Reddy of course held his own,
and so did Zeb and Jim and
also Atmos, each of which are
still holding their own. But
all these were not out flanked
like we were."

"If they are still holding their
own that does instigate me good"
I said "I will try to be very
supreme to this fire yet our
line of battle is in danger
for this powerful conflagration
is preparing to cut us off
from other sources."

"Pah this fire I do not
fear it."

~~It's~~ blaze as blaze

The blaze is holding 1928
us in the river"
"Our diversion can be greater
than its concentration - set the
blaze close in, they will never
whip us I will see to that"

I did not like this attitude
for it meant that these leaders
I would talk take all dangerous
chances and were eager to fight
this worst of the fire. I was
also disappointed in the outcome
for the first reports of other
leaders had led me to imagine
the fire easy to overcome

Indeed I reflected that the
fire after all might be better to
let itself burn out and in any
event it would be wise not to
antagonize it.

"I do not like wheat field fires
Mr Stevens" I said, yet in
fighting this conflagration where
we lead hundreds of fighters
and in the countries endangered
by this inferno, where we ex-
pect hundreds more to come to
our help there may be chances
yet. So when I learned this
fire was our way of investigation
we had to fight"

gathering equipment

1929 "I've asked for more to
come" declared Mr. Stevens.
"It is an business for So balls
to settle this, you say
this fire is endangering the
whole country side and it is no
nonsense for we can see it here.
You say we are defeated, and the
fire drove us to the river. I can
see that. What I do believe that
we can lick it yet before it ties
up trouble among other farm prop-
erty. This fire which already
is becoming difficult to manage
and trying to trick us. But under-
stand this" he added after giving
direction to the men. "We have
powers greater than fire possesses
and greater than the debris
fire possesses. I was a famous
forest fire fighter and I fear
the conflagration of no one like
this that exists."

You say it would take thousands
to whip this. We'll get the thousands
by calling So Balls."

I was very surprised at this
speech.

"I've got a plan that might keep
I said and maybe the fire
will give in. If you only knew

the nature of this awful 1930
conflagration you'd be scared
to death to talk about it like
that."

"I happen to know" said he
that this fire is trying to cross
the river. But we are ready for
it."

"That's pretty bad" said Jell shaking
her head gravely. "I see we have a
lot to do here. Mr. Stevens in this
forsaken corner of T-ll, I don't place
we'll have to regain our ground
here then when we have done that
we can gain ahead again."

Stevens smiled at Jell's earnest
counsel but I said in an anxious
tone:

"I'm surprised that you suggest
these reforms while we are held
back by the river. That those
things should be done there is
no doubt but just no a
dreadful spread of the fire is
likely to break out and
frightful things may happen
to us all. Poor Reddy thinks
he can overcome this inferno
along his line of balls, but
we can see that this conflagration

is giving equipment

1931 although not as great as
that which drove us to
the river and holds us here
Some of the men came quickly
running towards us very excited -

"What is wrong now?" I asked

"My name is Simon and we have
come to warn you that the fire is
in danger of burning towards the
hay hill."

A low roar of anger rose from
all my men

"How is it going to do that?" asked
Reddy. "We had it in check"

"The fire is spreading" said said
another whose name was Ruggeda

But what will we do now? inquired
Atmat

"That's what we come to talk about"

"You need not talk. How are we to
fight that fire than any other when
this one here drove us to the river"

As asked Reddy "Hang the damn Hay.
Even now farm houses are burning.
And we are held at bay here"

"My gaze wandered over these
two men

"The conflagration" I said have not
yet been totally whipped yet; yet
neither have we. It has not
let us alone and we have not

let it alone. There is 1932
no reason why it should head
for the hay. I think
you are so parichif you
know not what you say

"Ah on my word it's the truth" as
protested. "No Simon I wouldn't make
a mistake for the world?"

"Silence" I growled and somehow
even Mr Ruggeda was abashed
and obeyed the edict.

"What do you say Atmat?" I asked
turning to Atmat who until now
had said nothing.

"How does Simon know that what
he says is true" asked Atmat.

"We were driven back to a grove
and there we saw the fire chang-
ing course that it'll surround
the grove and other wheat fields
and make for that small
hay mountain. So we came
here to warn you for being
defeated ourselves we don't want
you to get trapped altogether."

My lips curled. I turned to
Jel.

"What do you think Jel?" I
asked.

"Heck with the hay Mr Darger
he replied. We can't stop this
fire now"
I was angry

1937 "Don't do that Don't do that" cried Jim, nervously. "This man said he would tell us what to do. Set him tell us then are we foolish not to heed a warning?"

"I turned to Mr. Reggato
"Speak Mike" I commanded

"Well said Mike" it's this way the hay belong to the poor farmer, and is in a fine part of the country. We are having hard work to fight there. So I propose that before the fire reaches the hay, that all we fight fire fighters get together and concentrate against the fire in that territory. When we will win I'm sure"

"What good would that do us here held at bay" asked Reddy

"It would save us from losing for one thing" said Simon.

"But how are we going to get out of this trap" I asked.

"But this is only a part of my plan" insisted Mr. Simon. "Listen to the rest of it. The fire is heading for the hay and if this goes so will the sheds. When you have conquered this fire we will assault its two

since for when the flames 1936
blanks and rear and 1934
send them ^{reel} reeling back.
When I said no one spoke.
Prove it."

"Prove what?" asked Mike Reggato

"Prove that you can get us out of this situation. If you are a good planner get us out of this trap. Then we will believe you. If you fail them hell with the hay."

"Look and see" he said.

"I applied my field glasses in that direction.

"It's true" I shouted. "Good gracious what can we do?"

"The other fighting forces must decide this matter for themselves" said Reddy. "Go you Range and tell your men to order all the fighters to ~~assemble~~ assemble against that fire territory right away. When we are all gathered against it then I will rush everyone to battle."

I looked with the field glasses. There was a wonderful gathering of the fighters in that territory now. There came the men now and now of them, with all sorts of fighting equipment.

1935 All these men had
taken their places in the
territory. To my beaten men
I said:

"Brothers we are warned of a danger
which threatens us all, and Mr
Simon offers us a way to escape from
that danger. Will you listen to
what he says to you?"

"Let him speak" came in a
great roar from the great company
of men in the rivers edge.

"Men of Mr Danger" began Mr
Simon. "If the fire hits the hill of
hay we might as well call off
the fight."

He could say no more just
then for such a fierce roar of
anger rose from my multitude
of men that his voice was
drowned by the clamor. Finally
the roar died away like dis-
tant thunder and Mr Simon
went on with his speech.

"Having seen the fire head-
ing for the hay we watched
to see what it would do, and
we saw the flames heading
for the hay.

You are apprehensive, but so are

we for when the flames 1936
became that dangerous they also
threaten the sheds of explosives, and
my comrade and I said, we will
save us all from an immense
disaster and have revenge on the
conflagration for outwitting us, and
so we came here to tell you
of the danger and of our plan to
save us all."

"We can save ourselves" someone
shouted and others cried, "tell us
your plan."

"My plan is simple replied Mike
looking towards the fire. Fight now
unseeing over there. We will with-
draw down the river from here,
and by our leadership transform
every body into a mighty fighting
mass. Having concentrated every
one there we will win. That is
our plan, and if you agree to
it we will all march down
the stream at once and save
the hill of hay."

When he had ceased
speaking a great silence fell
on the assemblage of men
for they were thinking of
what he had said.

I now stepped forward.
"You have heard him speak"
I said "and now you must
answer him. It is for you
to decide. Shall we agree to this
or not?"

[1937] "No shouted some of the men" "yes" shouted others, and some were silent. I looked at my men. "We can't take too much time to think in this desperate situation," I suggested. "Up to this time we have been outwitted by the fire storm. Think quickly and when you are ready to answer I will hear you."

There arose in the distance of the hay territory a great confusion of sounds so loudly that even that far there had never been heard such a hubbub before.

It seemed the noise would never cease. Among my men some wanted to save the hay stack some wanted to fight, and some wanted to do nothing at all.

Now of all the surprised men under my command none was so much surprised by the distant tumult as Zel. He was frightened too as he told me afterwards, for he recognized those fighters as being driven into confusion by the fire storm they were battling, but I myself also realized that they did not know how to concentrate against it and it was forcing them back no matter what they did, yet I myself took courage and resolved that the fire no matter what it accomplished should not defeat my plans.

It was hard to tell just yet

what my followers thought 1938 of what was happening over there. Some glared angrily at that scene but more of them seemed to be tense and excited, or curious and wondering. All were interested however, and they kept very quiet and listened carefully to the mad confusion of sounds.

Reddy was more alarmed than even the other and I too. Than even Zel was, and I told myself that unless I acted quickly and even without waiting to ask the advice of Stevens, our movement would be overwhelmed and all our plans to conquer the inferno lost and defeated.

I didn't like the way the conflagration acted either for so far the fire was now having its own way.

As I observed at that distance all those men were working and fighting like I never seen the ferocious wild cat fight, but nevertheless the fire was steadily driving them back.

Another thing that disturbed me as we were racing down the route of the river was the fact that a real issue had arisen and unless my men checked that

damn hell the hay hill was lost all these things passed through my mind and that is why I began to do several strange things.

1939 Our mules had pulled two long flat wagon covered to almost over capacity, low with tall wide barrels of water and water buckets. We got ashore in that territory of savage fighting - I threw most of my men into the very heart of it while I deployed all the rest with the buckets buckets to first some all lower sections of the great hay mound, and as far up as they could reach.

Others of my men took lots of loose hay else where and with all the rope we had made long tight bales which after being wetted were hauled to the rear. Men who were good climbers reached up as far as the hay slope sloped as possible and with buckets handed up to them poured all that too. Yet far to the right strode the field fire bigger and more powerful than any of the other fires. I begged, I pleaded to God to please send of mercy send rain.

"How did you dare to come here and face all this?" asked one of the farmers watching our desperate efforts to save the hay.

"Why I'm not afraid to go anywhere, when I've got my army of men with me" I answered. "I know them pretty well and so I can trust them."

None of my men are afraid 1940 to fight against this, they're terrible fighters and they'll prove in time I believe there isn't any wheat field fire that can conquer them. But still I assure you, I'd rather fight a forest fire than this."

The farmer looked at my men and how they were attacking the hell and know I spoke the truth.

Along the left front the flames were leaping a hundred or more feet and racing forward fast as a storm.

To the men there I yelled: "Get the hell away from there quick. It's impossible to stop!" Those men were frightened too fearing they would be overtaken or hemmed in, so a stampede began at my yelled command and other wedges of men followed as quickly as they could. The cutters backed to the rear, and still others rushed after them scattering through the fields until all in the path of the fire was cleared. A panic of fear seemed to have overtaken those men and they got as far away from the terrible conflagration as they could. Along my desperately fighting front it appeared to be holding as a draw "neither my men, or the fire yielding an inch of ground."

1941 My men were fighting with the fury of wild desperation. "This is certainly a misfortune that those fighters had to retreat," said Zeb, "but that conflagration was a sort of wave of fire which was easy to break when you know how to break it and have the right means to do it with. But where were the breachers?" No one knew that for none had seen the grain cutters join them. The men had been so frightened at the onsets of this wave of fire that unless they had a big war guard of cutters they would now never consent to battle too close to the fire, but my wave of attack was neither successful or unsuccessful and once they started to move forward it would not be at all impossible to conquer the hell along their front.

So all was not lost. I thought to my self and the best thing for me to do was to send one of my line men and call for reinforcements and even dynamite to blow up breachers in the

fields. I felt that the safety of the city of So Falls depends upon it. So making sure of this I took more reserves. I had and pushed on the fight personally. Yet because of the stubbornness of this

reething hell I felt exceedingly strange. 1942

"What the matter asked Carter a dreadful hell has done the men back yonder" I explained, "I had to order them to retreat. The fire transformed itself into the worst fire of all." "What section of the inferno that drove them back?" "The south. They had no vanguard of breachers." "When did it happen" he asked. "Just a little while ago in that section to the south of my line of battle. All the men had fought desperately there but they retreated when the flames came rushing forward a hundred feet high and I'm thinking thankful they escaped to the river safely. But I'm afraid I won't hold too long either. And also such a hot night. Pray for rain Carter will you?"

"I have and still am" he answered.

"I know this situation said Mr Green. I feel that we may as well call off the fight as Stevens advised for no power or any desperate fighting can save us from defeat. I'm a great forest fire fighter as any person can tell you. But this is for war than a forest fire and even I have no means to destroy this inferno." "Do you think Mr Dager said the

1943 engineer "that Mr Green was right in saying no amount of fighting can win in this territory?" "No," I don't think Mr Green was right in saying that." I answered gravely "but it is very possible that the conflagration here will be harder to overcome than I expected. I'll do my best of course and put up a good fight and no one can do more than his best. I won't give up."

"But dear me" said Jim. "I'm afraid we also may soon have to retreat. See how stubbornly the fire along our front holds its ground."

I was made me blush for it shamed me to think that my concentration was not equal to that of the inferno.

"I won't give up yet," I said "for I know a lot of 'hardy' that I haven't yet tried. I know what resistance the fire is making, or what its powerful heat is but I do know that I can crush any conflagration known to nature if I have more men. It's like unlocking a door all you need is to find the right key."

"But suppose you have not the right key with you?" suggested Jim. "What then?"

"I then we'll have to make the key," I answered.

"It isn't right to call off the 1944 fight because Mr Stevens deserves too," said Carter. "I think we ought to press our attack along our front most vigorously."

"But I don't know what the nature of this fire and the relieving force are fighting for all their worth," I objected. "For of course the speed which the other fire drove almost men back just recently was preternatural in nature and you must not forget Carter that that conflagration was over riding them, so if we tried any thing there again without reinforcements the fire might cause us a great deal of unusual trouble."

Nevertheless," said Carter we must regain that lost ground if possible. Call almost over will you?" I did. I said "Do you think you and your men, aided by the cutters could regain your lost ground. Why you try to do so we will discover how to out flank it, and surely we need not fear any such conflagration even though it proves to be large and our counter attacks."

"I'm not so sure of that," so protested almost, with a shake of his head. "The one section of the conflagration that you ordered us to quickly retreat from which was the worst of this inferno was so hot the flames so high and yet so powerful

1945 that neither Nature nor maybe
a forest fire or brush fire can
equal it. It isn't all in the
flames you know its the speed
they burn forward. So if I and
my men too soon would try to
re gain ground that inferno
might prove very dangerous to
us if we counter attack it
now."

"When more reinforcements come we
are going to conquer this
conflagration, and be revenged on
it for driving us back. There's
no danger now to the hay hill
so far and we'll be stronger
and ~~thou~~ tougher than all this
fire put to gather. I don't know
how it drove you back but
we are going to fight the fight
of our lives — and we will
win."

All this fuss is about nothing at
all" said Mr Green. We can't prove
that the fire can be whipped and
no one can accuse us of being
whipped either. Look over the extent
of the fire if you like but you
won't find us totally whip-
ped. Look at Mr Dangers
fighting front and you'll
find its being a draw so far.
We haven't gained ground no
victory near the hay so I demand
let us call off the fight as
Mr Stevens desires."

Most of my officials listened
to this defiance in amazement

and wondered at the leader of 1946
the fire fighters who dared to
talk so boldly about the nature
of this wheat field inferno. But
I stood silent and motionless and
it was almost who answered Mr
Green.

"So no part of our fighting lines
have won eh?" he said. I think
it has. Mr Dangers along his
front of battle is still holding his
own and the fighters near the
hill of hay is carrying everything
before them. And you say call off
the fight. You are no stranger here
Mr Green so you ought to know
that nothing can be hidden from
our over observation posts nor from
Mr Dangers field glasses. Call off
the fight? Bah!"

I turned to Mr Stevens —

"Do you think we'll lose this
fight?" I asked

"I can't say either yes or no" he
replied. I knew we were and are
fighting against something worse,
much worse than a forest fire
but I wanted to save Sa Falls
and I'm afraid if we don't stop
this Sa Falls is in danger
I said before let's call off the
fight, now I say never, we must
give this inferno hell!"

"What causes you think this
the conflagration endangers
Sa Falls which is so far
from here?"

1947 "Why the wheat fields in towards that direction are unending the wheat is taller and riper, it also seems foolish unjust and unreasonable to now give up. Even now I can do no harm in using our utmost, we though need more keep in this trouble - and also if it would only rain -"

I regarded Stevens musingly. Then I said

I suppose a good many many actions of a conflagration seems very unusual to those people who do not understand this sort of a fire. But no effort is ever made without some purpose and that purpose is usually to protect each other while fighting such a fire. As you are an experienced man I will not need to explain this nature of the inferno which is causing so much trouble in combating it. That I decided to forbid any of our men to fight to close of it as they may get trapped or also overwhelmed,

Hence I lately viewed the recent retreat the land of wheatfields is a nothing hell now but I rather wish that than my men. When the fire gets farther hot beat it. I also will make another command of forbidding any one to make a frontal attack that will almost put an end to so much dare death reckless. nor suicidal bravery in this fight

as you see it is wrong to do the 1948 wrong thing. This damn fire is no funny picnic."

I could see that Stevens knew that I was right. He said: "I am sorry I had made the mistake before of wanting to call off the fight. I did it to save our men thinking disaster would happen. Disaster would happen if we called off the fight. I'll rock any one now who would suggest that. We'll fight to the last."

"Almost was wrong to let his men face that hundred foot flaming wheat" I continued. "And if he had not retreated when he did it would have been all up with him and his men, and if he had not rushed it, the panic could not have occurred. I can understand however that Atmos will be unhappy unless he can defeat the conflagration. We must furnish reinforcement to assist him to find ways to make headway. What do you think Stevens. "That is perhaps the best thing to do" he replied.

We could see little of the country through which we were fighting because of the flames and high rising and spreading smoke clouds and also the fire was threatening to reverse its course. Because of the searing heat "Why what's wrong?" I asked in astonishment but they were all just as bewildered as I was

1949 and at first no one could answer the question soon however we realized the truth that the fire was threatening to reverse and I yelled out -
"No frontal attack. You'll get trapped if you front attack I'm not responsible for what happens."
There seemed no way out of the dilemma for we now could not whip the fire, nor could it drive us back.

We knew it was a great section of the fire, because it was burning so furiously to the north that it moved forward even faster than other parts of the inferno. For a moment it began to slow down, yet it did not stop, because the fierce heat would not let it. It continued to burn in the same direction it had been going. Slowly foot by foot it burned outward, onward.

"Remember no frontal attack!"

I yelled again.
"I hope Carter won't give up!"
said Stevens anxiously "If he can hold out we'll be all right."

Carter did not give up but held to the flank bravely. The fire tried to shift again. But his men found their strength fading therefore they were withdrawn

and a new shift put into the 1950 battle. They too held their own. In less than half a minute this section was a long seething mass of fighting men, all straining most desperately to stop the fire by a concerted furious rear action. The glowing flames lighted up the whole territory. My pocket watch said ten thirty. Something amidst the conflagration filled the air with a strange sulphurous smoke that smelled like a thousand fourth of July rolled into one. What now

had the fire come upon. Men had buckets of water and as the water was poured on steam came rolling in hot clouds towards them. Fire fighters almost drowning till it back with the stifling steam and smoke also caused by the water. Careening around their heads they temporarily fell back at a distance on other part of the conflagration five times as furious as it had been before. Came burning on like the speed of an express train. No one there dared to oppose it.

Scarcely able to see through the black smoke the flames were sending the fighting men retreated from its right. I yelled at those men. Burn like men. What blazes is throwing all precautions to the winds. Get quick!

Almost ready to order a retreat

1951 Izel raised his voice to give an answer when it seemed a long sheet of flame shot across the night sky and with a fierce hissing roar a sheet of flame swirled around the edge of the wheat field and hurled itself at the fields of wheat in front of his gang. So sudden and unexpected was the appearance of this monstrous wall of flame that Izel's men fell back in dismay. "Stop it stop it" groaned Izel struggling to free himself from some of his men but for a moment no one made a move. He had hundreds of men saw the great fire sheet moving fast forward and in that moment the spirit and courage that had as I heard later distinguished him in his youth returned. With a hoarse scream Ahbad he hurled his men around to the east flank and rushing straight for the fire storm made a fence and dare devil reckless assault. All his men obeyed his command, with a fury of frenzied fighting which no word can describe they pressed forward and with reinforcements from new corners coming began to have the east flank licked dry and recovery. The east wing is losing some one shot a Reddy Carter and began to join forces and remade head and cut their way in and hurled the fire to

the southeast nothing can save it now" 1952

"Mr Danger" began Mr Stevens. "I'm not that am a grand and glorious right I'll help us to undo as much as the inferno mischief as we can, destroy this territory of the conflagration push on to success and save the rest of the farm fields." Each column of men were throwing themselves again and again, upon the east flank.

"Have at you" roared Carter his men plunging forward. I could see Dorothy and Angelina clutching one another in excitement and horror but I remained calm yet it seemed another part of the country side of wheat melted away in flames and tried to rally. I turned quickly to Izel.

"Quick Izel" I cried, "and you to the fight there if we overcome this part of the inferno we'll have the whole shebang licked."

We all got there in twenty minutes and if our attack was like Pichalt's famous charge, it was a good imitation of one. We attacked west flank and rear, and beat our way through it one section of the fighting line we caused the inferno to annihilate itself.

At most know perfectly well that to let this part of the inferno rally meant total defeat for us all. Yet I myself was not at all anxious or worried.

1953 Yet I hated to think what would result if it did rally. Therefore we had accepted the dangerous position of not letting other sections of the inferno overrun us, and do a lot of mischief. Yet I was determined to be very careful and lay my other plans of attack well so as not to fail. I always argued that only careful people fail in what they attempt to do. Long wheel fire was raging along the railroad right of way. If that flanked us we'd be repulsed by the fire we were whipping. I hunted a good portion of my reserves on this attacking all along the line above the rails. The heat from this long main flame and the poisonous smoke from some other burning stuff was so unbearable that the men fighting it couldn't face it and retreated at my orders. I wouldn't let my men do the impossible. I knew there could be no doubt of the fact that it seemed that this fight seemed to be going to be lost. It was Reddy who first suspected it. Why? Because we couldn't face the terrific heat of the wheat fire along the railroad right of way. If it flanked us, oh my. I was shocked and grieved. What could cause such a thing? I let whip the fire in two territories, and it cut into ya elsewhere. I was thoughtful for a time considering the consequences if we lost by the railroad right of way. If we whip this we'll have the whole

shebang like licker. Then I 1954 deployed the men to try to flank the east of this long field fire to prepare an attack that would give us some sort of success. But when this attack seemed some what ~~repulsion~~ successful it got around us and drove us back. Yet those who felt positively they had their fire front licker, swarmed thick to our aid and above with all their might cutting breaches and so on. Yet it was so hard to face that awful searing fire heat and smoke, they were steadily being driven back. I was now both angry and alarmed. I ordered mine also to fall back and tried to think how this most extraordinary advance of this inferno could have taken place. It was evident that this had been some conflagration of unusual hot flames and fiery power on the fire could never have accomplished such resistance against us without some repulse. But what was causing this fire to be so powerfully hot, and fierce enough to do this awful thing? Was it burning also something more inflammable than also the wheat? And what was causing it to have the fiery power, to leap so high or ringing flames, and also could have a slight in defying the wind, and most experienced experienced fire fighters the world has ever known?

11955 I thought over the perplexing matter for a full hour while reinforcements from 50 balls were also having the fight of their lives at the end of which time I was still puzzled how to explain it. I believed that if I reinforced with more bucket men and cutters and to reinforce with dirt throwers and trenchers I would be able to hold my own.

"What ever is causing it to do this" I said to Mr Green, "is a very dangerous situation for it is sure to defeat us I'm afraid and will have to be abandoned. I wish it for heaven's sake would rain." I got together the bucket men cutters and dirt and dirt and even mud throwers and put them into the fight.

There were large farm houses, big barns and high silos more than two miles away yet so bright was the reflection of the fire, they that distance was lighted up as if it were noon instead of night.

One of the fore men was racing towards me on horse back bearing the news that the fire had suddenly spread more than ever and no one could stand up against it.

"Also" said the foreman as he stood before tracks down by under crossing the cannot content it there. So I came to you for assistance as poor as we realized this sweeping counter attack. Set us have some more men." "Also" I returned sorrowfully we cannot do that for we cannot

even hold our own here" 1956 The foreman raised such a hue and cry over this that many of the other fighters under almost gathered around him and offered their help. "Look" cried the foreman "That big big wicker castle ruin on that low rise of ground is in the fire's path. 'Goodness me' I exclaimed in alarm, 'this is the biggest fire I've ever heard of. Do think it'll catch fire?'

Mr Green, 'we've no idea but it's in danger' he answered. Set of high weeds and brush are on that rise of ground. But we come to to deploy men to your assistance. They are so powerful in numbers that other forces of fighters that they may be able to hold this in check by means of full concentration gascha and better than the others can elsewhere. It's some fight."

"Hurry then" I said for we're all getting terribly worried. Mr Green rushed his men to the fight while carts now came rushing up. "It's crossing the tracks here" he said with a long face "if it spreads to our side here we're worried."

Reddy Stevens Green and others looked at one another in complete amazement.

"This thing is getting desperate" continued Mr Green "all this fire is much worse than the other tentacles of the fire." "Do you suppose we could prevent it from crossing over the tracks to us?"

1957 asked Carter
"no underst" I declared. I suspect
it'll even burn the railroad ties."
"How dreadful" cried Reddy, "can't we do
anything to stop it from crossing?"

"I'll ask Atmos. I'll go to where
he is with his fighters and tell
him of the danger. He will be
greatly shocked I know."

With this I jumped on my horse
and dashed away at full speed.

Atmos and yet, besides Jim and
the janitor at hearing this were
very much disturbed indeed.

Even Stevens was now quiet
than usual, and seemed to realize
that a great calamity had over-
taken the whole

The idea of the long wall of
fire crossing the tracks was too
astounding for us to comprehend
at first. At our orders the men
started cutting away a wide long
breach through the still untouched
weat on our side. Yet the faces
of all of us were solemn dis-
couraged looking and sorrowful.

"I think" said Stevens "we have
to start at this right away"

"Yes agreed Atmos. "I cannot leave
my fighting front myself because
I must work hard to keep
the fire back. But if you
concentrate a general fighting line
in the meantime and let me
know how you progress it will
enable me to also hold my
own more surely"

"Then we'll start right away" 1958
decided Atmos I and Carter went with
another minute."

"I'm not sure your men can make
a general concentration" I remarked

"But I'll go along with you to try
hold it back to its own side of the
tracks and give you my directions."

All my men is in action, so I am
now really in no more having
any hope than any of you but
I will try to hold it at bay. What
a fire! I don't know whether we're
in hell or Purgatory"

"What harm could happen if it
does cross the tracks asked Carter.

"What harm happened elsewhere?"
returned. "If this fire crosses the
tracks then it may cause us a
considerable defeat. So we must watch
out for ourselves"

I divided now the fighters into separate
regiments, so I sent Ogo, Reddy
and Carter into the grain ration
which they were well acquainted with
and I sent Jim and yet to the
left flank on our side of the
tracks, for they were fearless
and never give up and to fight
against the fire on its own side.
I sent Reddy. All of them went
at once to work to prevent if
possible the fire from crossing
over.

"We are now about to contest the
most and most dangerous part of
the fire unless you flank it to

1959 the west to escape its trying
to trap you " said Jim "lets
blank it to the west"
What's the matter with the fire
ahead of us? I inquired
"If you escape there dangers"
he continued we might encounter
others still more serious. This
fire is no campfire I know we
have to fight this fire no matter
how dangerous it may be. So
on we go"
"I would not do that right now" said
at most as he advised looking front
and the fires partially subdued and
finally the hell we were fighting.
"If this fire really gets a start
across the tracks it will probably
keep on going ahead in spite of
all our efforts and desperation,
and with all this advantage it
would become a dangerous fire
to attack or even oppose. There-
fore if this railroad conflagra-
tion repulses us, if we are
wired we will call off the
fight and go home again.
But perhaps it may not cross
as this railroad right of way
is a four track bed, and too
wide for the fire to cross"
"I he only way to settle
that question" I myself replied.
"I see what the wind will
do. If it blows clouds of
sparks across the tracks this
side is doomed. What

I already did as had my line 11960
men report the matter to the Mayors
of So. Hall and Ottawa, and I'm
pretty sure they will find a way
to send the proper equipment to
overcome these Gehenna fields and grain."

"Well" replied Jim I won't say that
the fire will cross over with out wind
blown sparks, but it is sure a most
singing, hot one and very apt to
become the most powerful wheat
field fire the world has ever
seen and so I suppose it would
not be too hard to leap the
gap because of its heat, if it could
manage to do so."

"But how could it leap th across
the railroad bed without the clouds
of sparks?" asked Zeb.

"I don't ask me Zeb I he
inferno doesn't tell me why it
does things, I assure you"

"Then we must deploy on the
railroad bed and check it if
possible ourselves" declared Stevens.

"I would not do that yet if I were
you" I advised, "If the fire really
leaps across it will be dangerous to
attack and may not only scow
us but would probably trap
us on both sides. Therefore if
we are wired, we'll fight it on
our own side. And also let us
talk this matter over and decide
what to do if it does try to

1961 cross the cracks. There can be no doubt that here it is a very powerful conflagration and its heat and power have been increased a hundred fold, since it also spread upon brush and other high ragweed which is full of oil. The flames with all this power at their command is one inferno which may prove somewhat impossible to conquer therefore we should plan our actions well before we venture too near this conflagration, we still despite all this seeming impossibility hold it in check. That is what we are here for and of course we must save the ruins of Wickenburg castle. But how?

Each one looked at some other one for an answer, and all shook their heads in a grave and dismal manner.

"You're afraid I'll trap you" said Almont. "We have so many things are burning at once. Why don't we give it up and go home? How can we fight a great hall hell like this when we have not the proper equipment and enough men to fight with?"

"Mr. Dargan suggested Jim, 'You know that just now this fire can't turn our flank what ever it does no could it get around our left so cause a lot of hay has been cut away.'

Why not make a counter fire. 1962 That is done during forest fires" "No no" I said positively that won't do at all. The wind is too contrary. It has already changed direction twice. We soon have a new fire to fight. This blaze here is more powerful than either of the others yet our men can not yet defeat it them no matter how madly we are fighting it. We are going against the fire in one mighty force for only in union is there strength. But a counter fire is out of the question."

"That is excellent advice" said Zel approvingly.

"What can we do to prevent the fire from crossing the roadbed?" "Don't expect a prompt answer to that important question" replied "For we must plan our line of battle here Mr. Ugu know of course that we are concentrating for him but still we can't take the conflagration by surprise."

"I'm sure this Gehenna will not give in to us" said Mr. Green "See how fiercely it is resisting all our efforts. So we must conquer this cruel conflagration by force. But none of you has yet suggested a way to do that couldn't George Carter tell us how?" he asked turning to him.

"No for that is something that is going to happen" Carter replied.

1963 Again we were grave and very
thoughtful. But after a time Jim
said in a heartening voice:-
"A counter fire after all is a great thing.
perhaps it could conquer the fire if
the wind holds it a direction."
I turned my head to look re-
proachfully at my old friend.
"What can a counter fire do if the
wind changes direction?" I asked.
"The main conflagration could not
hurt the counter fire" suggested
Jeb.

"And the counter fire could not hurt
the main Gehenna" said Carter.
"To my part" said Reddy "we
are helpless if it crosses these
tracks."

I then said Reddy "we must de-
pend upon our anger. His mar-
vellous wisdom will surely in-
form him how to conquer this
conflagration and restore an opening
for us in our game reserve."

I noticed all eyes were now
turned upon me.

I finding myself the center of
observation I sighed and said
in a modest tone of voice:

"Respect for truth obliges me to
confess that Reddy is mistaken
in regard to my superior wisdom
in this situation but not very
of course at that but not very in-
sure in how to conquer this in-
ferno. All the men as you see are
contesting it with all their
might with every fighting
equipment at hand. Yet so far
they cannot beat it back, but
it can't beat them back. How

this strange draw will turn out 1964
I do not know. I never saw such
desperate courageous fighting against
fires before. Look how fiercely and
savagely they go at it, yet look how
stubbornly it holds it on. How can
they face such fierce heat. Yet
neither have I any practical ex-
perience in conquering wheat field
and grain fires. I rest fires is my
experience not this.

And a forest fire to my opinion
is not this stubborn. This is even
worse than a brush fire.

What is this conflagration. It
is a renege Gehenna, and a brush
fire is an ordinary hill side blaze
which when battled properly with
enough men can be checked in
time. This Gehenna defies us every
where, though more and more men
from Ottawa and So. Ball are
steadily coming to reinforce us.

In this case this conflagration
has already been spreading over 3
miles of wheat fields, despite
our insane resistance.

Yet with all the arts at its
command the fire is an infringement
of old Mother Nature and surely
there are ways in which this
may be conquered. How you say
how? All our men to state that?

I don't know, excepting if we
would get rain. But it even won't
rain down it though I steadily pray
desperately for it. In my judgement

1965 we cannot decide how best to act until we see the outcome of the fight. I would favor a dare of counter fire, but the authorities at Ottawa and in Sault warn me it is too much a risk and fatally dangerous because the direction of winds is so contrary. So let us leaders get up on the tracks and look at the wall of fire. If it would only burn itself out but it won't. So by doing that we may discover an idea, that will guide us to victory, and no one objected to this plan and so it was adopted. But we did sure face fierce heat and too much bread burning smell of smoke.

It looked to me that this fire could not be destroyed by any resistance devised, that even rain could not quench it. This was the most powerful conflagration ever broke out. This fire was very dangerous to my plans and would use all its sources to defeat us. The heat was so intense that it drove us back down again.

"Well, well" said Mr Green while we retreated across the tracks before that singing heat this result is an unexpected issue. I assure you, what flames of burning bread from the wheat. I know this was going to happen, and I know why we

were driven back. We do not welcome this outcome for we cannot face that awful heat to any advantage but as we have insisted on getting up on that railroad right of way and got speedily driven off and back to our own side again we were forced to make the investigation as brief as possible. It didn't take long to transact this very "warm" business with the railroad tracks. We will try it again maybe, and my reply will be that dare try it again if we can".

"Sir" answered Carter in a tone of desperation. "The fire somehow must be whipped, or we will have to call off the fight. I suppose you imagine be cause the heat beyond drove us off the road bed that this Gehenna is more powerful than we think and will be able to triumph over us in the long run?"

"Yes" said Mr Green "that is exactly what I imagine. It will do us no good to try to oppose it, and I also will do you no good to demand from me any future plans because I will never be able to tell you, and I can't guess in a thousand years. But neither will these poor farmers who suffered such loss here will be able to restore to themselves any of the fields of wheat grain and barley wiped out - I'm not sure they got

1967 enough financial means to do so. Even farm houses and barns are still burning. But bear this in mind, this is the greatest farm disaster in all history. And which is mainly responsible for this? That damn tornado fire follow - the sky Maelstrom

"The fire is a worse Gehenna what ever we may think I myself declared. "And bear this in mind Mr Green, we intend to find means to overcome it in time but our first duty and pleasure will be to prevent it from crossing the railroad road bed"

"Well lets go ahead and try" said Green, "I really like to see how we can do it. and face that awful heat. The fighters are on the rear of it and the wind is towards it. so the heat is blown away from them, and towards us"

Now altogether I had spoken no word boldly I had at the very moment no idea how we might repulse the conflagration. I had an hour ago given Jim a fresh bunch of men, and they were fighting a good fight but I knew that strength alone and courage alone could not avail against such an inferno. Teddy had very large crews of men fiercely at the flames however

and I depended to an extent 1968 on that. But something ought to be done right away and I did not know what it was. While I considered this perplexing sort of question and the other stood looking at me as their leader a queer shocking thing happened.

Near to the side opposite us a high blood red flame rose up among the wheat not caught, and started the railway wooden ties to smoulder and smoke. The heat was unbearable and drove us back full well.

We struggled desperately to prevent the wheat from catching on our side. And in one we succeeded in defeating that hell purpose for while the blaze which was of enormous size changed to a still greater blazing fury from more greater stretches of wheat it became of a most enormous size bigger even than the other fires were and this it had been able to accomplish before we could oppose it. We knew that we were likely to be conquered unless we made a fierce fight. We worked like mad along our balls front as the flames on the other side burned on towards the railroad road bed. The size of the conflagration and its terrific heat made the

1969 the Gehenna very dangerous
but I was not afraid when
it came darting toward the
southside of the railroad right of
way with its searing cloud of
flame. I knew my men would
know how to protect them-
selves. But at once did not
know that fact and became
alarmed at my seeming dan-
ger. So he threw all his
resources into the fight.

Then began a most des-
perate struggle.

The Gehenna was still fiercer
than it had ever been. At
the first rush into action
he bore the grain and wheat
along our front down by all
his cutters and slashers but
the giant fire began to surge
up to the south embankment
but temporarily was halted as
there was nothing on its
upward slope to catch fire ex-
cept a few scraggly weeds
here and there. But the heat
was unbelievable. It was this
that made the monster fire
dangerous.

The light now
was so dazzling
dazzled our eyes
our faces with
escape being
the still escaped
being filled in
of the conflagration
bright that it
and we covered
our hands to
blinded. Soon all
wheat stretches was
wedged formation with

the desperate fire fighters each 1970
of these men had scythes, axes,
cables which they used to some ad-
vantage working defiantly against the
approaching fire. The men concentrated
in solid ranks but finally before
the excessive heat beyond they had
to slowly retreat until they were
driven from that part of the road
bed and out upon the fields. We
had some hope for a wide gap
had been cut and more men with
wet gunny sacks and pails of
water wet sand and mud rain-
forced them and they tried to rally.
Jim had to be careful not to
allow them to retreat too far while
Jeb tried to hold his ground in
efforts to face the blinding glare
and unbearable heat.

Yet slowly but surely but steadily
the increasing heat drove them
back until they passed beyond
the front of the wheat fields and
came to the broad grain and barley
plains leading to the Moghalia
river.

"What does all this mean anyhow?"
asked Jim.

"Why this tremendous heat is
driving us to the rear" replied
Jeb. "We ought to stand ground
and this miserable Gehenna."

"What would you do in spite of
this heat?" enquired Jim.
"I'd wet down all this untouched
wheat and grain with those buckets
of mud water and sand?"

1971 'all night' said Jim "I'll order it done" later these crews got busy while the cutting crews worked as hard as they could. Great crowds of wheat and grain were again cut to the ground, others gathered it up and carried it to the rear and seeing his sea success Jim attached again and again even changing into the barley and grain cutting it down in all directions while the bucket crews did their best also wetting down as much as possible. Zeb kept his men working furiously and Carter men heaped by tearing into the headlands of the wheat, cutting and hacking desperately, and Mr Green cut down so much wheat that it was believed a gap was being made too wide for the fire to cross.

But the flames were too hot across the tracks to be faced for long. Also the desperate work tried the men out and although the field of battle was thickly covered with wheat and grain our workers had to give up at last and allow themselves to retreat out of reach of the awful heat. The railroad track was a four track one and its width gave us some hope especially if no wind started

blowing towards our side - 1972 ing sparks, a great number of more men came on as Zeb crews had backed away to a distance. They came in a crowd and fought their way on through other parts of the wheat fields with long sharp of all kinds which stretched out before them like the low spits of a fleet of sail boats. The grain had especially attracted their notice because it was the biggest and most massive field and it became the center of their first attack.

The grain was mowed down right and left with such speed that the grain carriers had a hard time keeping up with them. But some of the men couldn't face the parching heat and retreated away to a short distance. Yet it was thought they were winning the fight with ease.

But I was not so confident. "The heat of those flames across the tracks are impossible to face" I said. "and all the work the men has done is to cut a gap that probably is not yet wide enough. If my opinion of wind would start to blow this way and send clouds of sparks or fragments of burning wheat we would be licked. I'm sure however my men will soon renew the attack although it seems a forlorn hope. The other are giving way slowly. They can't face that heat. If it only would rain and rain good"

1974 "What made them give way?" asked Carter. "The heat of course. Can't you even feel it from here?" "Suppose we fall back too" suggested Jeb. "We have time just now and I'd rather face a forest than this seething hell."

"No" returned Almost stantly. "I won't do to go back for then we'll be defeated. Set, still fight it out."

"That is what I advise" said Jim. "The fire has not defeated us as whole and our men are worth a whole army."

But the men were clever enough not to attack too close to the road bed the next time. They advanced in a great swarm having been joined by many more of their kind and they cut and slashed through every where while the bucket brigade did their share to the utmost.

But even then they couldn't face the awful heat and had to stop and retreat to a distance. If it only would blow down and blow some of its heat.

Jeb ran forward and carried away a big armload of chopped wheat that had lay nearest to him. Others did likewise.

By that time the others had retired out of reach of the heat. Fortunately the wind though not blowing in its present direction against the road bridge. But that did not cut

the unbearable heat. So a while 1975 the men hesitated to renew the attack and we were no nearer to victory than in the beginning of the fray.

"What shall we do now?" Jeb asked me anxiously.

"Set left flank this grain field" said Teddy.

"And concentrate and fight at the same time" added Mr Green. "We will get near Jim's force so that he can help us and each one must take their cutting out fit and do the best he can. I'll use my bucket brigade although it won't much use in this affair. I have no any reinforcements or cutters for you Jeb."

"I'll use the scythe men again" said Jeb and ordered his men forward. His line of fighters extended to a great distance. These men were strong and lively for their years, having also experience in forest and brush fire fighting so they were likely to prove more dangerous to the fire enemy than Green's troop.

When the next company of men advanced they worked so desperately that you would have thought they had gone mad. Even Almost men worked dreadfully hard and at the same time Jim's men attacked the wheat and grain more desperately than before. Yet the terrific heat taunted Green's men for a time but then became exhausted and out

1976 of breath. Piercing this as well as the fact that there was no breeze from the direction of the sea of flame, the reserves advanced in a swarm as thick as a swarm of bees so that that part of the field was filled with them.

The wheat fields in front of Green and Carver was cut apart along its northern front into a dozen gaps at the first attack they made.

Yet cut his way along his front until this time he had made the breach much wider, and at last the throngs of men clustered so thickly all along the line that the long wave of hay before them was wiped out.

Daddy's men performed some wonderful work and even Jim assisted when his men leaped bodily through the wheat and cut it down almost like a thrashing machine.

But all this bravery and desperate work amounting to nothing at all. The heat they faced was too much for them.

A dozen men faced mild heat prostration and had to be led away yet some of the line of fighters still held fast.

So of the wheat cut down was carried away. The bucket brigade still desperately held their own and the wheat was beaten with

the soaked gummy sacks to 1977 make it as wet as possible. A part of the fire across the tracks made a desperate attempt to rear across like a flaring streak but a bunch of men wiped it out before it had gone far.

All of us expected nothing less than instant defeat but the wide road bed seemed to prevent the fire from crossing and now also a very wide breach was accomplished along the north side of the tracks. If the wind still stayed northeast there was ardent hope.

Yet some one suddenly said to Daddy "The fire east of you, south of the tracks is trying to flank you Be careful"

Daddy threw forward his reserves at once and Otto hurred forward his bucket brigade. Hank hurred forward his gummy sack men although Jim had been holding on his reserves, and was fighting some distance away.

But they nevertheless were forced to slowly retreat.

"We must take to the river" said the foreman. "Quick to the water or we are lost" and without hesitation the men fled down the bank and into the water on the edge of the broad broad river. Otto covered the retreat of the others.

1978 "Run for the river you boys" he shouted and his men quickly freed themselves for their fire enemy by a few vicious counter attacks and then obeyed, as soon as they fell back to the edge of the river they found themselves safe from pursuit and dozens of men were already running across the tracks towards the others.

As Otto turned to follow with his men a hot wave of feeling he felt against his right and saw a surge of flame close by.

At once he and his fighters began counter attacking and for a time checked its onward rush and seeing this fray knew he was temporarily holding his own for when his men drew back the fire was hesitating in its fury. The third time he counter attacked, the fire nevertheless threw such ear searing heat and blinding glare that they turned in a panic and rushed on away into the edge of the river, for other menacing fires were threatening to flank them, on the edge of the river the fighters seemed to be perfectly safe and the others made haste to join them.

"I think we'd better better stick to the river for a while," said the foreman. "If we had not been warned and told

what to do we'd all be dead by this time" 1979 "That is true" agreed Otto "and as the river seems to be flowing towards the west it will help us to fight on elsewhere."

Looking over his shoulder he now saw a procession of men emerging from the west, hundreds and hundreds of them all clad in drenching water soaked garments and all surging swiftly towards Otto and his men.

"That's not surely a large force of reinforcements" panted Otto. "We can't face that heat much longer John"

The foremost man wore a tarpaulin hat perched jauntily upon the side of his head. The rest of his men had now reached this section of the winning fire, but it was really evident that they were not sure of a successful fight either. But they circled all around our parts of the still unburning fields. They were equipped with every fighting equipment you could imagine.

"Well we'll get this fire in time never fear" he said coming up to me. "And when we do get it, we'll wipe it out."

But just then another band of these men appeared and relying upon their numbers to conquer they advanced fiercely upon the flames that forced Otto to retreat. Then the first corner was upon them. In a time the flames gave way before them.

1980 I don't know who did, but some one blew a very shrill whistle and at once sold ranks of men rose up from other masses of wheat. So great were their numbers that they quickly filled the wheat fields. Although this tremendous army consisted of fire fighters they wore ringing wet clothing and they bore all sorts of fire fighting equipment.

It was evident they were most perfectly trained for they stood in straight rows rank after rank, with their equipment held at the ready as if awaiting but the word of command to rush at the fire foe.

One of the leaders showing the papers that put him under my command said:

"My name is Mr. Poquet" he said. "His but a small part of what will still be coming from So. Falls and Ottawa. No forest in the west when we were there has ever dared to oppose me, and no other fire unit for I and my men are too expert and experienced or powerful to oppose."

"I'm afraid" I said that I could not command all these my self so I'll have to allow you to choose your own fighting front. It would be foolish for me to blunder now. I'm sure I do not know how to act in this very great

emergency. The fire so far 1981 is holding its ground everywhere and spreading beyond control and the heat you can't face."

"It seems to me said Mr. Poquet thoughtfully that my best plan is to get around all the wheat not burning yet and cut breaches as otherwise this fire is too great a conflagration to oppose. It's foolish to try and flank it now and it's lucky if our great number can oppose it. If we really wish to accomplish anything by our efforts we must widely breach it all along the line. It's only our hope."

He rushed off with all his men to begin this. As for us we were to hold our own. So now the fields for a long front was filled with the fire fighters rank after rank fighting desperately all along the line. And in the center of this fighting front was Otto Zink.

Another section of the army piled into view in great numbers and quickly swarmed to the fight led by an experienced man yet at one section the fire resisted so fiercely and advanced so threateningly that a line of the men drew back in alarm.

"Pardon me" said one of the officials "But I find that we can't face that unbearable heat and we might get heat prostration. Would it not be well if on us to avoid this grave danger?"

1982 "We are not to be too daredevil
reckless in this as Mr. Darger
says" said Rogat. "The flammies
have been surprised by this sudden
onslaught, that it is not able to
as yet to fight us back and they're
cutting wheat away like a
thrashing machine. That is being
carried away now. If that breach
is wide enough the fire in crossing
the road bed is checked from
riding, there'll be no wind driven
sparks."

Otto had pressed on fighting the
fire south of the tracks and his
men pressed through the smoke and
poison as I could see but as he
faced the conflagration the fire
to the east hurled itself straight
forward, and rushed westward
also, threatening to flank him.
It struck his east fighting
line on his right rear, where
the flammies threatened to rear.
Every body as flammies will and
covered a new field of wheat
with a cloud of flame and
smoke.

"Run for your lives" shouted Otto
in a voice of horror.
and how they did run across the
road bed. A number of the men
tumbled over the tracks or tumbled
over one another in their efforts
to escape the fatal heat of that
awful fire and those who could
not rush down the right of way
fell off the edge of the north
side of the road, knocking
over some of the men of the
bucket brigade who were working

below them. Even while Rogat 1983
was still holding his ground elsewhere
two Otto right fields became emptied
of every one of the fighters and
before Otto had managed to clear
away more men from his left
center, the conflagration threw another
wave of flame forward where it
drove that line of men back pell-
mell. Otto hated to flee but he
had to.

"I am afraid we are fools to waste
so much time upon the 'Gehenna'"
said Zeb. "Even a good old good heavy
rain would do no good now. Why
don't we hurl them all at once with
the fight instead of allowing them
to go one by one crew and get at
the flammies?"

"Why is more safer this way?"
I returned "and it serves to keep me
in proper concentration for a long
time."

"But suppose some of the groups
happen to get over whelmed?" per-
sisted Zeb. "Then we'll lose ground
and be driven back too."

"I have no chance of their being
beaten if the wind stays the dis-
section it is now" I replied. How
could they be whipped when they're
working in unison?"

"But there is no way to get around
this inferno" said Zeb.

"There are many other fighters
however and they are scattered
throughout the wheat fields and have
every equipment possible. I do my
word for it Zeb they will never
think of retreating yet."

1984 "Still I thinking we are acting foolishly by running the chance" continued Zeb and it is still more foolish to deploy them into separate groups. "I do that because I think it is the wisest plan without losing any men" I replied "and I had no idea about reinforcements coming untill now. I think the rest of our line will hold out. Don't you?"

"I'm afraid not" granted Zeb. "Have your own way since you are an experienced fighter, but remember we are fighting a wheat field. So if we come to grief through our carelessness remember that I told you so. If I had a few more rows of men which would enable me to work this fray through and give us more power we would make better progress than we are now." I exclaimed, "If it would only rain!"

"I would do no good now" declared Zeb. "The fire would only absorb the water and increase all this smoke which is our worst enemy."

"A cloud burst" "Will do no good unless it lasts several hours" said Zeb. "It's almost hopeless. I believe this fire is beyond control untill it reaches the crop fields which alone will cut it off. There's no hope other well. I'm afraid we're licked."

"Oh don't say such a thing" 1985- I commanded. "Because this fire has gone beyond control, you have an idea that we are whipped. But the very next time we get headway I will send you to work on the rear, and get another division to attack on both flanks. The only difficulty is this big wave of fire along the railroad right of way. Don't whatever you do, make any frontal attack. That is suicide. Now follow me along the right for I am sure the men is jumping it good there."

Then I stood motionless as if turned to stone for a terrible cry from the distance reached my ears a cry so full of fear and honor that my heart almost stopped beating. Immediately there was a scurrying of feet as every one to my left at a distance filled with dismay rushed across the tracks pell mell.

After many minutes my worst fears were realized. Coming across the roadbed east of me were hundreds of men. They sprang upon the roadbed with wild shouts of confusion and rushed on to our side of the tracks. The fire had turned their right flank and was coming on swiftly. I was so completely surprised that I was bewildered and gaped at the approaching host with terror and grief. Most with my men near the spot had reaped all the grain and wheat cut down.

1986 and carried it all to the rear, tossing it toward the rear as unceremoniously as if they had been sales of merchandise.

The retreating men under Boguat were swarming over the roadbed like bees in a hive, all were in panic. But the terrifying cries of the routed fighters mingled with the shouts of their officers caused me to pause and watch eagerly of parakey men upon and beyond the tracks.

The whole territory was surrounded by a host of retreating men. Then I knew the truth that the fire had counter attacked as Zeb said it would. I grew so faint from the terror of it all that I might have withdrawn my own men. I had not checked myself in giving the command and being fast to the opposition against the inferno on the other side of tracks.

Many of my men were still engaged in cutting the cut down wheat down to the rear where it was thrown down and saved with water. The retreat of Boguat's men was a dreadful sight for me to witness but with a large body of my men under Garce we covered their withdrawal. I knew very well that I could not yet do anything to rally them but I sent a line to prevent the fire from further flanking him. Now in a percerous they married to fight their way between

the unburned wheat and the blaze in such a manner that 1987 luckily they began to repulse it, burning advance and hold it at bay by cutting down so much in front of it.

The fighters were so much numerous that they formed a ~~two~~ three line stretching from east to west for more than a mile and began to break the victorious Gehenna and enabled Boguat's men to rally.

But I would not allow him to attack or make any attempt to resist the fire yet for the Gehenna was even now terrifying men my men along this front.

I had to order a retreat after all we apparently had won. The wheat fire really was beyond control. But Teddy did not know this and he turned to his men and with a wave of his hand said: "Check the flank of the fire!"

As quickly as possible three platoons of men rushed forward to obey but to their amazement the flames threw such a unbearable heat that they dare not go within fifty feet of it and their efforts were arrested as if by a wall of hell's fire. The flames advanced slowly and the center kept pace with the left flank. And when it did this it started the brave fighters and made them nervous.

Teddy's eyes grew big with surprise as the flank and center steadily advanced and the fire's heat forced his men backward.

1988 men was he free from con-
fusion or terror himself at the
peculiar "magic" of the fire front.
as for his men they became
terror stricken and fled in a panic
towards the railroad bed, and Reddy
as he saw was obliged to chase
after them and shout threats of
punishment before he could halt
them and again form them into
lines of battle. and stand their
ground and cut down every thing
in the path of the fire as it
approached. They tried desperately to
do this. He left flank being
in advance the rails men did
their best to breach the fire
front, while others used buckets
of mud sand and water.
and it seemed to me that Reddy
and his men must surely perish
as they stood facing this murderous
wall of flames. but the
powerful way they worked helped
them to hold their own and
they cut down wide rows of
wheat.
Reddy stood for a moment
looking upon his men in silent
wonder. Then recovering himself
he shouted in a loud voice.
"That's the way to go to it. all
together my men. no fire
at all. defy our night and
live."
again and again rows of grain
were slashed down and some many
more of the men had by this
time joined their fellows. they
seemed to gain more and more.
But again the fire showed
usual stubbornness, and the left

flank having still being un- 1989.
approached, suddenly swept on, spread
itself in three directions of flaming
fury and then suddenly rushed
and rolled forward and almost catch-
ing the fighting line of men in
the rear who were amazed at their
failure to conquer.
When by surprise by the rear
attack the men began to give way
again, yelling with fear and their
comrades not knowing what had
happened but imagining that the
fire was attacking them in their
rear turned about and ran to the
road bed as hard as they could
go. The flames had just time
to almost catch Reddy as he turned
to follow his men.

He jumped out of its way in
time and ran yelling after his
defeated men.

Some one shouted "the fire has
won the fight without striking a
blow."

"Without striking a blow" said
Reddy indignantly "that is not
quite true. I recall. The fire struck
a couple of times to good purpose
and I claim it has conquered us
almost unaided, and without even a
breze. We have to give the fire all
the credit for the attack."

There being no one now to oppose
their advance the fire now began to
get out of control, but a host
of reinforcements now appeared on top
of the roadbed with all kinds of
fighting equipment.

Reddy has gone to George Gos

1996 reporting his defeat relating
the powerful heat of the wall
of flame, how it threatened his right
left flank, and rear and had to
me, asking what to do next.

I took command of all these
personally and ordered the road-
bed manned with all force and
instructed them to oppose all attempts
of the fire to burn up to the
road bed which it had not done
yet.

Of course neither Reddy nor Green
knew how they had been pro-
tected from harm and so at first
they were inclined to resent my
command that the two must
always keep together. But when
I explained that my concentration
would not work other wise and
would not save them from
disaster they agreed to obey for
they had now seen enough to
convince them that my concentration
in covering their retreat was
really protecting them by some
invisible power of God.

As we concentrated on the road
bed a shower of flaming brands
and sparks by the fierce uprush
of flames descended upon us
but so far did not come upon
the grain front.

I myself was greatly amazed and
somewhat worried but I depended
upon the fighting strength of the
serving men, and commanded
them to continue with their

equipment, buckets of mud and 1991
so on.

Perhaps Mr. Billbell can change a
counter attack suggested yet.

"No" replied Billbell. "my men are
good fighters but no one can face
that flaming fiery now."

But I was not sure either that
any one could counter attack it and
not get trapped and overwhelmed.
I know we were supposed to accom-
lish any feat of strength and I
believed it was true, but to face
that awful heat was out of the
question.

The strange thing about the fire it
appeared to be burning inward as well
as outward. I had been told that all
these men would enable me to accom-
plish any feat of diversion and I
believed that this was true.

There with all kinds of cutting
equipment continued to mow down
grain and wheat else where but it
appeared all to no avail. The
ground behind us was thickly
covered with mowed down wheat
yet not one section of the con-
flagration was being held back
in the slightest manner.

When every thing was used
that was available and not a
single line of wheat or grain of
any sort remained at hand and
the rest was wetted down be-
hind us I and my amazed men
saw the flames come up to the
south side of the road bed and
burn around some of the trees on

1992 it nearest to the sheets of flame.
We did not believe the Gehenna
could accomplish this feat yet
it did it with seeming ease.
The fire advanced upon the road
bed and by its immeasurable heat
tried to cross.

Reddy himself was now as
badly frightened as his men.
He was accustomed to forest and
brush fire fighting in the west
before this but here was a sea
of burning wheat, grain, barley
and high field grass, shrubbery
and thickly grown weed which
could not be checked by all

his skill in fire fighting, his
numerous any and thousands of
fire fighting equipment.

More over the flames not only
defied my own entire army, but
they have burned to the wheat
along the south of the road bed
as easily as if burning kerosene
oil and each exhibition of
enormous flaming fury made
me even fear for my life.

Like all forest fire fighters
Reddy had nerves of steel and
when his men swarmed across
the tracks to retreat to my side
of the fighting line a panic
seized him because of the result
would be and he threw
himself into their midsts to
rally them.

There was a desperate struggle
among these men to get across

the road bed, and many 1993
were accidentally pushed down
among the tracks or between or
pushed into the edge of the river
and obliged to wade or swim, but
my men barred the way of the
rest and forced them to rally
so that nearly all of Reddy's
fighting men had gained again
the road bed and then they cut
away the nearest of the burning
wheat to prevent the inferno
from following them across.

A high sudden sheet of flame
shot up very close and sent such
a rearing heat so fiercely that
the foremost men who did not
all expect an attack doubled up
and retreated backward.

Then retreat tripped up some of
the men just behind them and
they in turn trying to fall back
upset the others so that in an
instant more the whole line of
Billhill's men were tumbling heels
over head to the ground, between
the tracks and other parts of
the road where they piled up
in a heap struggling and shout-
ing, and in the mix-up accidentally
hitting one another with their
arms or legs until every man
of them was bruised and sore.

Billhill scrambled out of the
heap, and rushed across the
tracks very angry indeed, leaving
behind the still the confused heap
of men. They finally regained

1994 their feet and attached the fire so voraciously and with such wild and excited fury that it was not safe for a moment for the fire to stop them. Some of my leaders were wise enough to interfere with their counter attack. This time it appeared there was a reverse. The fighters were so wild and excited that it was not safe for the flames to even hold ground.

When one or two columns of flame tried to head off the fighters they got wiped out.

Passing through the flaming wheat with their soaking wet clothes the fighters found them selves approaching another fiery hell and without pausing to think what it might lead to they fought their way on through and proceeded on their way. A few moments later another stretch of burning wheat blocked their path. They were joined by Carter and Green. They fought their way through this stretch rearing in ferns and half wiped it out. They fought on tirelessly with out slackening their speed.

Along the fighting front of Otto's tanks things were still very discouraging. You may be sure Mr. Corago was not well pleased to have Otto and all his men out bottled by the fire storm. No matter how serious or hot it was, Of course the fury of

the fire was savage natured 1995- and fiercely burning at all times worse than along the fighting line of Teddy, Carson, and Green and the fury of the fire had not decreased since their retreats by Otto and his men whom it defeated. Moreover the whipped men were so crowding that part of the road bed and north of it,

"I wonder what we are going to do?" said Mr. Corago "since we are driven out of yonder fields by this inferno? Why not let's go back and fight it again?"

"No one just now can fight against such heat" returned Otto in a discouraged voice. "That fire is either a supernatural blaze or came from the infernal regions. We escaped with our lives only because we were quick enough to make a hasty retreat but should we return to the fight the same terrible power that increased the heat of the flames would singe us all to ashes."

"Bah you are too discouraged, you let despair get the best of you?"

cried Corago tauntingly, "I'm not in despair" said Otto while conversation was ~~so~~ easily hearing, "I have succeeded in whipping scores of bad forest fires by the night of my men. I have conquered many big brush fires, all my life."

1996 all forest and brush fires yield
before me. But no one
can face the immeasurable ring-
ing heat of this wheat fire and
not get roasted like a baked
potato. It would not be courage
it would be folly to attempt
it."

"Then meet the fires power with
cunning" suggested his assistant
"Take my advice, gather all
of your men and destroy the
conflagration when it slackens
down."

"It's throwing such a heat you
cannot get within a hundred feet
of it" was the answer.

"Well" mused Mr. Corogoes
is surely some way to conquer
the stubborn fire. If you are
afraid to undertake the job I
shall go with my men my
self. By some stratagem I shall
manage to make the fire give
way. It will not dare to defy
me and no fire can stand
against my cunning."

"Go ahead if you like" replied
Otto with a grin, "and if you are
turned back or trapped I will
serve you right for thinking
you can succeed where a skilled
forest fire fighter dare not
make the attempt."

"I'm not afraid" answered Mr.
Corogoes. "But your warriors in
retreating while others held on
or fought their way forward

has ruined me as well as your- 1992
self. For having made a perfect counter-
attack could have protected us from danger."
And why didn't you warn me before
making this retreat. And why did you
keep your men back when you should
have held your own? And when or
why didn't you put the men into
action who were armed with cutting
equipment, buckets of wet mud and
sand and muddy water? You were very
wrong my friend in not confiding
to me your faithful friend of
what you were going to do for
in that case our fight against
the fire would not be lost."

"So this I could see that Otto had
no answer. I could see that Otto sitting
on the north side of the road
bed, with hanging head utterly
disconsolate and seeing this Corogoes
had fairly pity for this sorrow."

"Finally Otto said:
"To us Corogoes this will be a dreadful
misfortune for we are surrounded by
dangers from which we have no
protection. Surely I have hundreds of
reliable men which if I can rally
again all will not be lost otherwise
we are absolutely ruined and at
the mercy of the fire. I shall
be able to make the counter attack."

"Well replied Corogoes, leaning against
an old tornado broken tree and
looking quite solemn the thing
is certainly unlucky any way
we would look at it. I believe

1993 Otto we must now depend upon our wits to get us out of this scrape we are in. Yet Otto's men were so ashamed of their defeat, that they were eager to rally and again attack the fire, but both Otto and Gorgas held them back, and formed them into companies, each company having its own leader.

Then they called the leaders together and instructed them to march in good order along the railroad bed to the right flank of the fire where they would confront them and tell them what to do next.

They readily agreed to obey him and arming themselves with extra fire fighting equipment the men began their march to the west. At first Regado's warriors stood on the south edge of the road bed and before the center tracks but yet not one of them attempted to fight in any way. Indeed they seemed uneasy and nervous.

Now it seems that when Owens' men also fled before the flames he had wit enough although greatly frightened to stop their retreat which was near to the wrecked bridge and to rally them and have them at least hold their own. The fighting men had never before seen the smoke fire make such headway before and therefore when Owens tried

to end the panic as they came 1994 running across the road bed. Some dragging their wagon load of equipment after them by their long handles the men's great fright had the effect of terrifying the other waiting men. "Quick" cried Owens. "Help me rally my men, destroy the fire before us or we are lost."

While the fresh number of men succeeded in rallying them and were then cutting down and clearing away the grain and wheat in advance of the fire Owens held his ground until he finally could begin to even advance.

"That Owens is a coward" an overseer jerked. "There's no standing against him. Switch him and his ratted and reinforced men go at it mercilessly." "Oh have you discovered his quality at last. Who now is the experienced man?" replied Mr. Regado.

"Don't chide me" cried the overseer. "It's nothing to chide about. Both these fires are as good as conquered this very minute. See how furiously those men now go at it."

"What shall we do now Gorgas?"

"Come on" he said growing serious and let us talk it over."

So they and their men moved forward to reinforce the fighters, and as they did so and the fight grew in redoubled fury against the flames Owens heard them talking and earnestly:-

1295 "Our friend ~~was~~ Mr. Danger in-
-tends with the reinforcements that
came and is still coming to make
a general assault all along the line
simultaneously, and also to rally
Ruggedo and all those who had
been driven back and to take
those over come by heat and ex-
haustion to the rear. He may
also destroy the wheat ahead of
the fire advance and by that
make some headway. I can
see but one way goes to prevent
the fire from outwitting him
in doing all this and also
whatever else he pleases to
do. Look at Owens and his
men. They'll soon carry all
before them."

"I see and good for them. But
what way is your plan?"
"We must keep him to push his
way on through with all our full
might as quickly as possible. I
have with me Jimmie, those
of the janitors the far men,
Jeb, Daddy Green and Carter and
you can run on ahead up to
the right and get at the in-
dangered wheat there. When in
our assault we will carry away
them away before us and trap
the fire itself. We will use
Mike and Ruggedo as reinforcements
and send word to Bill Lill
that if he cannot rally his
men can and come to our
support and help us to win
or ahead, and allow us to
fight on successfully and in

our way the fire will have us 1996
licked, licked and cause him to be
disqualified, also we will say that as
long as he helps us as much as
possible we will be safe and won
although facing some possibilities of a
slight reverse. I believe Owens will still
hold this our so with him still
advancing noticeably that in this way
we can compel the fire
in an all out frontal assault to re-
treat before us as Owens is still more
doing. He sure is having the
fire licked now. I hope it don't
rally on him."

"It isn't a 'bad idea' said Ruggedo
reflectively but where can we concentrate
so as to join in the general assault?"

"In the center of the still un-
burning wheat fields." Owens Reddy
replied. "That's the weakest spot along
the fire front and we have
plenty of men at our command now
that will enable us to prevent it
from spreading any further.
If we can manage to get
some progress before it starts on
to the still unburned fields I
am sure our assault will really
succeed."

Gorgos gave the plan considerable
thought in the next five minutes
and the more he thought about
it the more clever and still
more reasonable it seemed. So
he agreed to do as Ruggedo sug-
gested and at once hurried the
whole body of men to the assault.

1997 I gave Carter and Green the command of our line of general assault and made them promise not to retreat if they could fire - went at them I allowed all of Jels men, except those under Kelly to choose on what territory to attack and strike away over their location. When those had departed to the assault I made quick preparation to send my own forward.

"My greatest worry" I said to Stevens is to know whom to appoint to take charge of this attack so we can save the rest of the wheat and restoring the farms to their former condition. My men are all good fighters and although willing and much experienced have no latent talent for directing others how to assault."

While the preparations for the general assault were being made Stevens offered to direct a part of my line and did so in a very capable manner. It was a great long thick line of men that set out to the assault carrying all the fire fighting equipment too many to be described and having along the wagons loaded with long barrels of water and dripping wet gunny sacks, bunches of mud and soggy sand.

As I saw Stevens depart to the assault I felt that I had already successfully accomplished a part of my plan, but I vowed I would never retreat come what may and would never give up until I had the conflagration totally whipped, rain or no rain, unless indeed the fire was too much beyond control in which I would then stand ground, and it would be my duty to give way only if the heat became too much to bear.

It was while the left of my line of assault was preparing to move forward that Nihio who had been of great service getting his own men ready came to me in a thoughtful mood and said!

"Mr Darger my former have been urging me to make a junction with your assault. From what Green has told me this is a still better plan and there is yet no real counter attack of the fire along this front or a savage conflagration to keep us in suspense for the safety of the fighting line. Therefore I have come to ask to join your line of attack."

I was much pleased with this proposition or proposal and not only granted Nihio to join forces

1949 but instructed him to take with
him sufficient equipment to be able to
fight successfully. In addition to
this I appointed Nikio to lead other
platoons until Steven arrived, and the
men approved this order because they
liked Nikio and knew him to
be reliable and experienced. I
as soon as Nikio's great platoon
had gone into action I and
Steven prepared to push on our-
selves. I was over anxious to over-
take the fire before it overtook
us if possible and Steven had no
doubt to see the fire outlast us
again. You never can tell.
The men began to pour in
through the forward stretches of grain
and wheat in greater numbers until
the immense space was packed with
them as far as the eye could
reach. All were armed with fire
fighting equipment and you'd be
amazed that I could command
so great an army of fighters.
They began quickly slashing
wheat heavily bare and grain all
along a long and wide front
yet this was only a part of
my body guard.
Every one wore colored glasses
to prevent themselves from being
blinded by the strong glare of
light from the roaring wall
of flames. The heat that
came from it was fearful but
they stood their ground and it
looked as if they were making
a last breach it could not
cross. At least I hoped.

I then found myself surrounded 2000
by a new throng of men. They too
were equipped with fire fighting
apparatus. The customs of the men were
a little different from the others being
loose jackets, baggy overalls and
metallic hats. Like the others
their clothing were soaking wet.
Other men were armed with very
long cut-throat knives shaped shovels
and long knives shaped like sabres.
I then an official of the men
stood before me and said:
"What do you think? We stopped
the fire before it reached the
Wicken castle."
"Stop a minute" I interrupted and
turned to a man who had come
up next. "Go and put your men
into action" I then commanded. Return
to your duty and guard guard the
wheat fields to my winter-
I will look after this foreman."
The man saluted and departed
swiftly with his men. Then
I said to the foreman of the
new troop:
"I sent that man away because
the moment you mentioned you
had whipped the fire heading
for the Wicken castle I knew who
you were. Good work my friend,
if the Wicken castle went up
in flames we all would be
forced to quit. I'm supposing I'm
the only one that heard of you but

199 2001 but that because I have been informed very much."

"Then I shouted,

"Aha, now to conquer the conflagration!"

I marshaled the reserves of my men in battle array and at my word of command they marched along the railroad tracks and began their journey towards remaining wheat fields and began cutting and whacking and slashing through, followed by the men with water buckets of mud and water soaked sand, I intended to cut through all the wheatfields before me, to kill all fires trying to oppose us, and brush back the rest, to destroy and lay waste the rest of the flaming country, and afterwards to conquer the conflagration threatening all farm buildings, the big hay pile, Wacker Castle and the flaming house along the roadbed, and I felt sure my powerful assault now underway with savage fury was sufficient to enable me to do all these things easily.

Next march along my center the army of actual fire-fighters with zeal at their head, they faced dreadful fires indeed I yet longer to pierce and destroy the fire before it got too fierce and hot. Zeal was a little bit

afraid that the fire was a little 2002 progressive than I would have more thought, but I knew he had a very cunning plan to destroy that powerful fire wall and secure some good success himself, mighty little progress would the inferno get, he thought.

Jim now marched his men into the still unburned parts of the fields. In his head I resumed was a plot to destroy the first and foremost part of the inferno and the fire was still threatening the exposure sheds.

I intended to let his men conquer the fire on his left and center since they intended or insisted on going first, but he afterwards destroy the conflagration all along the line at once and Roquat along his line of battle and keep all the line of fire from advancing any further and drive it back.

After all my lines had marched into the still safe fields of wheat and grain green and Carter started to follow them at the head of 3000 men fully equipped.

"Carter" said (over) in spite of all our array of battle those flames ahead of us mean serious mischief. They may indeed intend to trick us and allow us not to accomplish anything."

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2003 "I know" I heard him reply. But as yet the flames are not as spread out as other places. When you reach the fields on your right you must at once open a wide breach and that'll hold them there."

"Good" said Green "an excellent plan" Carter "I'll do it. While they are conquering along the center I'll get at my right and then the flames will remain no more to ravage the country fields."

So so see there was only one thing that all were agreed upon - that the conflagration should be destroyed. On on on the vast ranks of fire fighters pushed forward filling the fields like swarming bands of prey. With steady head long push they advanced cutting through like wheat thrashes the ones with the buckets down their share. Every step yet taking them nearer to the flaming wheat beyond. It was a grand general assault all along the line.

Smoke came their way growing thicker and thicker. But not one halted or turned back. They hurried forward more fierce and vengeful against the flames than even.

"Nothing can save the flames from my men!"

I thought "with a score. 2004 "The conflagration is as good as destroyed already" I heard Carter say. As his men worked furiously in a few hours the flames will be a thing of the past" said Green.

"My dear Henderson" remarked yet "at last my vengeance upon the conflagration is about to be really accomplished." "You are right" said Green "the fire is surely lost. But yet there is so much smoke coming towards us. What is causing that?"

Jim was coughing too. "What smoke that is" he cried "I'll be glad when we get whp the fire and get out of this!"

"Where is all this smoke coming from?" demanded Green.

"I don't know" answered Roquat "It's not from the burning fields."

"We looked towards the wicker cattle and the hill of hay. The smoke didn't come from them nor from the still burning wreckage either.

Then we discovered the cause. The wheat field fire had set an immense farmer's barn on fire. We couldn't do anything about that. That's a job of the fire men.

My men and all the others pressed their work hard. They were determined to win now or

2005-

Reddy men stood silent and expectant until with a sudden rush came the Engineer and his men, he being followed by his own grim fire fighters. They followed after Carter but now Stevens arrived rushing across the road bed the others were not slow to follow their leader yelling out:

"We must go and win this time why do some of you stand there like a lot of dummies?" He turned to order his platoons to advance to the fray. With every body now the fight was on.

They slashed cut and chopped at full speed through the tall, unburned fields. "Give it hell," they cried. "I suppose had the wheat or grain had life in it it would be in hoar or antonish meat." Right and left the men darted slashing and cutting down every thing in their path, sawing through the wheat, lances some tumbling over one, led the furious attack. But I yelled through my loud speaking fire from the press front:

"Keep away from the fire!" I had a huge net full of wheat which they dragged to the rear. "Well shall we send in our forces also and conquer the fire or go on to the left?"

querred another foreman whose name was Rashal. "The deadly flames are on the other side of the road bed and we could easily really fight our way around them?" "I fight around by all means" answered Mr Rash, who had his own reason for flanking the inferno. In the center Reddy can do the whole conquering by feinting and then if Carter still wants to push on in his assault he can do so with the reserves.

I looked inquiringly at Reddy but Reddy lifted his chin and fingering his leg - "By the bloody" - shook his head.

"I should conquer along my front" - he declared bravely and after the way the fire has out nettled us before so many times I really ought to conquer it.

"But can six-hundred hundred men conquer such an inferno?" gasped Mr Rash rolling his eyes a bit wildly. "In this sort of a fight it takes more than an army."

I've seen one thousand conquer a forest fire in California once I started Rashal proudly. "Come or Reddy help you?" "So will I," said Carter brandishing his scythe and we have the men under Rash re member."

"I don't know much about fighting wheat field battles, but I and my

2007 now men can cut down a long
 offered atmos pushing on his own
 attack
 "and if you are set upon it, I'll
 cut away the grain" said Zib,
 on to "wheat bread"

Then all went charging and
 cutting full speed through the still
 unburned fields Reddy Almat and
 Carter and others racing almost
 breathless on each side of Zib's
 line of battle.

Now it happened that Mr
 Nashal were having their turn
 of it along his own front.
 you can therefore imagine his
 astonishment and relief when
 he and his wave of men
 came hurdling through the grain
 and wheat.

The army of men had cut
 and slashed their way impet-
 uously past Nashal, men cutting
 down every thing before them
 so that they had cleared nearly
 every thing as close to the
 advancing fire without interfor-
 ence, while Nashal and his
 men made savage attacks
 at every thing before them.

"See what's coming over
 there" coughed Carter with a
 wave to the right of us: with
 them we'll have the fire
 licked sure."

In answer to Nashal, whistle
 whistle the entire wave of
 his men was crashing through
 the fields almost like a cyclone.

Bringing up his cyclone like 2008
 a flank Carter took his place at
 Reddy's right, and cutting and slashing
 like thrashers. Jim placed himself at
 Reddy's left. Reddy himself giving
 no attention to the frantic resistance
 of the stout barley nor the furious
 heat of the distant advancing fire,
 was clearing his way unstoppably.
 Two officials forced to wait after
 their excursions, hung anxiously
 together and began to wish Reddy
 had not started to conquer the
 fire.

How was all these men even even
 though they had all the equipment
 possible, and though they were
 helped by all the reserves and
 fire companies to clear all that
 front of grain before the fire
 advancing fast came up.

But surely it appeared they
 were succeeding Reddy's plans
 were all made.

The screams of Nashal and
 all his men of joy at their
 success nearly deafened all those
 nearest. What deafening and wild
 shouts of joy. The fire all
 along this front was widely
 gaped. They crawled, leaped and
 wrumbled in a wild scramble
 to remove the cut down grain
 filling huge mounds which
 were then dragged away.
 Still others continued cutting and
 slashing at the grain along their

1909 front and the bucket crew
helping them most efficiently
with every thing they had, in
one quarter of a minute more
not a bit of inflammable stuff
was to be seen along in
front of the fires advance.

By this time word of the success
along this front of the frightful
battles had reached me and I
raced forward to see what had
happened.

Yet I feared the fire could leap
that breach if there came any
wind that way. Yet I was
delighted at the splendid victory.
Where I was I could see the
fire wall slowing down.

But unfortunately there were
others sections elsewhere of the
big fires to consider. If they
are conquered like this the
battle would be over and
fully on. But these fires were
still holding their own. Yet all
the men along those lines of
battle were fighting like mad,
yet along in front the men
were celebrating the victory as
possibly, I put my
hands over my ears to drown
out the roar and cheer of the
victors yet the change in the
front as no change was
discreetly haled by the gap
and really would soon
out. I surely felt exultant.

I had just gave a cry of 2010
Horray Horray, when a shuddering
deafening explosion shook ground
and air. Near by trees shook like
from an earth quake. Great clouds
of smoke and timber flew through
the air and clouds of burning
wheat and grain shot high in
the air. I had been thrown down
on my face by the shock.
"The explosive sheds" I quavered,
rising to my feet "How did that
happen now?"

I fearfully looked in that direction.
I was mistaken. The explosion
was from the still burning
wreckage. A great rolling cloud of
smoke rose high in that
direction. It twisted curled and
spiralized spiralized forming itself
finally into something like a
cloud called a thunder head in
the night air.

Then suddenly I thought: "If
it had been the sheds the
explosion would have been a
thousand times worse. But what in
the world exploded in the debris.
Was it done on purpose to
scatter the flaming wreckage?
If some one did, I'll surely
attend to that party.
I saw in that location that
such men as had been fight-
ing wheat field fires there
stop in horror and astonishment.
Then right and left like
startled hares they darted,

190
2011 huddled in unburned fields,
scurrying down side roads,
tumbling over one another to
get away. In fact they were
as amazed and terrified as if
a tiger was after them.
When flaming wreckage flew
everywhere they ran faster
than ever, followed by three
foremen, and the screaming main
leader.
They all were fleeing like
leaves before the wind, so
that they reached the road
bed without interference. I
sent my entire force to try
to rally the panic stricken
men. Yet they crawled, ran,
leaped and tumbled in a
wild scramble to get away
and their terror was really
futile. In a moment more
they came running past my
men who finally rallied
and controlled them.
I had never seen a more
terrified and bewildered company.
Their screams and shouts had
nearly deafened us,
I grabbed one of them and
asked "Where was the explosion?"
"It was from the still burn-
ing debris pile."
"Any one hurt?"
"Not that I know of."
"Not the second time this hap-
pened? I wonder how ~~extra~~
pleasures got mixed in that?"

The great heavy cloud still
remained as explosion clouds to
do lighted below by more 2012
severe flames. No new wheat fires
started because of the blast.

A foreman came running up.
"Dunce" he shrieked shaking his long
finger under the nose of the man I
questioned, "Why do you stand there
idle when all the wheat fields are
still in danger. The explosion spread
everything far and wide. No stones
is in danger. I am in danger.
Everything will be destroyed utterly,
utterly, utterly."

Placing around in a frenzied circle
he began to tear out small strips
of his hair and cast them upon
the ground. His loud outcries did
arouse me.

"Compose yourself" I said almost
angrily. "It's not as bad as all that.
What was in the debris that
blew up? Any one plant explosives?"

"No it exploded by itself while
we fighting that fire."

Another came up and shouted,
"What happened to you fellows, are
you hurt?"

"No but the explosion panicked
us," unspring his face with a cloth.
"A pernicious and unusual incident."
Burned the foreman shaking his
fingers at the two frightened
men. "What in the world were
you doing near that blazing
wreckage pile? I tell you
fellows to stay away from
that part of the fire."

2013 "I wasn't so near it" answered the man "But it nearly reached us and we ran." "What ever caused the blast has ruined us all" roared the foreman, "nothing can save us from defeat now" as if to emphasize his gloomy prediction some more explosions came but this time still worse and louder. "I must think" I muttered in a faint voice. "I think if you can" sniffed the foreman hooking his arm around a narrow tree "can you think a means of stopping this? Can you think of a way to stop a new spread of this fire even?"

Has you forgotten that you won along the right of way? Injured one of the warden other men, along the railroad front? No we did not. It's still trying to cross. No one must attack the front of this fire. That is to done against the flank and rear and only in time of extreme danger."

"What do you call this" demanded the foreman indignantly. "Are we to be defeated or destroyed without lifting a finger to save ourselves?" "Stevens?" Where is Stevens?" I groaned putting both hands to my ears as

the foreman and I began to scream hoarsely at each other.

"Send for Stevens" I ordered sternly, glad to escape from the confusion. One of the men ran off to search for Stevens.

"He is the only man who can help us" I mused. "Get me go and get Kaliko" begged another man.

I shook my head quickly and most decidedly.

"No, no, it's too dangerous. Besides there is no way to cross that part of the fields. Too much fire. We must think of something else."

I gazed sadly and anxiously off into the distance. We still held ground along the front we had won and hope fully I was waiting for the coming of Stevens, to help restore the line of battle from which the platoon of men had fled. But so far he did not yet appear and nothing right was yet happening.

"They were far from the scene of the explosion and yet they ran away. What the matter with them anyway anyway?" I complained.

Much of the fires mischief so far had been remedied by these great leaders along my front but the misdeeds of the conflagration elsewhere were not known to us or any one in this battle field, so not knowing of the misfortunes caused by the explosions, no one was trying

2013 "I don't see anything to help me
I felt that in a short time Stevens
would find out about the results of
the explosion and come to our res-
cue. As I continued to gaze unseeing
straight ahead, as the explosions
still continued, to mutter and the
other squads of men to groan, I
saw Stevens coming with the
man hurriedly

"He comes maybe something
will turn up" I mumbled.
"Nothing will turn up but you
more" sniffed the foreman who
had been listening to the con-
versation with growing impatience.
"Ah shut up get the hell out of
here and put your men to work!"
I shouted. The foreman looked
surprised and then began rallying
his men.

"I've had enough of him" I re-
torted "Who does he think he
is anyway to talk to me his
superior like that a great crowd
of his men has gathered near
here and he did nothing but
loud mouth. They are still here
waving their arms shaking their
heads and still looking fright-
ened and confused."
I'm less than thirty minutes
that section had been a seething
mass of confused, panic stricken
men. Another blast occurred
hurling burning wreck-
age and other missiles every
where.

Our fire departments had turned their
hoses full upon the burning
debris defying the explosions.

like the fire doubles the pain
alarmed and disgusted over the 2017
continued explosions and protecting
myself as well as I could lay behind
a tree from the flying wreckage that
came this far I was waiting for

Stevens

"Get to work and get those men
back to the fighting line" I shouted again
at the foreman. "You or here may stay
here and be destroyed if you like but I
shall think of something better."

Then I swept from the track to meet
Stevens. Stevens.

"Here, here, you've got to rally your
men" I heard Stevens yell who was de-
termined to face that section of the
racing fire. I had by this time strug-
gled to my feet, having been knocked
down by a flying board, but at
sight of that new fire I nearly
lost my balance again. I got the
foreman after one horrified glance
dashed forward to rally his men.

"Wait I thundered, as a long tongue
of flame in the distance shot
upward. "No frontal assault its
suicide. Get it on the flank."

Some of it was so close the smoke
was blackening our faces.
"Ah hurry" begged the foreman to his

2015 anything to help me
that they in a short time

2018 men "Here it comes" at
an other time we might have
paused to admire the great fire
but not with this smothering his-
sing monstrous inferno raging
forward they scarcely glanced
it but being called went to

work furiously. The fire rushed on
through the center, and it was no
easy task to get around its flank.

The glowing flames of the Gehenna
lighted up the whole country side. It
would still be four hours before
daylight began. It was by my vest
pocket watch three o'clock.

The fire raged on, filling the
air with a sulphurous smoke tell
it rumbled like a mountain of
lead hurrying at once. At every terrible
glare and reflection I would wince
and shudder.

"This whole field will soon be a
sea of smouldering ashes." I
groaned.

"What shall we do now" wailed
Stevens stepping in dismay. "If they
had not run this would not have
happened"

"I don't know even what a real
Wizard or Glinda of Oz would do

like the fire doubles the

in a situation like this I panted
glancing around desperately. But 2019
I'll do something. But I can't recall
my fighting men on the fire along
my front may after all leap

the gap"

There was just time for Ruggado and
Kaliko to hurl their men as reinforcements
for that foreman against the east flank
before the fire sea came forward and
flung itself upon the other sea of grain.

"More men more men" roared the
foreman, as another Benny Johnson and
his men placed themselves between
the foreman and his exhausted
men.

"Start your men. I'll take over" shouted
Benny. "I wish this grain could turn
off the fireworks. And couldn't it
burn without all this smothering. Phew?"
he added waving the cloud of smoke
from before his eyes and peering
anxiously at the inferno.

"Maybe there's another way around
it." mused Kaliko.

"Sett look" proposed Ruggado dart-
ing eagerly towards the east of the
flames. He hurriedly they circled on
entire side without success as the heat

2013

2020 drove them back. moving forward was another wall of flame. "I wonder what's burning beyond that" I muttered looking at the fire storm thoughtfully. "I'll just dare take a look" said the foreman and before Ruggado or Kaliko could stop him, he plunged through the unburning part of the wheat field and disappeared. With a sharp cry of distress Kaliko rushed forward.

"He's gone" wailed Kaliko dolefully. I looked almost as upset as Kaliko, for even in this short time, the flames were nearing this field also. As we discussed in anxious tones what what we had ~~let~~ better do, he reappeared.

"Come on" he gasped excitedly "fight through I've come upon a weak part of the fire I believe".

Kaliko and Ruggado, and also Benny plunged into the fight cutting and slashing at this part of the wheat field. Benny's men seized upon their work just in time, but yet the terrible heat took our breath and most of the men

were almost limp and helpless. 2021 less from over exertion when they fought through to the other side of the "Hurry" puffed Ruggado. "That fire monster is coming".

Before they made much more progress in cutting and slashing the fire came rearing for this wheat field. Men with their various brackets bowed everything out hastily, and steam came rolling in hot clouds, towards us all.

"Work faster work faster. You go on" urged Benny. "I and my men will try and stop it".

With the stifling steam curling around our heads they fought on as never before, all the way through the threatened wheat, and fought headlong cutting a large long breach, that opened now between another field. Benny meanwhile realizing that they could never out distance the on coming fire, fought their way directly into its path.

With searing heat five times as furious as it had been before

2013 ~~anything to help me~~ ~~that in a short time~~

2032 the fire came rushing on like an express train. Kautia's shoulder and even Benny felt that they would have to give way before it. Yet without fear or hope they fought on till an ear-splitting screech of joy brought us to a sudden stop. I swung around expecting almost anything, then I instantly gave a great shout of relief.

"It's stuck by the breaches" I cried exuberantly. And it was a few yards beyond the breach. Smoking hissing and sending up great clouds of smoke the fire was being checked by the two breaches and smoke was added by a wall of steam as it hit the mud soaked and wet grain.

So fast had all the men been working, they scarcely noticed the size length and width of the breaches and so fast had the men worked that these flames could not burn on.

A narrow escape for us but not for the fire re-

2033 Ruggedo in a most whisper, I scarcely able to see through all that smoke the halted inferno was sending out the men still the fight desperately on. They had the fire licked but didn't want to let it have a chance to rally and recover. It must not leap the breach by any means so now they fiercely and bravely fought the fire with wet gunny sacks.

The rush of the flames before their mad assault was growing slower still and after fifteen minutes it came first to an abrupt stop, and began to give way.

At this moment there was a bright flash and sparkle in the direction of the blazing wreckage, and then such a roar and ground that I toppled over like a ten-pin and others clapped both hands to cover their ears.

The last thing I remembered was an ear splitting explosion, the shock of which swept me off the railroad bed and the sudden shock of finding myself under water in the river. I rose to the surface choking and spluttering

2013

2034 I saw myself surflly upward and then struck out valiantly towards the river shore I was blinking and gasping for I had swallowed a dreadful lot of water. I reached the shore and clambered out. I looked toward the blast, the cloud was still there as from a volcanic eruption.

I got back up to the railroad bed too wet and shaken to say a word but soon the unusual warm air caused by the fire soon restored me to my self.

I actually wondered how the shock of the explosion had sent me to the bottom of the river at that distance. The concussion of the blast must have been tremendous.

Stevens came running up.

"Did the shock of the blast hurl you into the river?" he asked, helping me to my feet.

"Of course it did."

Dragging my self up beside him and some others.

"That explosion sure had some shock. It blew wreckage everywhere far and wide. The shock

carried me to the bottom of 2035 the river and clear across."

At the same time as I was told another man had rolled over and over down an embankment and lay panting with exhaustion at the bottom narrowly missing the river. The poor man was black and blue as he rose slightly. Some explosion.

Yet because of the quake caused by the explosion the foreman had been thrown on his face, and several men had been sent flying into the tree tops. The shock had also smashed some trees like grass blades. The men climbed down the trees unhurt but shaken up.

"The air seemeth to grow very hot," I observed after I stood up. Hart noticed it. Stevens.

"No but I've swallowed some of it," he coughed looking suspiciously through the smoky atmosphere.

"I'll step forward and see what it is," I said. As I started forward the truth dawned on Stevens face he yelled.

"Wait wait don't go please. It was come back come back" he cried running

2013

2036 after me as fast as he could
"What's the matter" rumbled the
foreman coming after him, then
both gave a terrible scream which
so startled me that I fell over
backwards.

"What's wrong?" I puffed getting to my
feet when a long rearing wall of
rolling flames shot along the front
with a snapping hissing and crackling
noise and hurled itself forward.
Some of the fiery wreckage hurled
by the tremendous explosion had started
among other wheat.

"Stop it stop it" some one shouted
The foreman first stiff with
fright and then terror saw the great
sheet of flame poured over the rear
of the fields of wheat and in that
moment the spirit and courage
that had distinguished him in his
youth returned.

With a hoarse scream the
foreman hurled his men into
action. Yet the fire hurled itself
onward but slowed gradually down.

The breach had been made
too quick for it. How madly the
men had worked then with the

Lithuania

The battle of

2037

gunny sacks, balls of mud and
water and sand the men began
to hurl themselves at the fire itself
The fire held stubbornly however
though the men threw themselves for
ward again and again against it.

They couldn't drive it back though
they fought with all their might, but
it couldn't drive them back either.

The breach had checked it.
"Hove at you" roared Ruggado, plunging
forward with his men, rearing
the foreman, I and Stevens with
my men joined them savagely. The
fire resisted us all just as savagely
and holily spreading all directions
fiercely.

The fire raged immensely sending
sweeping shadows far off over other fields.
I cannot so save my life describe how
madly and desperately the men
strive to cut it off and subdue
it and madly it resisted all
their efforts.

A caravan wheeled a fighter
lurching to his feet. "Now we
have help."

"I hope so" said another man.

2038 eyeing a magnificent procession of men, I saw come those with the cutting equipment those with buckets followed. Then came those with all sorts of slashers followed by a whole company of gunny sack men and after them as with all kinds of other equipment as could be counted. There was a moment of silence.

Then the whole assemblage fell to work at other sections of the fire storm like a mob of wild sector rosters.

"My" exclaimed Stevens impressed in spite of himself "But are we sure the fire will even give way before all this?"

"Great conflagration almost beautiful and hot as the sun the ceremony of conquest may about to begin" quavered the foreman directing his men. Then he paused for he was suddenly confused by the straight edgewise progress of the flames. Blocked by the breach it had tricked us and changed direction.

"Treacher!" hissed the foreman to the others. We stopped it at the breach. We needed watching.

"What are the flames trying to do pray?"
 Now by some reason which even I cannot explain the leaders of the new force found they could under stand all the flames were trying to do. When Ruggado heard what was said and saw the diversion of the inferno and the stubbornness of the fire he no longer wondered at Roguets decision.

These flames received now an assault from three directions. "Set the main attack proceed," called Kaliko harshly before the reserves were thrown into action. "Set the main proportions of the flames be subdued. Way for the main line of attack. Way for the main line of attack."

"I'm growing wrath very wrath" chided Mr Stevens. "One moment I have something to say."

At this I felt a little reassured. "My dear comrades" began Mr Stevens in a commanding voice. Nothing can be more wonderful than a full concentrated attack in all directions but in this half hour that we have stormed this inferno it has gotten away from us and changed

2013 "I don't know what to do" (p. 10) "I don't know what to do" (p. 10)

2040 the direction of the movement and I find I no longer care to risk facing this advancing hall. The wreck stopped it of course, but caused the conflagration to track up - no with your kind permission I will gradually call off the fight and will abdicate to the Gekenna."

A dead silence follows his speech then perfect peace predominance.

"No, no! We will not give up now" shrieked the fighters. "We will not call off the fight. No, no. We will not have it. We must fight on!"

"I feared this" quavered Kaliko.

"It's not only the conflagration must be overcome, but the blazing wreckage shelled Roquat craftily. But after the conquest - Ah, you shall see!"

The companies calmed down at this. "Let the attack proceed. Way for the storming" they cried with exact unity.

"Roquat. Roquat" wailed Stevens "you're off the track!"

But it was too late no one would listen.

"I'll have to think of something else" muttered Mr. Stevens.

2041 "Oh shuddered the foreman clutching Kaliko. Here it comes!" The crowds of fighting men first held their ground, then counter-attacked. Yet trying to the ugly road red-headed wall of flame and after it -

When Ruggade caught a glimpse of what was coming after he urged his men to redouble their efforts. They rushed forward violently. There was a sharp attack at the flank, then an explosion like two hundred giant fire crackers in one and the air became quite black with smoke of a gun power smell.

Before any one realized what had happened the men had retreated a considerable distance but still standing their ground.

Every one even I was coughing and spluttering from the smoke. The explosion however had destroyed the fire in one spot but spread it in another.

"Hells treason I yelled. What next?"

This explosion among the wheat had thrown everyone in utmost confusion. The fire did a little bit

2013 "I don't know how to help me
but that's all I can do" short time

2042 of slacking up but still fiercely resisted the angry mob of fighters without flinching. "On with the assault" cried Kaliko seeing that the excitement was giving the fire too much time to rally since the blast "The right wing of the fire shall be contested later"

"That's right" cried a voice from the crowd of fighters "Get the fire be overcome"

"I guess it's all over" gulped Stevens "Get we must fight on."

"In helpless discouragement we watched the fire approach. One could fight forest fires but a wheat in ferns? Even Owens and his men brave as they were felt that nothing could be done.

This part of the fire line advanced now slowly but searing hot, holding its course as if it was careful about it. We regarded it with gloomy fascination. One more half hour and all this section of wheat would be smoking ashes.

I held convulsively to a tree. As for Stevens himself he was trembling with fright

and grief when the raging flames went higher and hotter and made ready to lurch itself forward it but a part of the breast and slowed down, but strove desperately to cross

Stevens stalled as any one failed to throw in his reserves, and every one was gasping with astonishment.

Ruggeds was the first to recover. "Don't stand staring like an idiot. Now's your chance" he bussed in Owens ear.

"I didn't come here to be harried and hurried by everybody" sobbed Owens. "How is one to work against this fire when interrupted by explosions, I want a little time"

"Oh come on now just throw in your reserves" begged Ruggeds his hands trembling with excitement.

In the face of this new disaster Stevens had forgotten about the breaching. He and Teddy and Green were attacking distractedly around a part of the conflagration, trying to think of a way to frustrate its mad advance.

"Here now your chance" whispered Ruggeds. Stevens with his

2043 "What's the matter?" he asked. "What's the matter?"

2045 back to his reserves was gesturing frantically taking hold of his long scythe and with a long line of men the reserves were flung himself to the assault. The fire was finally subdued again but one branch of it moved on quickly in another direction and the next minute had burst upon other fields. Ticked again.

"Great commotion!" I exclaimed sitting heavily down on the edge of the road bed. "What's the matter now - here all of of Aguato men working widening the breach and look at that farmer puffing and others following him."

One would expect a farmer to puff. I observed one of the men slyly. "One would -" But he got no further for the whole company was upon us farmers and their hired hands and some grown sons or other relatives.

"Save our farms save our farms" wailed the farmers.

"What from?" I asked holding fast to the rail bed.

"The fire the fire" shrieked a farmer.

"Ah yes" I murmured frowning very

like the fire it is

thoughtfully "What, was it the explosion spreading the fire towards you?" The farmer looked at me in astonishment.

"How could you see what that fire is doing from here?" he stuttered.

"From my field glasses" I said. "I can see with them far from here."

"Mr., you do not seem to realize the seriousness of the matter" choked the farmer wringing his hands. "It will set fire to our houses and barns and ruin our rills."

"Set fire to your property?" I exclaimed jumping to my feet. "Then peace to your ashes. None of you ever came out to help us."

"Save our farms. save our farms" screamed the frightened farmers.

"The prophecy of the Bible has promised to save us. You are the main leader."

"What is one on this situation?" I murmured clasping my hands. "But let me think. You're threatened but never lent us any aid. And there is a great number of you here. How you come to me - I don't do favors if none is done for me."

2047 "I don't think I can do anything to help you."

For several minutes I sat perfectly still while the company shook in their shoes. Then I asked loudly "Stevens where are more of the reserves?"

"It is out fighting the new wave of the fire at the east territory" quavered one of his foremen.

"I thought as much" I said. But never mind there are quite a lot of you."

"Us!" spluttered a tall farmer indignantly. "We are not experienced fire fighters - not common ones either."

"No very uncommon ones, but you have your property to save. Also you have fire fighting equipment, thrashing machines and long rules and set and scythes and I dare say will manage somehow. Come on lets go. You the tall one may take the lead."

"Go!" shrieked the tall farmer. "Us!" The others began backing in alarm. "Where - er - what - are your plans please?"

"Why just to conquer the fire heading for your property and

driving the fire back the other way" I said smiling engagingly. "But what you wanted wasn't it?" "But its not honorable for us farmers to fight fires - it -"

"Oh of course if you prefer your property to be burning - I cant recall any of my fighters theyre too hard pressed, even the reserves are in the thickest of it."

I rose unsteadily and started for the threatened fields near some of the farm houses and fields of crops and corn. Not a person stirred. I looked back with a reproachful face.

"Are you all cowards?" I hissed. "If so I wont do a thing."

"I'll come" one of them said. "Wait honorable and valiant sir."

"Bring the water wagon if you want to assist me." I called over my shoulder. "If things get too hot Id like to know that we have water handy."

He did not answer but he mounted the seat and urged the mules forward his teeth chattering so he could not speak. Taking more courage at his action the rest already equipped followed but

2018

2649 slowly. There were farm property just beyond some of the burning fields and I am the whole company hurried on through the crowds of people fleeing from menaced towns their household goods being on donkey drawn carts or wagons pulled by horse horses. Some had household goods packed on their heads.

Some cheered us faintly but none of the men folk offered to follow.

"Is this new fire just started?" I asked looking anxiously at the distant flames and smoke.

"Yes" it was started by the explosion in the burning fields" gulped the tall farmer. "Ha ha— you any— plan?"

"Yes flank and breach the fire. If we don't succeed its good bye to your farm property. We ll have to work like mad now please don't talk any more. I must think"

The tall farmer had nothing else to say for he considered his farm property finished, we pushed our way through the center of a wheat field and savagely started to work.

"Don't fight the front of the 2050 fire if it comes up" I warned. It's suicide."

The first of the distant fire was already pushing or burning on towards us and rearing up in the center was a long column of flame shaping like a fiery smoke snake. I wondered what was causing that. The radiance even at that distance was quite hot and there was a smell of burning gasoline in the air.

Many of my own leaders had encountered many dangers in forest fire fighting and had usually thought a way out of them but I was hoodwinked for as this new fire came nearer and nearer to us and no idea presented itself to me I began to feel extremely nervous.

Partly from agitation and partly because I did not know what else to do I pressed the men at work. Finally a mighty roar went up from my distant force of men. They being relieved rushed to our help.

I was much surprised and relieved of suspense.

2013

2051 "Good?" exclaimed "They're going to help us."

They came on to the attack joining us in the breaching fight, even though the onrushing flames rose higher and the smoke rising as high as the clouds.

"We're getting help. We're getting help," gasped the tall farmer embracing me. The fire reached the breach.

"Saved!" screamed the other farmers dancing up and down "Hurrah for the fire fighters!"

Now most of the others came crowding down to that section of the strife and were soon cheering themselves hoarse. No wonder. The breach had so far blocked the flames and the men were fighting its flanks so fast that it appeared to yield everywhere.

"Ah" cried the tall farmer breathlessly at this point "We have won the night!"

"So we have?" I chuckled. "But don't be too overconfident. It could trick us. We'll drive it back, but it could burn some

where else. It tricked us along 2052 my front twice."

The tall farmer was hopping about like a ditched kite, arranging for the counter attack. All others were forming a long thick line.

Another throng of men were marching stiffly into the fields and cheering like a mad. We were wiping this portion of the conflagration out.

"Had not the reinforcements come to our aid there would be no victory fallen on one of the foreman. These fore in a way were are responsible for the victory. A great fighter never gives up."

"There's something in that," I admitted scratching my head thoughtfully. "But look out the fire don't track us."

I began to have my suspicions of what was causing the off and on explosions.

There had been a small munition plant or armory at Juncos, and the tornado having wiped this place out had scattered the munitions all over the country and here. When the fire reached them then came the eruption. And one of these was in the burning field. Maybe there

194

2013

2053 were still others scattered about no
I was apprehensive.

"You seem out of spirits" said Stevens
"I wish I were" I answered. Then I told
him of the destroyed Zamorillo Ammunition and
of my suspicions. At that moment in
the near distance a perfect storm of
fireworks commenced.

Showers of stars and fiery big
butterflies fell everywhere, fiery
dragons leaped over the trees and
in all the Fourth of July celebrations
you could imagine there were never
such marvelous fireworks as these.

Where did they come from. And the
dying fire had set them off.

"Quick put it out. put it out" I
cried as a shower of sparks settled
among the still unburned wheat.

The men near by quickly got
there and beat it out before it got
a good start.

"His fire is out" shouted every-
body at once. The confusion grew
worse and worse. At this extreme
junction Owens men pressed their
tremendous attack and Rugado with
an exclamation of encouragement

of encouragement jumped to the
conclusion that the fire must be
kept back.

up up my liege and away
we take the field again
for our country fair we fight to night
up up my liege men with all
your might

shrielled Kaliko leading his army to
continue the battle. A certain stretch of
the other section of the fire halted but
did not immediately retire. Kaliko
shouted another song.

"Awaunt Be off Bogom methinks
We'll have you whipped
in forty weeks."

This time the fire retreated suddenly
but the effects of its parching rearing
heat had thrown some men closest to
it back several yards.

"If we retreat nothing can save
the farm property" said Rugado
in an agitated voice.

"Don't do it" don't do it" begged Rugado
rallying his men. "Can't some of the
fighters get around its rear?"

"We've been trying that for
hours" wailed Rugado. So has Green

Teddy and Jim. But we always
are outwitted before we reach even its
left flank and are driven back again.

2018

2055 The flames are rather hard to even flank," he added apologetically. "Couldn't you keep side surging?" asked Owens anxiously for the prospect of the fire rallying was more than any of us could bear.

"Couldn't we all concentrate at once all along the line?" suggested Kaliko. "Surely all of us won't be repulsed at once."

"I'm not much of a concentrator," groaned Puggado. "but I'm willing to do my full share."

"And now" said Owens "if we are fully ready we will start on the main and finishing attack, and remember everybody, fight, - fight as if for your life."

We all rushed forward some rushing and scurrying right and left. In another few minutes they were fighting through the still burning wheat gunny sack swinging on all directions, and fighting their way through the center even. The flames yielded this way and that, and all went well well until they they rushed upon a field of burn-
ing alps - alfalfa. The firemen

of which this blazing stopped 2056. our headlong charge and the savage heat made us give back in spite of our reserves. "Don't stop fight on" growled Owens hurling himself into the middle of the line. To make up for lost time Puggado attacked harder than ever. But alas on next instant they had to desert for no one could face that fierce heat and stinking smoke.

As soon as they slowly fell back the other fires paused in their retreat and as soon as they paused the Affair all fire regained its full fire. Standing ground for dear life Puggado men fought like demons and again the fire began backing away.

But forcing their way forward through the fields and fighting at the same time is not an easy task.

And pushing through wheat is far harder than like taying to run through deep water with a pressure.

The wheat fire too was as had recovered from their second defeat but were following at a safe distance. Other fires were only a very short distance off, and it seemed as if Puggado men could not advance another

2057

step. A large group of men had gathered at the flank, and unless they could fight their way through they themselves would be outflanked and driven ignominiously back, if not cornered or trapped.

"Now" wheezed Reggato "Remember it for the farm property."

All of them put their last remaining strength into all their efforts.

Reggato redoubled his efforts but who could face the fierce increasing heat, which was even drying their clothes as they were. Kaliko gave a gulp of despair, though his men too had redoubled their efforts.

"Retreat or you'll be trapped" I roared "Withdraw to your left!"

My heart was like to burst between lack of breath and fear, but making one last tremendous assault I covered their retreat, and such was the determination of my men that they never stopped, till the retreating men were out of danger and half way across the marching wheel we so recently whipped. We held

desperately on along our front, 2058 and here the fire could make no head way, but still refused to be whipped back burning very fiercely.

"Oh Please God send rain" I pleaded. I was afraid we couldn't on much longer we were so exhausted, hot, and desperately hungry and thirsty. We were too excited, apprehensive, and anxious to even think of sleep.

"Oh God please please send us rain" I again cried. Please send rain on this fire will have us all licked."

Many who retreated came all the way to the road bed where they either sat or lay panting with exhaustion and from the heat. Many were completely shaken and strangely started ringing "Three blind mice"

"Wont none of the fire come up here" asked Owens.

"There's nothing more to burn this way" said Reggato and we drew a long sigh of relief. Reggato however was looking very grave.

"We have failed again against the fire" Had it not been for Henry's command we would have been trapped" he murmured sadly.

2059 ~~anything to help me~~

2059 "Been in good many fire fights but I never fought one like this. Wheat fire fighting bah. I'll take the worst forest fire any time. We have failed in the hour of trial. Of course it isn't a question of courage at all. We faced too much unbearable heat and the most smoke that's all. We got the rough end of it."

Rogat looked ruefully at the ractious conflagration spreading to the east and west.

"Oh how I wish it would rain," he cried. "We all prayed again and again but no rain comes."

"I'll bet it'll come when the fire's out," I said bitterly.

"But usually is the outcome," he exclaimed sarcastically. "And do you know that in other words eighty-five acres of wheat is still burning savagely?"

"Eighty-five." I gasped staring in dismay at the conflagration. Now see here Rogat. Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. And a hundred and forty or more acres of wheat and

like the fine I'll be

2060 grain has been wiped out. How many farmers suffered all this loss? I know not. I could not keep but he commenced of the truth of Rogat. Despite our desperate fight all this wiped out and eighty-five acres burning fiercely. How? again prayed desperately for rain. The thought of the extent of the disaster fairly took my breath away. For the thought of this was not a cheerful one.

We did somehow if we want to call it that was to show the wheat field fire where to get off at. Wheat field fire?

To the alfalfa that surely can burn. No one can face that with its really dangerous heat and speed of advance. Such a fire cannot be out. So it alone drove us back.

I again pleaded to God for rain. Ugh! I shivered as I saw its swift progress. "I'm glad none of the men got trapped. How fortunate I ordered the withdrawal on time."

The fury of these flames made me stare. I had ordered Owens to also withdraw but watched all the others still holding their own against the wheat field fires. Yet the fire

2061 too held its on. The fight now was a perfect draw & stale mate.

And what is that over there? I asked pointing to what looked like a new cloud of smoke.

"More Alfalfa sir" replied Owens. "Alfalfa" I shrieked pouncing to my feet in horror. "Do you mean to tell me it's spreading?"

Fire in Alfalfa goes like gasoline. Ah Mrs. Vargas I thought you knew that. It's outside to fight that fire."

"Never thought that stuff grew here" I shouted so loudly that all those near by looked up in surprise.

"These farms have hundreds of acres of it" announced another farmman calmly. "Hundreds."

I dropped back to where I had been sitting too shocked for speech. These farms have hundreds of acres of it. What would Stevens say to that when he hears of it. Ugh. This was my first experience with Alfalfa fire. We had spent hours in fighting the other fire. I sighed and looked up fully towards heaven begging again for rain. Every minute I was feeling less and less like

like the pure fighter than I 2061 suppose to be, and more like a plain boy going to school. "Hurry you run out of breath pants" said Owens as he placed himself and the huge cycle besides the roadbed.

"I wish I were" I said. "To have a alfalfa fire run you is no joke my dear Owens, it's a blinking bore."

At that moment the 'fireworks' really commenced. The alfalfa ablage at such an extent now looked as if enveloped in a rolling cloud of flame. The heat was fierce even where we were. The scene and heat made me witness showers of sparks flew every where. Flying sheets surged over the distant trees and on all the west part of the wheat fields were never like this. Soon my fears were realized.

"Keep away from it, keep away from it" I cried as a cloud of bright dazzling sparks rose high in the air. The raging storm of fire made such a din and the antinatural retreaters elsewhere such a clatter that they did not hear.

Too all of those men were intent on fighting it too and they forgot about me.

"Don't go near it" I screamed jumping up and rushing among them.

men driving them back. "It's 2062 made" I brought to their senses they fell back again to the road ^{bad} ^{hunched} ^{advantage} ^{and} ^{reached} ^{refuge} there. "Am I right?" I gasped anxiously. "A fine to get defeated by this alfalfa fire!" "I don't believe we'll ever get this fire out."

Owens stopped with a discouraged little sigh and leaned against a tree. We had tried to breach the alfalfa fire. First it had been fine and wide, but where we were driven back it had gradually dwindled to a ^{rocked} little path that wound crazily in and out through the wheat facing it which the flames could burn easily across.

"He thinks," said Owens peering at the searing flames ahead, "that unless it soon rains, a great calamity is at hand."

"What makes you think so?" mumbled Owens anxiously.

"Hark, then?" I said holding up my finger warningly. From a great way off sounded a curious hissing noise. I was coming nearer and nearer.

"Good gracious" cried the foreman catching hold of a railroad rail.

"This is worse than ever. Ranchman, its gasoline," said Owens drawing his breath. "Oh, how it would finish everything!"

"I don't relish gasoline myself, it makes a horrible fire," said Owens huskily. "But I'll fight it with you Henry."

As the hissing grew louder Owens danced up and down with excitement. "Approach villainous fire" some one roared lustily. "Approach till I save you with my gunning rack. A had I but the well needed rain!" He then seized hold of a small tree for the whole country and all trees was rocking from another explosion.

"How now?" I gasped. There was a most terrific quake that threw me flat on my back. Owens on his face and sent clouds of burning stuff high in the air and then a great flood of burning alfalfa came swirling down a hundred yards from us.

Before I could even swallow something yanked half a field of the same stuff up the roots and falling it in all directions. What ever it was sent men flying into the tree tops.

At the awful crash everybody stopped short and stared around giddily.

The new fire stretched as far as four miles across only half of the

199
2064 why was visible through the flames and smoke. What a heat. The men dropped from the branches of the tree. The fire was still clinging to its course and it was raging and burning in a way I could not at all understand. I looked around in panic for Owens. Just then he dropped from a branch of a tree. "Udd daggers" he puffed, looking ruefully at the wild conflagration which was burning way beyond control. "It's a pretty explosion".

"Don't you think we'd better run?" shivered the foreman thinking of it overwhelming everything.

"Not while we are by the roadside!" exclaimed Owens. "Come my comrades let's stand our ground".

A few minutes passed, and the the next minute a whole company of men came running towards us across a field. A tall man ran so fast that he tripped over a fallen branch and fell on his face which was badly scratched. The whole field was filled with fugitives.

"You've got plenty of warning to keep away. Why didn't you take it?" I called angrily while two men helped the fallen one

to his feet. I am a strange 2065 phenomenon probably because of the intensity of the conflagration. For a few minutes it was almost as light as day for strange fire balls were every where but strangely enough they seemed to dart about like huge fireflies and I was involuntarily clucked as a red one bubbled down almost in her face.

Then he gasped in real earnest and caught hold of the tree again.

Two large burning tumble weeds were rolling down the path and right in front of me the larger rolled into the smaller and both burned out quickly.

"If those strange balls of fire don't look out something will happen. I'll break them to bits" I growled as I was dodging half a dozen at once. Some also flew high into the air. Then a whole flock of the mosquito sized lantern like objects clustered over our heads and then gradually disappeared. Ten minutes later a foreman came running up to me in a great state of excitement.

"Large reinforcements have arrived" announced that foreman turning a corner. "Come on I argue and gaze upon their numbers".

194 2066 7 sprang joyfully from where
2066 7 was sitting at last more rein-
forcements. Ever since the worst of the
fight 7 had been hoping for this.
"This is the happiest moment of my
life" 7 exclaimed clapping my hands
and watching their approach intently. The
others glancing at the still raging fire
looked a little uneasy, for they felt it
was now exceedingly fierce and overwhelming
that not even a heavy rain would subdue
it, but they said nothing and the
next minute, the foremost of the
reinforcements stepped solemnly up to
the road bed.

"Where'll attack?" The Alf Alf's "one of
their leaders asked as some companies of my
own men were rushing to attack and
most enthusiastically against the wheat fires.

"No take care take care my comrades"
as those still trying to fight it were
backing away "that fire is too danger-
ous no one can face its heat be-
cause lots of them are drawing themselves
themselves firmly away from even its
reach. Such excitement too is not
good. Therefore how every thing has
changed."

"Do you not find the affairs of this
state of things fatiguing?" Mr Dinger
inquired who now appeared to be

be the main leader finger- 2067
ing the handle of his scythe. "7 as
main leader of this force shall be de-
lighted to relieve you for a resting period
if you wish to retire for several hours.
You've no rest since the beginning of
this fire war. Get back ten paces from that
fire front!" he roared at a platoon of
reckless men. "Want to get trapped?"

7 had been so taken aback by the
results of things and in the change of
the conflagration that 7 just stared in
disbelief.

"If the three leaders will agree with my
plans 7 will speak to you all" 7 said.
The three leaders exchanged startled glances.
Then they came forward. 7 saw one look
wistfully at his men. The custom of
wet clothing they wore, and the abattoirs sort
of hats gave them a very curious appearance.

At my first words 7 began at the
end of the row addressing a question
to each in my most approved style.

One answered merely

"Couldnt we outwit the Alf's fire?"

"No" 7 cried in exasperation. "It's not
permissible for us to throw our lives
away facing that terrible fire. We'll
only still tackle the burning wheat."

"Honorable fiddlers!" exclaimed
Raguet "that heat would cause fatal
prostration facing it."

194 2
2069 "Well" I said harshly "I'll tell you my plans. We probably could have a rear guard action against that new fire which too is surrounded by fields of wheat, then we can - what's the matter now?" I stopped short, for the leader had jerked a parcel out of his inside pocket and was flipping over the pages industriously.

"All that will be wiped off the map no matter what we do" he announced solemnly, and many of the others shook their heads and said dully "wiped off the map."

"Wiped off the map, all that? Of course it will. Do you suppose we can work a miracle, and we get no rain?" Calming down I tried to continue my plans but every time I mentioned something they shook their heads stubbornly and whispered

"Nothing can stop that alfalfa fire now. Everything will be wiped off the map. We'd better go at the wheat fires."

"That's the only thing possible" I said, "But the alfalfa fire. What difference do it make?" The wheat is danger of being wiped out also."

2070
I said "We do not believe everybody in this fire war can be successful unless it rains" announced the main leader seriously "There's no such hope. Go you men to the fight" - he finished turning to his companions. "We ourselves will finish this conference."

"There's no such thing as hope, Roquat do you hear that?" my voice faintly cracked with indignation. "Why I thought we were whipping the field fires." "Perhaps you can convince them later" suggested Roquat as the reinforcements rushed off to join in the fight. As for me I paced disconsolately up and down the road.

"You're a good fire fight leader Roquat" I said, "but I tell you fighting all this is not what I thought it would be. Did you hear them tell me right to my face they did not believe this fire could be whipped without rain keeping us. And oh my its true. Light!"

"Fault of the fire getting a good start" said Roquat comfortingly, "Hush" he whispered holding up his finger warningly. I turned so suddenly that my wet cap flew off my head. No wonder. On the

2081 other side of the road the three head leaders of the reinforcements were walking up and down conversing in indignant whispers.

"What a horrible shape this big fire has appeared in. I hear it never will be beaten unless it rains. It may continue just as it is until it has wiped out scores of miles of wheat. How am I and men on all the rest of these fighters combined to succeed in arresting it? I'd like to know. Why the first fire will wipe all the farms there is."

"We might throw all the forces around the whole fire at one time" said the second hopefully.

"No use" choked the third. "I was just talking to Ruggeds and he tells me that no section of this miserable fire can be checked until it destroys everything. But I have a plan. I'll close your ears - listen."

The voices dropped to such a low whisper that neither Roquat or I could hear one word.

"I don't ever believe they can succeed in their plan." I exclaimed. "I'm feeling older than a Kentucky horse. Ah Roquat why did I ever

ever dare to tackle such a fire as this. But blocked me on my gambles mystery quest. It has brought me nothing but an eternal regret, misery and unhappiness. But I can't give up under any conditions now."

I who had never thought of seeing such a horrid fire in my whole life became extremely nervous. Was it really beyond control. Did it really turn out to be that bad. Yet I felt something unusual was in the air.

"Something going to happen Roquat. I feel it in my bones." I whispered. At that very minute the leader of the reinforcements came up to me. Every body near us paused on their way to the fight and looked with surprise at both of us.

"I have to announce" said the leader in a solemn voice that a number of reliable thrashing machines have arrived and will cut down everything in the path of the fire. This may whip the fire and save the rest of the farms. By this means we can break the wave of fire and free the farms from this awful devastating conflagration. Behold for the last time the inferno I hope.

My part early morning. I'll bet

2083 It'll be a thing of the past?
"I hope so," I gasped. Great
consternation. I shall be a lot of help
for the exhausted men."

But Ruggado trembled so violently
that he rolled down the roadbed em-
barrasment.

"I beg of you." He scrambled to his feet
and held up his hands in terror. "I beg of
you don't let the thrashers get near the
Alf Alfala fire."

"They know better Ruggado. You needn't
worry," I said easily.

Of course course they won't go near!"
said the leader with great dignity.

At this moment there was a
rush of feet and towards us marched
the most splendid company I had ever
seen in my whole life of adven-
tures. First came the scythe bearers.

The scythe brigade followed. Then
came men armed with very long blades
of wheat cutters, and the mud bucket
brigades. Next at a distance appeared
a thrashing machine while else-
where appeared a dozen more, fol-
lowed by a whole company of
splendid men armed with every
fighting equipment ever made and
after them a many men carrying
water soaked gunny sacks as the

section section of territory would 2084
hold. There was a moment of
of silence when the whole assemblage
at the commands of their officials
flocked away to the fight.

"My" exclaimed Ruggat impressed in
spite of himself. "Are you sure the fire
will now give way and give up to all
this array of fighters?"

"No Danger the thrashers are about to
begin work" quavered Ruggado rising from
the edge of the road. Then he paused
for he was suddenly confused by a
strange strange change in the course of
the Alfalfa conflagration."

"Treachery" hissed Ruggat to the
others. "We left it on its original course.
Ancient fire needs watching. What is
causing the change in direction?"

Now by some means which I
cannot explain we found we could
understand what tricks the conflagration
was up to. When I saw the wicked
changed course of the Alfalfa fire and
the quick retreat of droves of men
I no longer wondered at the
leader's decision.

"I'm growing very wrath" checked
Ruggado to Ruggat.

"Set the thrashers proceed" called
the new leader harshly. "Set the

194 2085 thrashers thrashers make the
reaches as speedily as possible. Way
for the thrashers. Way for the grand
thrashers."

"One moment" I put in in a dig-
nified voice. The officials clapped loudly
and I felt a bit reassured. Perhaps they
would listen to reason after all and let
things be done wisely. How they were
ever to succeed if they didn't I could
not see.

"My dear comrades" I began in my
commanding but jolly voice now nothing
has been more wonderful than the
coming of the thrashing machines. But
since the hour this fire began it
has changed and increased immensely
and I find this awful fire most
immeasurable. So with your kind
permission, I will keep all my men
still at the fight and will hold
ground everywhere. But the thrashers
I command most firmly must not
get in front of this worst of
fires. It is exceedingly dangerous
beyond all compare."

A dead silence followed my
speech then perfect pandemonium.
"No, no. It won't be allowed. You
are a good leader and know your
orions. We will not let them

get near that horrid fire. You 2086
are obeyed as you are a honorable man
leader. The thrashers will work around
the wheat. No. No we will not have
it!"

"I hoped this" I quavered.

"It's not our leader but a great wise man
who speaks." Roguet shrieked. "I know
what he says. But after the victory—
Ah you shall see."

The company calmed down at this.
Set the thrashers proceed. Way for the
thrashers. They cried exultantly.
Here and there the thrashers reaching
their various destinations started working
and what a comfortable noise they made.
All the fighters along the line rushed
forward violently. Yet the flames faced
and resisted the angry fighting mobs
without flinching.

"On with the thrashers" cried a foreman
seeing the excitement was giving
the fire too much headway. "The
ones who may have set the debris
piles afire and caused all this
shall be punished if caught."

"That's right" cried a voice from the
crowd of fighters. "Seize them if
captured. But let the fire be
vanquished first."

"I guess it's all over though gulped

194 2087 Ruggedo. "That Alfa fire is becoming like a sea of fire", in helpless terror we watched that terrible gehenna conflagration. One could fight the wheat field fires but that? Even I felt that nothing could be done. Everybody was so still you could hear a pin drop. The tractors worked harder and harder. Even Ruggedo had not the heart to doubt the fires immeasurable power but stood rigid as a statue.

Iwards where it was going the fire was advancing swiftly, roaring high and unbelievably hot. I regarded it with fascination that was very very apprehensive. One more moment it would reach the other wheat fields. Better after all to let the rest burn.

I held convulsively to Ruggedo. As for Ruggedo he was trembling with fright and grief. When the flames suddenly became an immense wall of fire and made headway towards the grain Ruggedo gave a shrill scream and threw up both hands.

Roguat started as any one failed to throw his men forward to try to save the endangered wheat. Every neck was craned upward and forward and every one was gasping with

astonishment. One of the officials 2088 was the first to recover.

"Don't stand staring like an idiot. Call those men back before it is too late" he barked in Roguat's ear.

In the face of the awful disaster I had forgotten all about the new leader. I and Ruggedo and Roguat were running distractedly around trying to think of a way to stop the fire before it hit the wheat fields.

"Here now, your chance" the leader said I with my back to the crowd was frantically gesturing. Taking a firm hold of their fighting equipment and in a long formation the men renewed the fight flinging themselves forward to the center to make a breach before the fire came up. A thrashing machine joined in and soon it was largely breached the full length of the field.

Ruggedo embraced me and I hugged Roguat and I don't wonder at all. In no nearer sooner had the flames come up to the breach than it was halted. And while the resting company hopped about in exultation and joy a cheer went up every where.

Ruggedo at my request clapped for

2089 silence
"You will agree with me I'm sure" I said in a slight unready voice "that this sort of a fire is a very serious matter to deal with. If you being rested will all return to work I will try to find a way out of our difficulties"

They listened respectfully and after a little planning among themselves went to rejoin the fray. To tell the truth they were anxious to contest the fire. It was now four thirty in the morning.

"Now I said when the last of the company went off to fight - Set us talk this over"

"Well" gasped Green fanning himself with his hat "I never was so surprised in my life"

"No" I exclaimed "The thrashing machine worked in dangerous territory but it won. But how did it happen?"

"Well" began Green "as soon as its driver saw the Alfalfa fire heading for the wheat fields, he drove the thrasher through them as close to the fire as possible with out reckless exposure. Then as or after he had gone even so far it came to me with so many men also working

with their cutting equipment, 20 or 25 they were making a wide gap. It couldnt leave us all in such a fix so it won, and fierce as it even was the fire couldnt pass the break and was checked."

"Thanks to him" I exclaimed, with a wave of my hand. He did the right thing in the right place friend Green"

"It was lucky it came along when it did" wasnt it" sighed Green. But still the Alfalfa fire will keep on burning the other way. I'm rather sorry for the farmers from the loss of all that"

"Geeves is right" growled Duggan. They didnt help us till the last minute. Either scared, or too lazy. They ll never make good because of their loss"

Feeling for their safety I sent orders for those men to withdraw. Presently they began to come trooping up to us packing the territory untill it could no more. It was quite a different company that greeted us. Every one was chattering excitedly.

"This" I said pleasantly when every one was quiet "is a good victory so far" I waved proudly in the direction of the checked fire which to tell the truth was now burning

190 2091 the other way and presented a truly a dangerous appearance as it is not possible to stop the progress of that fire going the other way but we so far have saved those wheat fields but we hope to vanquish the other fires soon, and furnish all know it all who set fire to the wreckage. I know it was really incendiary for it couldn't start of itself and the sun had nothing to do with it as it was first said for it was cloudy the day the debris fire broke out."

Some of the men exchanged startled glances.

"Ah" I said "you agree with them? see."

One man shouted "There's not responsible for all this. We'll lynch them if they're caught."

They were all still a bit dazed by the turn affairs had taken and stared in astonishment and gaped also in amazement as the Affair fire raced away from the wheat fields. For a moment the crowds parted. All of a sudden along my apparently whipped fire front there was an explosion like twenty giant dynamite sticks in one and

the untouched fields became 2092 shrouded in a dense rolling clouds. By gad the fire had hit again something explosive in the fields. Before any one had realized what had happened there came in quick succession three more worse than the first which concussion sent us all sprawling heels over head, as every which way.

Everyone else was coughing and spluttering from the strong gunpowder smell of the smoke. The explosions had thrown the whole territory of the workers into utmost confusion. Others had tumbled down over and over.

Up we jumped in a trice but the shock of another and much bigger one sent us flying. and Green, Buzzed and Roquet rolled over in a heap. I learned later the shocks of these explosions broke windows as far as So Sals and even gold. I had fallen over backward receiving a slightly injured arm. No one was near enough to be affected by the awful explosions, except slight shock. The sky was covered black with all the smoke.

Then from still untouched wheat fields a new fire had sprung and while all of us gazed in round

2093 and eyed astonishment it stretched toward the main wheat field attached itself firmly and then shot straight forward while all the men in that lock location struggled forward to try to head it off.

"Come back come back don't take chances." screamed Ruggado running around distractedly.

"I doubt if they'll stop it" growled Green craning his neck forward.

"Do something. Do something" begged Roquat. At which Jim jumped up and called to a trasher.

"I'll get the rest of the men" he called over his shoulder "and have them get the fire in rear and flank."

"No you can't do that" roared Ruggado starting after him. Do you want the men to get trapped. The fire is burning in all directions at - at once."

"Oh oh" Can't you think of something else" cried Jim. And hurry or it'll be worse than all the rest. Those damn explosions did this."

I myself put both hands to my head and stared around wildly. Then with a triumphant wave of my hat declared myself to act.

2094
"The trasher" I cried, quick direct the driver to those wheat fields. The trasher was slowly coming, but it came upon the field edge and tore it open, and the mob of men had just time to make a headlong assault and blow down everything in the path of a part of the fire as it soared upward and in a trice they too were beginning to burn.

"Jim Jim" wailed Ruggado crowding up to his helper as he led the desperate assault. These explosions have given us a pack of trouble. We burn and lose burn and lose. My knees are all a tremble."

"How don't you worry" advised Roquat crowding his men to the attack. "I'm frightened myself" but that's because this took us all by surprise. Guess things happen during a Gehenna like this but still soon turn out all right. Why the conflagration is "growing up with the country that's all, just growing up with the country."

"Doubt that" sniffed a foreman. "It was grown up in the beginning."

"But think of Henry's house - you leave things to Henry" said Jim.